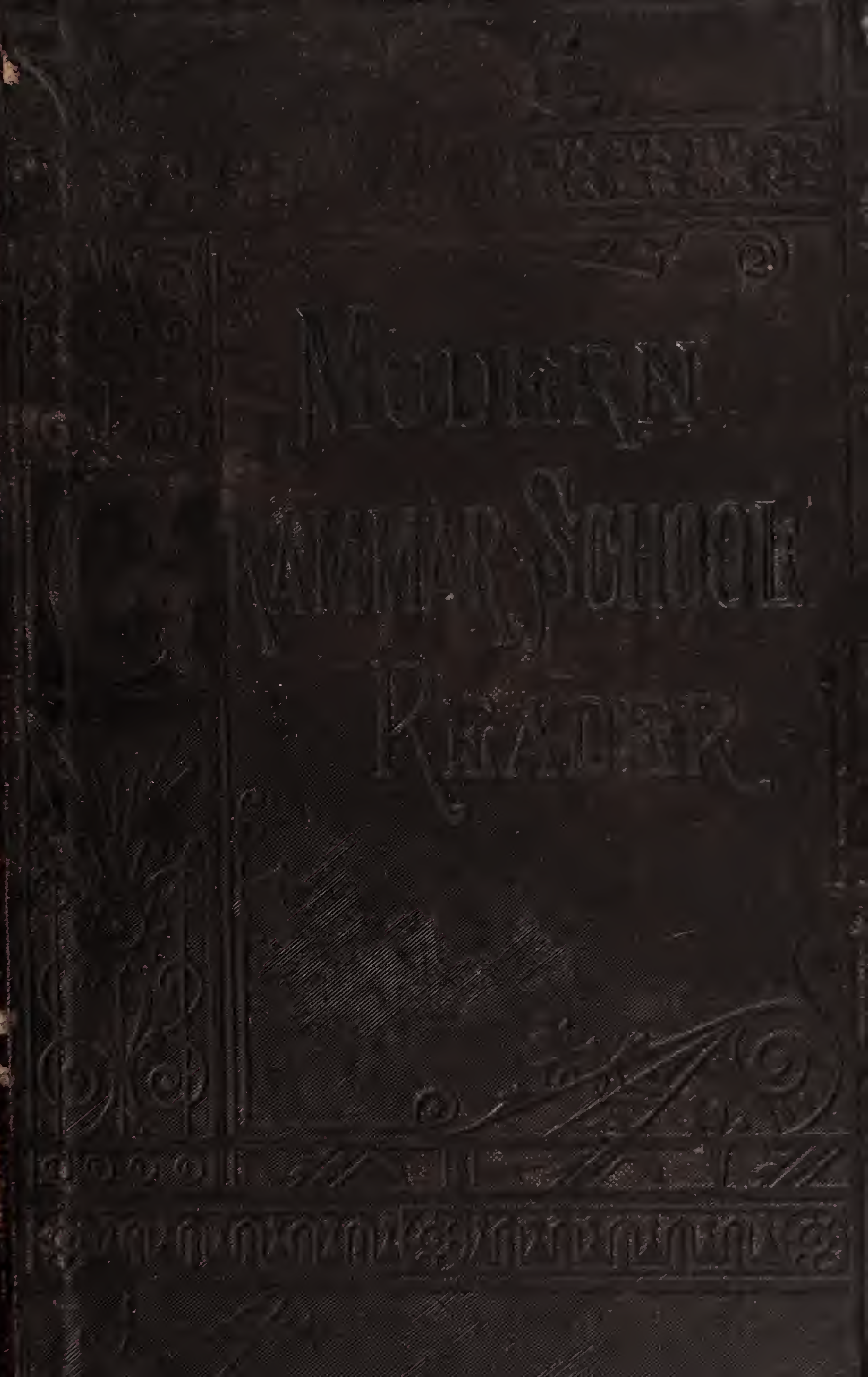

MODERN GRAMMAR SCHOOL READER

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THE

MODERN GRAMMAR-SCHOOL READER.

(ILLUSTRATED.)

BY

H. I. GOURLEY AND J. N. HUNT.

TAINTOR BROTHERS & CO.
NEW YORK, BOSTON, PITTSBURGH AND OMAHA.

C.H.

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208353

PREFACE.

THE first three books of the Modern Series of Readers contain five hundred forty-four (544) pages; and they contain not only more pages but considerably more matter than most First, Second, and Third Readers. There are three hundred eighty-four (384) pages in this, the last book of the series. It is thought that these four books furnish a sufficient quantity of matter to meet the requirements of common schools, and to give the pupil that practice which will enable him to read any ordinary selection intelligently.

The importance of thorough drill on the principles of oral reading has been recognized in all the books of the Modern Series; and, in this one, considerable space has been devoted to the presentation of *practical* exercises in articulation, emphasis, inflection, etc. No attempt has been made to treat these subjects in a novel or exhaustive manner, but they have been presented in the method which experience has shown to be best adapted to class-work.

The elements of good reading are found in these principles, and every teacher is earnestly recommended to make them subjects of special attention. Let the drill on the elementary sounds be so thorough that every pupil can utter each sound distinctly, and can give the letter and mark which represent it. The work on emphasis, inflection, etc., is only suggestive. Only enough exercises are given on these subjects to furnish a brief exposition of the principles, and it is the business of the teacher to see that the pupil makes an application of these principles in the daily recitation.

A glance at the table of contents will show the names of about one hundred authors, among which will be found those names most eminent in every branch of English and American literature. The works of poets, essayists, historians, journalists, and orators have contributed a large variety of matter which has, hitherto, not found its way into school readers. While teachers will miss many favorite and familiar selections which have been used, almost from time immemorial, in books of this grade, it is thought that they will be more than compensated for this loss by the freshness and excellence of the matter which has been substituted.

It is well known that but few pupils, or even teachers, have access to those books of reference—such as dictionaries and encyclopedias—which are necessary to the proper understanding of many words and allusions. In recognition of this fact, the authors have indicated the correct pronunciation, and have defined specifically the rarer and more difficult words of each lesson. Copious *explanatory notes* have also been added wherever occasion seemed to demand them, and no effort has been spared to furnish in this book all the information necessary to the proper understanding of any selection.

The introduction of *biographical sketches* of the authors will be commended by all. Many pupils, who will never have an opportunity to make a systematic study of works on literature, are thus afforded the means of acquiring a knowledge of authors and their important works. An interest may thus be awakened which will be of incalculable value in developing a taste for the better classes of literature.

The publisher refers with pleasure to the illustrations which embellish the Grammar-School Reader. They are not only fine specimens of the designer's art and the engraver's skill, but they also furnish useful information in regard to the lessons with which each is connected.

The publisher returns his thanks to The Century Co., and to Perry, Mason & Co. for the privilege of making extracts from their excellent periodicals. Especial acknowledgment is due to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., for permission to make liberal selections from their copyright editions of the works of eminent American Authors.

The authors desire to extend their heartiest thanks to the friends who have contributed many valuable suggestions in regard to the Modern Series of Readers. These books are now presented to the public with the hope that their methods may meet the approval of the teacher, and their matter prove interesting and instructive to the pupil.

May, 1882.

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PRINCIPLES

OF

ORAL READING.

READING is either SILENT or ORAL.

Silent reading is the perusal of written language, without giving it vocal expression.

Since much the larger part of our reading is *silent*, it is highly important that it should be done with care and intelligence. We may read for amusement or instruction; but, whatever our object is, it should be our constant aim so to read that we may fully comprehend the meaning of the language. In order to do this, it is necessary that we learn the meaning of each word with which we are not familiar.

Since silent reading affords us an opportunity to comprehend the thought which the author wished to convey, it is the best preparation for good ORAL READING.

Oral reading is the proper vocal expression of written language. To give this, the reader must have a correct understanding of the thought conveyed by the language, and he must so express this thought that a hearer can comprehend it.

In **oral reading** it is necessary that attention should be directed to PRONUNCIATION, FORCE, EMPHASIS, PITCH, INFLECTION, and PAUSES.

PRONUNCIATION.

Pronunciation is the utterance of words. It embraces ARTICULATION and ACCENT.

Correct Articulation is the distinct utterance, either singly or in combination, of the elementary sounds of spoken language.

Elementary sounds are the simplest sounds of spoken language.

In written language, the elementary sounds are represented by certain characters, called **letters.**

There are *twenty-six letters* in our alphabet, and *forty-four elementary sounds* in our language; some letters must, therefore, represent more than one sound.

By reference to the Key to Pronunciation, it will be seen that some letters are *marked*, so that the various sounds represented by a letter are indicated to the eye.

The importance of a thorough understanding of this Key can scarcely be overestimated. The pupil should learn to utter each elementary sound distinctly and accurately. He should also learn the letter and mark used to represent each sound, in order that he may determine for himself the correct pronunciation of any word.

The Elementary Sounds are divided into three classes, called, VOCALS, SUBVOCALS, and ASPIRATES.

A **Vocal** is an elementary sound which consists of pure tone.

A **Subvocal** is an elementary sound which consists of tone and breath united.

An **Aspirate** is an elementary sound which consists of breath only, modified by the organs of speech.

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.

TABLE OF VOCALS.

ā,	*long,*	as in	āte	ī,	*long,*	as in	īce
ä,	*Italian,*	“	ärm	ĭ,	*short,*	“	ĭt
a̤,	*broad,*	“	a̤ll	ō,	*long,*	“	ōld
ă,	*short,*	“	ăt	ŏ,	*short,*	“	ŏn
â,		“	âir	o͞o,	*long,*	“	bo͞ot
ȧ,		“	ȧsk	o͝o,	*short,*	“	fo͝ot
ē,	*long,*	“	ēat	ū,	*long,*	“	ūse
ĕ,	*short,*	“	ĕnd	ŭ,	*short,*	“	ŭp
ẽ,		“	ẽarn	oi,		“	oil

ou as in our

EQUIVALENTS OF VOCALS.

ạ,	like ŏ,	as in	whạt	ô,	like a̤,	as in	ôr
ê,	“ â,	“	whêre	õ,	“ ẽ,	“	wõrk
e̱,	“ ā,	“	the̱y	ṳ,	“ o͞o,	“	rṳle
ï,	“ ē,	“	machïne	ụ,	“ o͝o,	“	fụll
ĩ,	“ ẽ,	“	gĩrl	û,	“ ẽ, or õ,	“	ûrge
ȯ,	“ ŭ,	“	sȯn	ȳ,	“ ī	“	mȳ
o̤,	“ o͞o,	“	do̤	y̆,	“ ĭ,	“	hy̆mn
ọ,	“ o͝o,	“	wọlf	oy,	“ oi,	“	boy

ow, like ou, as in owl.

TABLE OF SUBVOCALS.

b	as in	bat	ng	as in	sing
d	"	dig	r	"	rat
ḡ	"	ḡo	ŧh	"	ŧhe
j	"	jug	v	"	vat
l	"	lip	w	"	we
m	"	man	y	"	yet
n	"	not	z	"	zone

zh, as in azure.

TABLE OF ASPIRATES.

f	as in	fan	t	as in	tin
h	"	hat	th	"	thin
k	"	kind	sh	"	she
p	"	pin	ch	"	child
s	"	sit	wh	"	where

EQUIVALENTS OF SUBVOCALS AND ASPIRATES.

ç,	like s,	as in	niçe	n̲,	like ng,	as in	thin̲k
ꞓ,	" k,	"	ꞓat	qu,	" kw,	"	quite
çh,	" sh,	"	maçhine	ş,	" z,	"	haş
ꞓh,	" k,	"	sꞓhool	x,	" ks,	"	box
ğ,	" j,	"	aġe	x̧	" gz,	"	ex̧ist

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

VOCALS.

Pronounce each word distinctly, and then give the vocal sound alone, thus:

āte, ā; äre, ä; ꞓa̤ll, a̤; ăt, ă; etc.

ā—Āte, āġe, hāte, ꞓāġe, rāin, breāk, sle̱igh.
ä—Äre, fär, färm, shärp, hälf, heärt, fäther.
a̤—Ꞓa̤ll, ta̤ll, sa̤w, stra̤w, ꞓa̤ught, fôrk, bôught.
ă—Ăt, răt, făn, blăck, lămb, glăd, shăll, plăid.
ȧ—Ȧsk, pȧst, fȧst, grȧss, chȧnçe, chȧff, bȧsket.
â—Âir, beâr, prepâre, thêre, thêir, whêre, prâyer.
ē—Hē, ēar, sēe, fēar, kēy, beliēf, reçēive, polïçe.
ĕ—Ĕnd, sĕt, thrĕad, guĕss, friĕnd, said (sĕd), lĕopard.
ẽ—Hẽr, vẽrse, sẽrve, gĩrl, thĩrd, ẽarth, mẽrçy, thĩrsty.
ī—Īçe, rīde, mīne, quīte, līe, tīe, drȳ, slȳ, heīght, buȳ.
ĭ—Sĭt, brĭng, brĭsk, buĭld, sĭeve, hy̆mn, my̆th.
ō—Ōld, hōme, hōle, bōat, ꞓōal, snōw, fōur, hōe, dōor.
o͞o—Bo͞ot, go͞ose, bro͞om, ballo͞on, gro̤up, rṳle, thro̤ugh.
ŏ—Ŏn, ꞓlŏck, strŏng, prŏmpt, wa̤ş, swa̤n, wa̤sh, hŏp.
ū—Pūre, tūne, dūty, pūpil, beaūty, blūe, stew (stū), view (vū).
ŭ—Tŭb, drŭm, jŭmp, toŭch, dȯne, glȯve, blȯod, dȯeş.
o͝o—Go͝od, lo͝ok, bo͝ok, ꞓo͝ok, pu̇t, fu̇ll, wo̤lf, sho̤uld, su̇gar.
û—Ꞓûrl, bûrnt, nûrse, ꞓûrve, mûrder, wõrk, wõrld, wõrse.
oi } Toil, join, boil, voiçe, void, point, toy, joy, employ.
oy }
ou } Sour, loud, found, mouth, now, howl, fowl, brown.
ow }

SUBVOCALS.

b—Be, bit, rub, sob, bib, baby, rubber, robin.
d—Do, dip, did, deed, candy, badly, saddle, giddy.
ḡ—Ḡet, ḡot, ḡirl, doḡ, biḡ, ḡaḡ, viḡor, tiḡer, daḡḡer.
j—Jam, jump, rejoice, reject, ġem, judġe, larġe, ġinġer.
l—Lid, log, bell, doll, bolt, lily, rally, dollar.
m—Me, made, seem, room, pump, mimic, moment, madam.

n—No, nut, sun, nun, kind, chançe, tinner, content.
r—Ran, rest, far, near, ward, farmer, merry, terror.
v—Vine, vest, live, slave, river, revolve, valve, of (ov).
w—Wet, will, walk, twig, twelve, awake, bewail, swing.
y—Yes, young, yoke, year, beyond, onion (ŭn′yun), familiar.
z—Zeal, zone, zebra, prize, razor, wişe, cloşet, buşiness.
zh—Glazier, vişion, meaşure, deluşion, pleaşure, exploşion.
ŧh—Ŧhy, ŧhis, wiŧh, breaŧhe, raŧher, oŧher, weaŧher.
ng—Ring, song, young, strong, mingle, lin̲k, un̲cle, sin̲gle.

ASPIRATES.

f—Fed, fill, self, sofa, rifle, differ, laugh, rough.
h—Hop, hung, hold, behave, hive, hawk, horn.
k—Kill, keep, talk, book, taken, skiff, ȼat, faȼt, ȼonȼave.
p—Pan, pull, help, clamp, supper, topic, spell, purple.
s—Sin, soft, less, mist, satisfy, graçe, aȼçess, speçifiȼ.
t—Tin, told, shot, moist, ȼatch, letter, taught, potato.
ch—Chin, chair, rich, such, church, change, discharge, wretch.
th—Thick, thump, fourth, fifth, author, panther, arithmetic.
sh—Ship, short, wash, sure, fashion, freshen, ocean, notion.
wh—Whip, whirl, which, where, whistle, whale.

WORDS CONTAINING COMBINATIONS OF CONSONANTS.

First, pronounce the word distinctly, then utter the combination alone.

1. Blĕss, *bl;* brĭm, *br;* rŭbş, *bz;* rŏbbed, *bd;* tābleş, *blz.*
2. Drŏp, *dr;* lādle, *dl;* lădş, *dz;* drŭgged, *gd;* īdled, *dld.*
3. Lĕft, *ft;* frēe, *fr;* răfts, *fts;* rīfle, *fl;* twĕlfth, *lfth;* rŭffled, *fld.*
4. Grīnd, *gr;* bugş, *gz;* tŭgged, *gd;* glēam, *gl;* wĭggleş, *glz;* shŭffled, *fld;* bĕgged, *gd;* hĭggled, *gld.*
5. Ȼrŏp, *kr;* quēen, *kw;* ȼrăcks, *ks;* fŏx, *ks;* ăȼt, *kt;* ȼlŏck, *kl;* bŭckled, *kld;* crăg, *kr;* mĭxed, *kst.*
6. Wọlf, *lf;* sўlph, *lf;* bōld, *ld;* fa̤llş, *lz;* bĕlt, *lt;* hĕmş, *mz;* nāmed, *md;* gĭldş, *ldz;* nāmed, *md.*
7. Hănd, *nd;* landş, *ndz;* bŭndleş, *ndlz;* kĭndled, *ndld;* lin̲ks, *ngks;* kĭndle, *ndl;* kīndest, *nd.*

8. Pĭnch, *nch;* rŭnş, *nz;* wa̤nts, *nts;* rĭngş, *ngz;* hĭnġe, *nj;* hĭnġed, *njd;* fŭndş, *ndz;* plŭnġe, *nj.*
9. Plāy, *pl;* sĭmple, *pl;* prĭnt, *pr;* dĕpth, *pth;* swĕpt, *pt;* adŏpts, *pts;* apple, *pl;* coŭple, *pl.*
10. Bĩrd, *rd;* lärġe, *rj;* bōardş, *rdz;* ꞓôrk, *rk;* lärks, *rks;* hûrlş, *rlz;* chärġed, *rjd;* ꞓûrl, *rl.*
11. Fôrm, *rm;* ôrbş, *rbz;* bûrn, *rn;* tûrned, *rnd;* dĩrt, *rt;* heärts, *rts;* tẽrmş, *rmz;* bĩrch, *rch.*
12. Tȧsk, *sk;* hŭsks, *sks;* lĭsp, *sp;* lĕst, *st;* swēet, *sw;* străp, *str.*
13. Băttle, *tl;* răttled, *tld;* răts, *ts;* twīçe, *tw;* trŏt, *tr;* glȯveş, *vz.*
14. Prĭşm, *zm;* pŭzzle, *zl;* wa̤shed, *sht;* shrĭll, *shr;* clōt̶hed, *t̶hd.*
15. Rĭngş, *ngz;* lŏnged, *ngd;* răn̲ks, *ngks;* wĭdt̶h, *dth;* bŭckled, *kld;* sĭngş, *ngz;* brĕadth, *dth.*
16. Çĩrcle, *kl;* bŭlb, *lb;* bŭlk, *lk;* rĕalmş, *lmz;* whĕlp, *lp;* vălve, *lv;* hĕlm, *lm.*
17. Lătch, *tch;* bĕlch, *lch;* wĕalth, *lth;* dăzzled, *zld;* dăzzleş, *zlz.*
18. Trīumph, *mf;* lĕngth, *gth;* distûrb, *rb;* hẽrbş, *rbz;* ꞓûrbed, *rbd;* strĕngth, *ngth.*
19. Sꞓärf, *rf;* dwa̤rfs, *rfs;* dwa̤rfed, *rft;* stärve, *rv;* ꞓûrved, *rvd.*
20. Gĩrth, *rth;* härp, *rp;* thrēe, *thr;* thrŭst, *thr;* thwack, *thw.*

SPELLING BY SOUND.

First, pronounce the word, then give each of its elementary sounds distinctly and forcibly, and lastly pronounce the word.

Thus:—Bat, *b ă t,* bat. Farm, *f ä r m,* farm, etc.

1. Băt, răḡ, măd, lănd, lăsh, lāte, fāçe, bāke, plāne.
2. Färm, därk, hälf, sa̤lt, ba̤ll, ta̤lk, mȧst, râre, rȧft.
3. Pĕt, bĕḡ, hēre, nēar, sēe, kēep, tẽrm, rē′al, tāk′en.
4. Rĭch, shĭn, wĭt̶h, mīne, mīçe, nīght, flȳ, buȳ, vā′ry̆.
5. Bōld, slōpe, sŏng, pōrch, rōḡue, ꞓōal, flōor, t̶hōugh.
6. Knōwn, blŏck, lŏdge, wrông, môrn, fôrm, ôught, bŏx.
7. Ro͞om, fo͞od, go͝od, fo͝ot, gro̤up, rṳle, thro̤ugh, who͞op.
8. Sŭp, bŭmp, sŭch, mūle, ꞓūbe, dū′ty̆, ꞓū′ꞓŭm ber, ꞓûrl.
9. Nûrse, sûrge, brṳişe, wõrth, dȯne, tȯnḡue, dȯeş, flȯod.

10. Stȳle, ve̱in, sphēre, mōurn, çēase, läugh, pretty, ăn̲x′ioŭs.
11. Mẽr′çy̆, ȼŏn vẽrse′, nēi′ther, sṳre, fä′ther, rīght′, fu̇ll, who̤.
12. Hŏn′ĕst, scȳthe, ȼōurt, nō tō′rĭoŭs, rē lā′tiȯn, dē strŭȼ′tiȯn.

WRITING ACCORDING TO SOUND.

In the exercises already given, the pupil will have observed that in writing many words, there are letters used which do not represent a sound;—such letters are said to be *silent.*

In the following exercise, the pupil will represent on slate or paper each word, indicating by the proper mark the sound of the vowel, and omitting all silent letters.

Thus:—Mate, māt; beat, bēt; call, ȼa̤l; etc.

1. Mate, beat, call, lake, day, paw, nail, team, thee.
2. Ten, bad, mess, stack, death, meant, clear, apple, cherry.
3. Dime, write, bill, flight, eaves, denial, seed, diffident, intellect.
4. Cot, coat, lock, revoke, show, source, known, boatman, lodge.
5. Moon, stood, food, took, youth, school, rude, hood, shoe, fruit.
6. Flute, husk, lure, duck, album, hundred, tough, blue, ensue.
7. Nurse, spurt, done, view, sepulcher, rhetoric, forfeit, consign.
8. Weight, poultry, daisy, imply, sacrifice, nourish, sought.
9. Last, raft, dare, ware, sperm, merge, thirst, stirrup, early.
10. Boil, cloud, alloy, mystery, courteous, phrase, bough.
11. Cough, photograph, enough, dance, class.

READING EXERCISE.

1. We have read the lesson on the seventy-sixth page.

2. The seals plunged into the sea and were not seen again.

3. As we drove along the river, we saw an ice-house near a nice house.

4. A huge round stone rolled down the high hill.

5. The wind whistles through the thistles.

6. The officers ought to arrest the man.

7. The officer sought to arrest the man.

8. Deep toned notes rolled over the wide waste of waters.

9. The glaciers gleamed in the glowing light of the setting sun.

10. The ragged rascal ran round and round the rough and rugged rock that rears its head high in the air.

11. We should expect every creature to act according to its nature.

12. It was a charming morning. The sun was shining brightly, and, as we walked along, we were delighted with the twittering and singing of the merry birds.

13. He gave the old man a bundle of willow withs with which to make a basket.

14. This story is taken from the history of the great tory.

15. "Heaped in the hollow of the grove,
The withered leaves lie dead."

16. "What a world of merriment their melody foretells!"

17. "How they clang and clash and roar!"

18. "Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells!"

19. And where the finest streams through tangled forests stray,
E'en there the wildest beasts steal forth upon their prey.

ACCENT.

Accent is the stress of voice which makes prominent a certain syllable of a word. In the correct pronunciation of all words, distinct articulation is an element, and in words of two or more syllables, proper accent is also involved. In dictionaries, in spelling-books, and in the spelling exercises in this work, the accented syllables are indicated by this mark (′).

In the words *farm′er*, *car′pen ter*, and *nov′el ty*, the first syllable is accented. In the words *in duce′ment* and *en gage′ment*, the second is the accented syllable; while in the words *en ter tain′*, and *com pre hend′*, the third syllable is accented.

An additional importance attaches to accent since, in certain cases, a change of accent from one syllable to another produces a change of meaning, as seen in these examples;—

Au′gust, *name of month.*	Au gust′, *grand.*
Sub′ject, *one under authority.*	Sub ject′, *subdue.*
Pres′ent, *at hand.*	Pre sent′, *give.*
Rec′ord, *register.*	Re cord′, *write or copy.*

FORCE.

In reading, **force** is the energy or power with which words are spoken.

It will be convenient to consider three *degrees* of force,—*soft, medium,* and *strong.*

Soft force is used in the expression of pity, affection, or grief.

Example.—And so the time came when the child looked out alone; and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves.

Medium force is used in ordinary conversation, and is commonly employed in reading narrative or descriptive pieces.

Example.—Ages ago China determined to protect herself against the envy and raids of the Tartars, who roamed over a large portion of Asia.

Strong force is used to express the language of anger, command, rage, defiance, or great joy.

Example.—"Bravo, bravo!" the king cried out,
"All honor to those who try."

EMPHASIS.

Emphasis is force applied to one or more words of a sentence to distinguish it or them from the other words of the same sentence. **Emphatic words** are those which express *new* or *important* ideas, and they should be spoken in such a manner as to direct the attention of the hearer especially to them.

The meaning conveyed by a sentence depends very largely on the words which are emphasized. By reading each example given below, and uttering the word in italics with greater force than the other words, it will be seen that different answers are required to each, though the words are the same in each question.

Question.	*Answer.*
1. Is this large apple *sweet?*	No, it is *sour.*
2. Is this large *apple* sweet?	No, the *pear* is sweet.
3. Is this *large* apple sweet?	No, the *small* one is sweet.
4. Is *this* large apple sweet?	No, the *other* is sweet.

These examples will show how important it is that the reader should have a proper understanding of the thought which the author wished to convey, in order that he may so express it that it may be understood by the hearer. The *sense* is the only guide in determining emphatic words; hence the necessity of careful study as a preparation for oral reading.

Words may be emphasized *by speaking them louder and with more force,* or *by prolonging them in pronunciation,* or *by uttering them with a slide of the voice on the accented syllable.*

Emphatic words are sometimes indicated by the style of type in which they are printed. Different degrees of emphasis are thus denoted by *italics,* SMALL CAPITALS, and LARGE CAPITALS.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE.

I.—EMPHASIS BY FORCE.

1. I know no other one thing, so *beautiful,* so GLORIOUS, so POWERFUL.

2. "ALL LIVING! ALL LIVING!" shouted the men.

3. You will *hear* nothing else; you will *think* nothing else.

4. We will go at once on to the *glory,* and the *thunder,* and the MAJESTY, and the WRATH of the larger fall.

5. "*Waken,* grandmother, WAKEN! SPEAK to me!" cried Catherine, getting more excited.

6. When shall we *grieve,* if grieve we *must?*
TO-MORROW, friend, TO-MORROW.

7. In whatever form we find water, whether as *solid, liquid,* or *gas*, it is one of the *most* BEAUTIFUL objects in nature.

8. Eternity alone will reveal to the human race its debt of gratitude to the *peerless* and IMMORTAL name of WASHINGTON.

9. "STAND like an ANVIL!" Noise and heat,
Are born of earth and die with time,
The soul, like God, its source and seat,
Is *solemn, still, serene, sublime.*

II.—EMPHASIS APPLIED BY PROLONGING A WORD.

1. O night, what t-ea-rs you hide, what pr-ay-ers you hear! And so the nights pass and the days succeed, until that one comes when tea-rs and p-a-rt-ing shall be n-o m-o-re.

2. In the cold and the darkness, a p-oo-r lit-tle g-i-rl, with bare head and naked feet, roamed through the street.

3. In a humble room in Paris,
D-a-r-k and ch-ee-r-l-ess, c-o-l-d and b-a-re,
Sat a young boy by the window.

III.—EMPHASIS APPLIED BY SLIDES OF THE VOICE.

1. True worth is in *beíng*, not *seem̀ing.*

2. Would *yòu* see her as *Í* see her, *yóu* must be where *Ì* have been.

3. The Yosemite *Vaĺley* is the most unique and majestic of Nature's marvels; but the Yosemite *Fàll* is of *little* account.

4. The *brav́est* are the *tend̀erest,*—
The *lov́ing* are the *darìng.*

5. We live in *déeds*, not *yeàrs,*—in *thoúghts*, not *breàth,*—in *feeĺings*, not *figùres on a* dial. We should count *tiḿe* by *heàrt-throbs.* He *liv́es* most who *thìnks* the most,—FEÉLS the NOB́LEST,—*ac̀ts* the BÈST.

PITCH.

Pitch is the degree of elevation of the voice. The notes of the musical scale vary in pitch, and so in oral reading, the tones of the voice may be of the same pitch as that employed in ordinary conversation, or they may be higher or lower.

Medium pitch is employed in ordinary conversation, in reading narrative or descriptive selections, and in language not expressive of strong emotion.

Example.—The cloud, which had scattered so deep a murkiness over the day, had now settled into a solid and impenetrable mass.

High pitch is any pitch much above the medium, and is used in calling, in commanding, and in expressing joyous emotions.

Example.—Hurrah! the seaward breezes
Sweep down the bay amain;
Heave up, my lads, the anchor!
Run up the sail again.

Low pitch is any pitch much below the medium, and is used in expressing solemn or sublime thoughts.

Example.—Backward, turn backward, O Time, in thy flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night!

INFLECTION.

Inflection is such a movement of the voice on a single sound or syllable, as to produce a sudden change of pitch.

There are two inflections, the *rising* and the *falling*.

The **rising inflection** is a slide of the voice upward, and is indicated by this mark (´).

Examples.—1. Did you study your lessóns?

2. Will you lend me your sláte?

3. Is Sparta deád? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veíns?

The **falling inflection** is a slide of the voice downward, and is indicated by this mark (ˋ).

Examples.—1. Where are you goìng?

2. He is not at hòme.

3. An unjust man is neither lóved nor respècted.

4. Did you say hópe, or ròpe?

Rule I.—The *falling* inflection is generally required where the sense is complete.

Examples.—1. Idleness is the sepulcher of a living màn.

2. There is no time like the prèsent.

3. By the street of By-and-by, one arrives at the house of Nèver.

Rule II.—Words that are very emphatic, and clauses or sentences that express a positive assertion or command, require the *falling* inflection.

Examples.—1. Stànd like an ànvil.

2. Good words make friènds; bad words make enèmies.

3. Instruction ends with the schòol-room, but education ends only with lìfe.

Rule III.—Questions that can not be answered by *yes* or *no*, and the answers of all questions, generally require the *falling* inflection.

Examples.—1. Which way did he gò? *Ans.*—He went across the fièlds.

2. How far are we from the statìon? *Ans.*—Two mìles.

3. Said a woman to Dr. Johnson: "How did you happen to

make such a mistake in defining that wòrd?" "Ignòrance, madam, pùre ignorance," was the reply.

Rule IV.—When a pause is necessary, and the sense is incomplete, the *rising* inflection is generally required.

Examples.—1. Good témper like a sunny dáy, sheds a brightness over everything.

2. Method in stúdy, with a proper division of tíme, will give us time for leisure and recreation.

3. A man can never be a true gentleman in mánner, until he is a true gentleman at heart.

Rule V.—Questions that can be answered by *yes* or *no*, generally require the *rising* inflection.

Examples.—1. Did you study this lessón?

2. Will you listen to reáson?

3. Cowardice asks, "Is it sáfe?" Expediency asks, "Is it polític?" Vanity asks, "Is it popúlar?" but Conscience asks, "Is it *rìght?*"

Rule VI.—Words or clauses expressing negative ideas generally require the *rising* inflection.

Examples.—1. Oh nó! that is not the láw!

2. Silence your opponent with reàson not with noíse.

3. Give me the àpple, not the peár.

4. Not what we thínk or sáy, but what we dò, will have its effect upon the world, Let, then, the thinker dò, and the doer thìnk.

5. Nor wréck, nor chánge, nor winter's blíght,
Nor Time's remorseless doóm,
Can dìm one ray of holy light
That gìlds your holy tomb.

The CIRCUMFLEX is the union of the rising and falling inflections on the same syllable or word. The circumflex is indicated by this mark (^).

Rule VII.—The **circumflex** is chiefly applied to emphatic words expressing contrast, sarcasm, or irony.

Examples.—1. If I take care of my charâcter, my reput̂ation will take care of itself.

2. However, I fancy when we come to ask adv̂ice, we will apply to persons who seem to have made use of it themselves.

3. *Portia.*—As thou urgest juŝtice, be assured,

Thou shalt have jus̀tice, more than thôu desirest.

Gratiano.—Oh, lear̂ned judge!—Mark, Jew!—a lear̂ned judge!

RATE.

The *rate of utterance* in reading or speaking varies according to the sentiments expressed. In no case, however, should the utterance be so rapid as to produce indistinctness of pronunciation, or so slow as to produce drawling. Rate of utterance may be classified as *rapid*, *moderate*, and *slow*.

Rapid rate is used in the expression of haste, alarm, joy, or mirth.

Example.—The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!

Moderate rate is employed in simple narration, description, calm reasoning, or conversation.

Example.—A crow, having stolen a bit of flesh, perched in a tree, and held it in her beak. A fox, seeing her, longed to possess himself of the flesh, and by a wily stratagem succeeded.

Slow rate is appropriate to the language of reverence, majesty, sublimity, or grief.

Example.—O Virtue! when thy clime I seek,
Let not my spirit's flight be weak.

PAUSES.

Intimately connected with the rate of utterance are the *pauses* which are required in oral reading. **Pauses** are suspensions of the voice, and are *grammatical*, *emphatic*, or *poetic*.

The **grammatical pauses** are indicated by the punctuation marks. The length of the pause at any punctuation mark varies greatly under different circumstances. It is, therefore, impossible to give definite rules in regard to the length of time the voice should be suspended in different pieces of composition; the reader must be guided by the sentiment. In general it may be said, that *the more rapid the rate of utterance, the shorter the pauses; and the slower the rate of utterance, the longer the pause.*

In order to properly express the sentiment of a selection, it is often necessary to pause where there are no marks to indicate a stop. Such pauses are called *emphatic*, since they usually occur before or after emphatic words.

In the following examples, the position of the **emphatic pause** is indicated by the increased space between certain words.

1. The price of *liberty*   is eternal *vigilance*,   and the price of *wisdom*   is eternal *thought*.

2. His history shows that war   is not   the natural element of his mind.

3. Sir, neither the human heart   nor the human understanding   will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd.

4. Not a dollar is produced in the world   that is not either taken from the ground,   or pulled from the sea   by somebody.

POETIC PAUSES.

Poetic pauses are those employed only in the reading of poetry.

The **final pause** is a pause at the end of each line of poetry, and is designed to produce a smooth and harmonious effect. Great care is required to make the final pause of the proper length; it should be long and distinct where the sense requires it, but short and delicate where it is made simply for the sake of the rhythm.

The **cæsura** is a pause at or near the middle of a line of poetry. In the following examples, it is marked thus (||).

1. We were crowded || in the cabin,
   Not a soul || would dare to sleep;
It was midnight || on the waters,
   And a storm || was on the deep.

2. And the generations || come and go,
   And still || he stands upright;
And he sternly looks || on the wood below
   As conscious || of his might.

3. For right is right, || since God is God,
   And right || the day must win;
To doubt || would be disloyalty,
   To falter || would be sin.

EXERCISES.

I. There are *three* kinds of people in the world,—the *wills*′, the *won'ts*′, and the *can'ts*`. The first *accomplish* everything; the second *oppose* everything; the third *fail* in everything.

II. Be a *bold, brave, true,* HONEST man. If you know a thing is *right,* DO IT. If you have a *solemn conviction,* dare to utter it in the fear of God, *regardless* of the wrath of man.
Gough.

~~III.~~ *Truth,* CRUSHED TO EARTH, shall rise again;—
   The eternal years of God are hers;
But *error,* WOUNDED, writhes with pain,
   And dies amid his worshipers.—*Bryant.*

IV. There is a broad distinction between *character* and *reputation*ˋ, for one can be destroyed by *slander*ˊ, while the other can *never* be harmed save by its possessor. *Reputation* is in *no* man's keeping. You and I cannot determine what other men shall *think* or *say* about us. We can only determine what they OUGHT to think of us and say about usˋ, and we can only do this by acting *squarely* up to our *convictions.*

Holland.

V. In *life's* rosy morning,
In *manhood's* firm pride,
Let *this* be the motto
Your footsteps to guide;—
In *storm* and in *sunshine*,
Whatever assail,
We'll ONWARD and CONQUER,
And NEVER say fail!

VI. If there be any in this assembly, any *dear friend* of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was *no* less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved CÆSAR LÉSS, but that I loved ROME MÒRE. Had you rather Cæsar were *líving*, and die all *slàves*, than that Cæsar were *deàd*, to live all *freémen?* As Cæsar *lóved* me, I *wèep* for *him;* as he was *fortúnate*, I *rejòice* at it; as he was *valíant*, I *hònor* him; but, as he was AMBÍTIOUS, I *slèw* him. There are *teárs*, for his *lòve; jóy*, for his *fortùne; hónor*, for his *vàlor;* and *dèath*, for his AMBÌTION.—*Shakespeare.*

VII. *Make* the best of everything;
Think the best of everybody;
Hope the best for yourself,
Do as I have done—PERSEVERE.

George Stephenson.

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MODERN
GRAMMAR-SCHOOL READER.

LESSON I.

PERSEVERANCE.

1. One step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another,
And the largest rent is mended.

2. One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.

3. So the little coral workers,
By their slow and constant motion,
Have built those pretty islands
In the distant dark blue ocean.

4. And the noblest undertakings
Man's wisdom has conceived,
By oft-repeated effort,
Have been patiently achieved.

5. Then do not look disheartened
On the work you have to do,

And say that such a mighty task
You never can get through;

6. But just endeavor day by day
Another point to gain,
And soon the mountain which you feared
Will prove to be a plain.

7. Rome was not builded in a day, — 1
The ancient proverb teaches; — 2
And Nature, by her trees and flowers,
The same sweet sermon preaches. — 3

8. Think not of far-off duties, — 4
But of duties which are near;
And, having once begun to work,
Resolve to persevere.

Definitions.—3. Ꞓŏr′al, *the solid secretion of small animals in the sea.* 3. Ꞓŏn′stant, *not given to change.* 3. Īsl′and (īl′and), *land surrounded by water.* 4. Ŭn der tāk′ings̱, *the works in which a person engages.* 4. Ꞓon çēived′, *formed in the mind.* 4. A chiēved′, *accomplished.* 5. Dis heärt′ened, *depressed in spirits.* 6. En dĕav′or, *try.* 7. Prŏv′erb, *a common saying.* 7. Nāt′ūre, *the world of matter.* 8. Pẽr se vēre′, *to keep at any business.*

LESSON II. ✓

THE LADDER OF PATIENCE.

BY L. G. SEGUIN.

1. "I LOVE music, mother! I wish you would teach me to play the piano like Cousin Clara," said little Alice May.

2. "Cousin Clara! Why, my dear, she is an excellent player."

3. "Yes, I know, mamma; and I want to be an excellent player, too."

4. "I will begin to teach you, if you wish; but it will be a very long time before you play like Cousin Clara."

5. "I should like to begin at once," said Alice.

6. "Very well, my dear; I shall be pleased to teach you. First, you must learn the notes."

7. "Yes; learning notes in music is like learning one's letters, is it not?"

8. "Exactly," said her mother. She then showed Alice how each black and each white key was named for one of the first seven letters of the alphabet, and how she could tell the name of each. Alice was a quick child; and in the first lesson she mastered the music-alphabet.

9. When Alice had learned something about the notes, and sharps, and flats, she was very happy, and quite pleased with herself. "Now I shall very soon be able to play like Cousin Clara; shall I not, mamma?" asked Alice.

10. "Not too fast, my dear. Unhappily, among the discoveries of the age, there is one road which no one has yet been able to find."

11. "Which road, mamma?"

12. "The royal road to learning."

13. "I don't think I know what you mean."

14. "Did I ever tell you of the Prince who tried to find the royal road to learning?"

15. "I think not, mamma."

16. "Well," said her mother, "I shall tell you:"—

17. This Prince was born heir to one of the Fortunate Isles in the far Indies. From his earliest infancy he was greatly honored, and whenever he showed so much as the tip of his nose, all his subjects fell down on the ground before him and cried, "O mighty and gracious Prince! there is no one in the world half so powerful or so clever as you!"

18. The worst of it was that the young Prince knew that this was not true. He was not at all clever, or rather he had

never had the chance of becoming so, for no one had dared to take such a liberty as to teach him. So he grew up, almost to manhood, a complete dunce.

19. But one day he was out hunting in a vast forest, which stretched away from his castle for miles and miles, and, a storm coming up, he took shelter in the hut of a hermit who lived in the forest. Now the hermit was a very learned man, and the Prince's curiosity was excited by the number of books which lined the walls of his little cabin.

20. "I did not know there were so many books in the world," said the Prince.

21. "I assure Your Highness that these are but a very small number indeed, compared with what have been written."

22. "Dear me!" said the Prince. "What are they all about?"

23. "History, geography, astronomy, botany," began the hermit.

24. "Bless my heart!" said the Prince. "I never heard before of any of these things, and yet people say I am so clever. The fact is, I must learn them all."

25. "It will take Your Highness many years and much labor," said the hermit.

26. "Oh, nonsense!" returned the Prince. "I am not going to be bothered. I am a Prince, and can have anything that I want; and now I want to have all this knowledge immediately."

27. The hermit shook his head. "I don't see how you will manage it, Prince."

28. Then the Prince, who was a sort of a tyrant, began to get cross. "You have it, you cross old fellow!" he cried. "You pass it over to me, and I will pay you well for it, if that is what you mean. If you don't give it to me at once, I will have your head cut off."

29. "Prince," replied the hermit, "my head is, I assure you, the most valuable part of me; for I keep all my knowledge in it."

30. "Just the very reason I will take it off; and I will have it put into a box, and carry it about with me wherever I go," said the Prince.

31. "I assure Your Highness," said the hermit, "that would be no good at all; and if you will only allow me to keep my head on my shoulders, I will try to teach you what I know."

32. "All right," cried the Prince. Then he called his attendants, and pointed out to them the hermit's head. "Keep your eye on that," he said, "and mind that he does not lose it, for it is as valuable to me as it is to him."

33. Then, the storm being over, the Prince bore off the poor hermit with him in his train, together with as many books as he could pack upon the horses of his attendants.

Definitions.—2. Ĕx′çel lent, *superior.* 8. Ex̣ ăct′ly, *in an exact manner.* 8. Ăl′pha bet, *the letters of a language arranged in order.* 10. Dis cŏv′er ieş, *things made known.* 17. Fôrt′ū nate Īsleş (īlz), *happy islands.* 17. Sŭb′jects, *those under the authority of a ruler.* 17. Grā′cioŭs, *kind, friendly.* 18. Lĭb′er ty, *an amount of freedom.* 19. Hẽr′mit, *a person who lives in solitude.* 19. Ex çīt′ed, *aroused.* 21. As trŏn′o my, *the science which treats of the heavenly bodies.* 21. Bŏt′a ny, *the science which treats of plants.* 25. Knŏwl′edġe, *learning.* 25. Im mē′di ate ly, *without delay.* 27. Tȳ′rant, *a cruel master.* 32. At tĕnd′ants, *ones who attend, or accompany.*

LESSON III.

THE LADDER OF PATIENCE.

(Concluded.)

1. When the Prince reached home, he at once sent for the hermit, and desired him to teach him all he knew. He was most eager to begin learning; but, when he found that learning was such hard work, he soon grew restless and weary.

2. "It is ridiculous," he cried. "What is the use of being a Prince, if I have all this worry and bother?"

3. "Ah, Prince!" returned the hermit, "you will have to find the royal road to learning."

4. "Of course! Why did you not think of that before?" asked the Prince. "After all, you learned folks are very stupid sometimes in every-day matters. Of course I will have the royal road to learning found immediately."

5. Then the Prince called for all the chief men of his kingdom, and held a consultation. They sent horsemen and heralds all over his kingdom, to offer large rewards to any one who would give information about this particular route.

6. At length the messengers all came back from their fruitless errand. They could not find the royal road to learning, nor hear any tidings of it.

7. Then the Prince sent out an army to scour the country. "It is to be found somewhere," said he, "and I will have it found; so there is no use talking."

8. At last news was brought the Prince that a certain wise woman, living at the other end of the kingdom, knew something about it.

9. "Bring her here this minute," cried the Prince. "I will soon find out what she knows. I must find this royal road at once."

10. The wise woman trembled very much when she was brought before the young Prince, who received her in great pomp and state. He was most gracious.

11. "I hear that you have found out the road for which I am searching. Tell me all you know about it, and I will make you rich and powerful."

12. "Riches and power," said the old woman, "have little attraction for those who are on the verge of the grave, mighty Prince. But, if I can aid you in any way, I will."

13. "Thank you," said the Prince. "Now tell me about the road. Where is it?"

14. "The way, great Prince, leads through the valley of

humility, and the path is up the ladder of patience, and across the wide, barren plains of perseverance."

15. "Oh," cried the Prince, "it would take a month to get there!"

16. "Many months, Your Highness."

17. "Well, you must take me there; we will make a sort of summer excursion of it."

18. The old woman shook her head. "You will not?" asked the Prince angrily.

19. "I cannot, sir. This is a path that each one of us must find for himself."

20 "Have you been there yourself?" demanded the Prince.

21. "I have."

22. "And do you dare to stand there, you wicked old woman, and refuse to show me? What business have you to find out secret ways in my kingdom and keep them all to yourself?"

23. "I can point out the way, Prince; but I cannot lead you there, nor go with you," said she.

24. "Take her away, immediately," cried the Prince in a great rage; "she is an impostor and a cheat, just like the man who pretended that he knew the way to the waterfall, and then led us into a bog, where I lost one of my boots and caught cold. Throw her into prison this minute! She pretends to know the way, but she does not know anything about it."

25. "I have told you, sir."

26. "Yes," cried the Prince, "you gave me a parcel of directions which I could not understand in the least particular. You want to lead me into another bog that I may lose another boot. Away with her, I say, or I shall think you are all in a plot against me!"

27. After the old woman had died in prison, the Prince then thought it would have been better, after all, if he had coaxed her more to tell what she knew. "Yet I feel sure that she was only an impostor," said he. "If she had really found out the royal road, she would have been willing enough to take me there, you may be sure."

28. Now that she was dead, the wise woman certainly could not tell the Prince any more about it; and if she had really discovered such a road as he fancied, the secret died with her; for no one since has found so much as a trace of it. The Prince gave up the search, and died, as he had lived, a dunce.

29. Alice went on with her music lessons, and practiced every day for half an hour, and a very long half hour it seemed sometimes. But she really made steady progress, and her mother was quite proud of her little pupil.

30. "Mother," she said one day, when she was struggling very hard over a lesson, and her fingers refused to go upon the right keys, "mother, I think I must be on the royal road to learning, for I am sure this is the Ladder of Patience."

31. "Yes," said her mother, "and if you follow the track across the Plains of Perseverance, you will by and by reach the grand Castle of Success."

Definitions.—2. Rĭ dĭꞓ'ū loŭs, *laughable, absurd.* 5. Kĭng'dȯm, *the country subject to a king.* 5. Ꞓŏn sul tā'tion, *the act of consulting.* 5. Hĕr'aldş, *officers.* 5. Ĭn for mā'tion, *news or advice.* 6. Mĕs'sen ġerş, *ones sent out, servants.* 6. Tī'dingş, *news.* 6. Sꞓour, *to pass swiftly over.* 10. Pŏmp, *display, show.* 12. At trăꞓ'tion, *charm.* 14. Hu mĭl'i ty, *a modest estimate of one's own worth.* 14. Băr'ren, *producing nothing.* 17. Ex ꞓûr'sion, *a trip for pleasure.* 24. Im pŏs'tor, *one who imposes upon others.* 29. Prăꞓ'tĭçed, *performed certain acts often.* 30. Strŭg'gling, *striving.*

LESSON IV.

MY LITTLE COUSINS.

By WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED, an English poet and lawyer, born in London in 1802. Died in 1839.

1. LAUGH on, fair cousins, for to you
All life is joyous yet;
Your hearts have all things to pursue,
And nothing to regret;

And every flower to you is fair,
  And every month is May;
You've not been introduced to Care;—
  Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

2. Old Time will fling his clouds ere long
  Upon those sunny eyes;
The voice whose every word is song
  Will set itself to sighs;
Your quiet slumbers,—hopes, and fears
  Will chase their rest away;
To-morrow you'll be shedding tears;—
  Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

3. Oh, yes; if any truth is found
  In the dull schoolman's theme,
If friendship is an empty sound,
  And love an idle dream,—
If mirth, youth's playmate, feels fatigue
  Too soon on life's long way,
At least he'll run with you a league;—
  Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

4. Perhaps your eyes may grow more bright
  As childhood's hues depart;
You may be lovelier to the sight,
  And dearer to the heart;
You may be sinless still, and see
  This earth still green and gay;
But what you are you will not be;—
  Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

5. O'er me have many winters crept,
  With less of grief than joy!
But I have learned, and toiled, and wept;
  I am no more a boy!

I 've never had the gout, 't is true,
My hair is hardly gray;
But now I cannot laugh like you;—
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

6. I used to have as glad a face,
As shadowless a brow;
I once could run as blithe a race
As you are running now;
But never mind how I behave!
Don't interrupt your play;
And though I look so very grave,—
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

Definitions.—1. Re grĕt′, *grieve over.* 1. Pur sūe′, *follow with haste.* 3. Thēme, *subject or topic on which a person writes or speaks.* 3. Fa tïgue′, *weariness.* 3. Lēague, *measure of distance, equal to three miles.* 4. Sĭn′less, *free from sin.* 5. Gout, *a disease which generally attacks the great toe first.* 6. Shăd′ōw less, *having no shadow.* 6. Blīthe, *merry, joyous.* 6. Ĭn ter rŭpt′, *break into, to stop.*

LESSON V.

WILLIAM PENN.

1. William Penn was born in London, Oct. 19th, 1644. His father was an admiral in the British navy, and enjoyed the favor of the royal family.

2. When a boy he was sent to the best schools in England, and proved himself a good student. The highest honors of the State would have come within his reach, in due time, but to the surprise of all his friends he became a Quaker.

3. At that time there was a strong feeling in England against the Quakers. Many of them had to seek safety in

flight. Some went to other countries of Europe, while others fled to America.

4. Penn's belief in the teachings of the Quakers was so strong that he joined their society; though he knew that by doing so, he became an object of scorn and persecution. He was driven out of doors by his own father, and was cast into prison several times. After a time his father received him into favor again, and made him his heir.

5. He felt deeply the persecution which was carried on against the Quakers. Since he could do nothing at home to lessen the wrongs under which they groaned, he formed the great design of leading his friends to the new world.

6. King Charles owed to Admiral Penn a large sum of money. In payment of the debt, he granted to William Penn a large tract of country lying west of the Delaware River. In honor of Admiral Penn, the king named the country thus granted, Pennsylvania.

7. Two hundred years ago, William Penn crossed the Atlantic, and sailed up the Delaware to visit his new possessions. There he founded a state on the broad basis of peace, and freedom, and justice to all.

8. Penn at once sought the friendship of the Indians. He called the chiefs to a great council on the banks of the Delaware. Unarmed and in the plain dress of the Quaker, he and a few companions met the crowd of Red-men under the branches of an elm-tree.

9. Standing before them he said: "My friends, we have met on the broad pathway of good faith and good will. We are all of one flesh and blood. Being brethren, no advantage shall be taken on either side. When disputes arise, we will settle them in council. Between us there shall be nothing but openness and love."

10. The chiefs replied: "While the rivers run, and the sun and moon shall shine, we will live at peace with William Penn and his children."

11. The treaty made under the old elm-tree was never broken by the Indians. They were always friendly with Penn and his people. The Quaker hat and coat proved a better defense than the sword or rifle.

12. Penn died in England in 1718. The town which he laid out in the forest, has become one of the great cities of the world. The state which he founded two hundred years ago, is now the home of millions of people.

Definitions.—1. Ăd′mi ral, *a naval officer of the highest rank.* 2. Quāk′er, *one of the religious sect, the members of which are called also Friends.* 4. Pẽr se ȼū′tion, *the act of pursuing in a manner to injure or vex.* 5. De sīgn′, *plan or scheme.* 7. Pos sĕs′sionş, *things owned.* 7. Found′ed, *took the first step in building up.* 7. Frēe′dȯm, *the state of being free.* 7. Jŭs′tĭçe, *the rendering to every one his due, or right.* 9. Dis pūtes′, *quarrels, differences.* 9. Ȼoun′çil, *an assembly of men called together for advice.* 11. Trēa′ty, *contract or agreement.*

LESSON VI.

LITTLE POP-CORN.

1. "PLEASE, sir, buy some pop-corn?"

2. It was a snowy, blustering day in January; and I sat at my office-desk, writing, when a small voice addressed me with the above request.

3. "Not this morning," I replied rather gruffly and without glancing up.

4. "Come, Jimmy, we must go. He won't buy any," I heard the small voice say in a whisper. This time there was something sadly old in the childish tones. They touched my ear and heart together, and I turned quickly.

5. Before me was the figure of a little girl, perhaps eight years old, poorly clad, and beside her a boy,—her brother as I afterward learned,—a little older than herself. She carried a small basket of puffy white corn. There was such a look of innocence in her big gray eyes that I was fairly conquered.

6. "How much is your pop-corn, my child?" I asked. The pretty mouth dimpled with pleasure as she replied, "Two cents a cup, sir, and two cups for five cents."

7. I smiled at this odd reckoning, and said, "Oh, you are mistaken! You mean, I guess, three cents a cup, and two for five cents."

8. She shook her head very decidedly. "No, sir; I am sure. Mother said so, and she always knows."

9. "And who is your mother, child, that she lets you come out such a wild day as this is?"

10. "My mother is at home sick; and Jimmy and I do the work; and then we pop corn, and sell it to get money."

11. Growing interested in this small history, I proceeded with my questions. "What is your name?"

12. "Maggie; but mostly they call me Little Pop-Corn."

13. "Well, then, Little Pop-Corn, have you a father?"

14. Here, at least, I had touched some sensitive chord in the small heart. The sweet môuth trembled a little, as she replied, "Yes, sir; but father went away, and left us seven years ago, when I was a baby; and now mother is sick, and Jimmy and I have to work."

15. "But, my child, have you not heard anything from him for seven whole years?"

16. "Oh, yes. Last year, a man came and told mother that father worked in his mill once, and then father fell sick, and he told Mr. Hudson that he was coming home as soon as he got well again. But that was almost a year ago, and he has not come yet."

17. "Do you know where this Mr. Hudson lives, Maggie?" "Mother knows," was the quiet answer.

18. "Very well. Find out from your mother where he lives; write him a letter, and ask about your father without letting her know it."

19. "I can't write; I only print," was the hesitating reply. "Just as well," said I; "do that."

20. I then took her round to all the neighboring offices, until she had disposed of all her corn, and both small hands were full of pennies. She was so pleased with her success that her eyes sparkled with delight, and, after a hearty "Thank you, sir," she walked away.

21. Several days passed, and I began to believe that I had seen the last of Maggie. Indeed, in the press of business, I had almost forgotten the child's existence, when one morning my office door opened very softly, and she stood before me. She placed on my desk a paper which was much the worse for many foldings. I said nothing, but opened the paper, and read in letters of all sizes her letter to Mr. Hudson.

22. After reading her letter, I looked up smiling, and said, "But, Little Pop-Corn, you have not told who you are, nor what your name is, nor anything about yourself. Now write that down here in the corner."

23. She took the paper, and wrote silently for a few mo-

ments, then handed it back with this added, "I am Maggie, but some call me Little Pop-Corn."

24. "Very well," said I, suppressing a second smile. "Now tell me where to send it, and then you may go. If an answer comes I will send it to you."

25. I added a page or two to Little Pop-Corn's letter, explained who she was, and told the unknown Mr. Hudson that he would be repaid for taking the trouble of replying to the child's letter, if only he could see the bright, hopeful face with which that letter was sent.

26. Again the matter escaped my mind; and as I came in one morning, and looked over my mail, I was for a moment surprised to find a letter directed to Miss Maggie Lee, in a round business hand.

27. I sent for the child as soon as possible, and she came. I put the letter into her hands, and told her to read it. With eager, trembling haste she broke the covering, and then a look of disappointment came into her face as she said, "I can't read writing, sir; please read it to me."

28. The letter was brief and manly. The gentleman's heart had been touched by the childish appeal, and he promised to do all in his power to aid Maggie's search. The letter closed: "Good-by, my little girl, and may God bless you! If John Hudson can do anything to make you happy, be sure he will gladly do it."

29. In an inclosure to me, he earnestly assured me of his deep interest in both father and child, and added that he had already advertised for news of the missing man. Several weeks passed by, during which time, through cold, and snow, and storm, Little Pop-Corn failed not to come every morning with her basket of white treasures.

30. One morning my door opened as usual, and thinking it Maggie on her daily rounds, I did not even raise my eyes from my work, until a glad little voice said in a triumphant tone, "He has come, sir! he has come!"

31. Then I glanced up. A man of middle age stood before

me, with drooping head, downcast eyes, and an evident look of shame in his whole bearing. But suddenly a thought seemed to arouse him, and walking towards me he said, "Sir, I thank you for bringing me back to this child; and as surely as I stand here, I promise to be the man I have never been before."

32. All this happened a year ago; and now, on Rogers Street, there stands a little candy shop which is doing a thriving business. Maggie's small head barely reaches above the counter, but her feet are just as brisk and willing as when I first made her acquaintance. The happiness that now exists in that humble home is all due to the childish perseverance and loving trustfulness of Little Pop-Corn.

Definitions.—3. Grŭff′ly, *in a harsh manner.* 5. Ȼŏn̲′quered, *overcome.* 8. De çīd′ed ly, *in a firm manner.* 11. Proçēed′ed, *continued.* 14. Sĕn′si tĭve, *easily affected.* 19. Hĕş′itā ting, *wavering, stammering.* 20. Dis pōşed′, *sold, got rid of.* 21. Ex̩ ĭst′ençe, *the state of being.* 24. Sup prĕss′ing, *stopping, restraining.* 25. Ex plāined′, *made plain.* 26. Es ȼāped′, *passed out of.* 27. Dĭs ap point′ment, *defeat or failure of hope.* 29. In ȼlōş′ūre, *that which is inclosed.* 29. Ăd ver tīşed′, *gave public notice of.* 30. Trī ŭmph′ant, *rejoicing over success.*

LESSON VII.

ADVICE TO BOYS.

1. WHATEVER you are, be brave, boys!
The liar's a coward and slave, boys;
Though clever at ruses
And sharp at excuses,
He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys!

2. Whatever you are, be frank, boys!
'T is better than money and rank, boys;

Still cleave to the right,
Be lovers of light,
Be open, above-board, and frank, boys!

3. Whatever you are, be kind, boys!
Be gentle in manners and mind, boys;
The man, gentle in mien,
Words, and temper, I ween,
Is the gentleman truly refined, boys!

4. But, whatever you are, be true, boys!
Be visible through and through, boys;
Leave to others the shamming,
The cheating and palming,
In fun and in earnest, be true, boys:

Definitions.—1. Rṳ′şeş, *tricks.* 1. Ex ꞓūs′eş, *pleas offered for neglect of duty.* 2. Ꞓlēave, *hold fast, adhere.* 3. Miēn, *look, bearing.* 3. Wēen, *think.* 3. Re fīned′, *polished in manners.* 4. Shăm′ming, *cheating, imitating.* 4. Pälm′ing, *putting off by unfair means.*

LESSON VIII.

EXPLOSION IN A COAL-MINE.

1. One morning while the pitmen were at work in a coal-mine, they heard a noise louder than thunder. In a moment every lamp was out, and men and boys threw down their tools and ran.

2. It is Tuesday morning. The men reach the bottom of the shaft, and count their number. Five are missing, four men and one little trapper, Robert Lester. People above hear the noise, and rush to the pit's mouth. The workmen are taken up. Oh, the agony of the wives and mothers of those who are left behind!

3. Brave men go back to their rescue. They light their

lamps, and reach the crush. There is nothing but a heap of ruins. They shout, but there is no answer. Up go pickaxes and shovels to clear the way. It is great labor, and it involves great risk. Men flock from all quarters to offer their services. How they work!

4. Towards night they hear something. It is not a voice, but a tapping. It can just be heard. Clink, clink, clink, clink, clink! five times, and then it stopped. Clink, clink, five times again, and then it stopped. Five more, and then a stop.

5. What does it mean? One man guessed. There were five missing, and the five clinks showed that all the five were alive, waiting for deliverance. A shout of joy went up in and above the pit.

6. How does it fare with the poor prisoners? They were frightened like the rest by that sudden and awful noise. Little Robert left his door, and ran to the men, who well knew what it meant. Waiting till everything was quiet, they went forward to examine the passage-way Robert had left. It was blocked up. They tried another; that also was blocked up. Oh, fearful thought,—they were *buried alive!*

7. The men went back to the boy. "I want to go home; please, do let me go home," said little Robert.

8. "Yes, yes, as soon as we find a way out, my little man," said Truman, in a kind, yet husky, voice. The air grew close and suffocating, and they took their oil-cans and food-bags to one of the galleries where it was better.

9. Truman and Logan, two of the buried hewers, were religious men. "Well, James, what shall we do next?" asked Truman. "There is but one thing we can do," said Logan. "God says, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee.'"

10. They all knelt down. Poor little Robert cried bitterly. But as the pitmen prayed,—first the one, and then the other,—their hearts grew lighter, and even the little trapper dried his tears.

11. They then got their pickaxes; but what a hopeless task it seemed to cut through that terrible mass of earth and stones to daylight! Their hearts beat with hope and joy when they first heard the sound of their friends working on the other side. It was then that they made the *clink*, *clink*, with their pickaxes, which was heard by their deliverers, and so much encouraged them in their work.

12. Wednesday, Thursday, Friday passed, and no rescue. What dark and dreadful days! Worse than all, the sounds beyond did not appear to draw nearer. At last Saturday came. Five days had passed; and the men outside knew that there was not an instant to lose. They were too anxious even to speak. It was only work, work, work, for dear life. For hours they had heard no signals. Were their poor comrades *dead?*

13. Suddenly the wall was pierced; a hole was made through it; feeble voices were heard.

14. "Truman, are you there?"

15. "Yes; all here."

16. "All living?"

17. "Yes, thank God; all living."

18. "All living! all living!" shouted the men; and the shout went up to the mouth of the pit. When Robert's father heard that his son was alive, the good news was too much for him, and he fell down senseless.

19. One hour more, and the rescuers reached their comrades. Who can describe the meeting, or the joy and gratitude of wives, mothers, and friends, as one and another were brought up to the light? What a huzza rent the air as they came in sight! "Safe! safe! God be praised!"

Definitions.—1. Pĭt′men, *those who work in a pit.* 2. Shȧft, *an opening leading to a mine.* 2. Trăp′per, *a person who sits at a trap-door which leads out of a passage of a mine, and whose business it is to open and close the door as often as required. Often little boys are employed in this. It is not hard, but it is very dis-*

mal and tiresome work, to stay in the dark mine all day and move the doors back and forth. 3. Crŭsh, *mass of coal which blocked up the mine.* 5. De lĭv′er ançe, *the act of being freed from danger.* 6. Sŭf′fo cā ting, *choking, smothering.* 6. Găl′ler ieş, *passages in a coal-mine.* 10. De lĭv′er erş, *ones who rescue.* 10. En coŭr′aġed, *inspired with hope.* 10. Hụz zä′, *a shout of joy.* 16. Cŏm′radeş, *mates, companions.*

LESSON IX.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

By **Charles Mackay**, a Scottish poet and writer, who was born at Perth in 1814. His first volume of poems appeared in 1834. He has published several volumes since that date. He traveled in our country in 1852.

1. If Fortune, with a smiling face,
   Strew roses on our way,
When shall we stoop to pick them up?—
   To-day, my friend, to-day.
But should she frown with face of care,
   And talk of coming sorrow,
When shall we grieve, if grieve we must?—
   To-morrow, friend, to-morrow.

2. If those who have wronged us own their fault,
   And kindly pity pray,
When shall we listen and forgive?—
   To-day, my friend, to-day.
But if stern justice urge rebuke,
   And warmth from memory borrow,
When shall we chide, if chide we dare?—
   To-morrow, friend, to-morrow.

3. If those to whom we owe a debt
   Are harmed unless we pay,
When shall we struggle to be just?—
   To-day, my friend, to-day.

But if our debtor fail our hope,
And plead his ruin thorough,
When shall we weigh his breach of faith?—
To-morrow, friend, to-morrow.

4. For virtuous acts and harmless joys,
The minutes will not stay;—
We have always time to welcome them
To-day, my friend, to-day.
But care, resentment, angry words,
And unavailing sorrow,
Come far too soon, if they appear
To-morrow, friend, to-morrow.

Definitions.—2. Stẽrn, *fixed, severe, harsh.* 2. Wa̤rmth, *zeal, passion.* 3. Dĕbt′or, *the person who owes another.* 3. Thŏr′ōugh, *complete.* 3. Brēach, *act of breaking.* 3. Fāith, *promise given.* 4. Vĩrt′ū oŭs, *good, blameless.* 4. Re şĕnt′ment, *wrath, anger.* 4. Ŭn a vāil′ing, *useless, vain.*

LESSON X.

CROSSING THE ALPS.

1. When Napoleon Bonaparte invaded Italy the second time (A. D. 1800), he led his army across the cold and stormy Alps, where the snow lies deep all the year round, and the roads are often blocked up by masses of ice.

2. He himself crossed by the St. Bernard Pass in May; and a few months later he ordered one of his generals, Marshal Macdonald, to cross by the Splügen, with fifteen thousand soldiers, and join him on the plains below. It was then the end of November, and the winter storms were raging among the mountain passes.

3. It was a perilous undertaking, yet he must obey; and

the men began their terrible march, through narrow defiles, past overhanging precipices, six thousand feet up, up, up among the gloomy solitudes of the Alps.

4. The cannon were placed on rough sleds, each drawn by a long team of soldiers, or, when the roads permitted, by oxen; and the ammunition was packed on mules. First came the guides, driving their long, black poles into the snow in order to find the path; then came workmen to clear away the drifts; then the dragoons, mounted on their most powerful horses, to beat down the track; after whom followed the main body of the army.

5. They encountered severe storms and piercing cold. When half-way up the mountains, a rumbling noise was heard among the cliffs. The guides looked at each other in alarm, for they knew well what it meant. It grew louder and louder. "An avalanche! an avalanche!" they shrieked; and the next moment a field of ice and snow came leaping down the mountains, striking the line of march and sweeping away thirty dragoons in its wild plunge. The black forms of the horses and their riders were seen for an instant struggling for life, and then they disappeared forever.

6. The sight struck the soldiers with horror; they crouched and shivered in the blast. Their enemy was not now flesh and blood, but wild winter storms. Swords and bayonets could not defend them from the desolating avalanche. Flight or retreat was hopeless, for all around lay the drifted snow like a vast winding-sheet. On they must go, or death was certain; and the brave men struggled forward.

7. "Soldiers!" exclaimed their commander, "you are called to Italy; your general needs you. Advance and conquer,—first the mountain and the snow, then the plains and the enemy."

8. Blinded by the winds, benumbed with the cold, and far beyond the reach of aid, Macdonald pressed on. Sometimes a whole company of soldiers was suddenly swept away. On one occasion a poor drummer, crawling out from the mass of snow

which had torn him from his comrades, began to beat his drum for relief. The muffled sound came up from his gloomy resting-place, and was heard by his brother soldiers; but none could go to his rescue. For an hour he beat rapidly; then the strokes grew fainter and fainter until they were heard no more, and the poor drummer laid himself down to die!

9. Two weeks were occupied in this perilous march, and two hundred men perished in the undertaking.

10. This passage of the Splügen is one of the bravest exploits in the history of Napoleon's generals, and illustrates the truth of the well-known saying, "Where there is a will, there is a way."

11. No one can read of heroic deeds like this—of brave men grappling with danger and death—without a feeling of respect and admiration. But heroic deeds are always the fruit of toil and self-sacrifice. No one can accomplish great things, unless he aims at great things, and pursues that aim with determined courage and perseverance.

Definitions.—3. Pĕr′il oŭs, *full of risk.* 3. De fīleş′, *long, narrow passages.* 3. Prĕç′i pĭç eş, *very steep descents.* 3. Sŏl′i tūdeş, *lonely places.* 4. Ăm mu nĭ′tion, *military stores.* 4. Dra gōōnş′, *soldiers on horseback.* 5. En count′ered, *came against face to face.* 5. Ăv a lănçhe′, *mass of snow and ice rolling down a mountain.* 6. Bāy′o net, *sharp piece of steel on the end of a gun.* 8. Be nŭmbed′, *without feeling, stupefied.* 10. Il lŭs′trātes, *makes clear, explains.* 11. Ăd mi rā′tion, *high esteem.* 11. He rō′ic, *bold, daring.* 11. Sĕlf-săc′ri fīce (săk′rĭ fīze), *act of yielding up one's interests.* 11. De tẽr′mĭned, *fixed, decided, firm.*

Note.—NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was born at Ajaccio, on the island of Corsica, in 1769. He became Emperor of France in 1804. After the battle of Waterloo in 1815, he was sent by the English Government to St. Helena, where he died in 1821. His remains were removed to France in 1840, by consent of England, and reinterred at Paris.

LESSON XI.

IF I WERE A BOY AGAIN.

By **James Thomas Fields**, an American author and publisher, born at Portsmouth, N. H., in 1817, died at Boston in 1881. He was educated at the high-school of his native city, and at the age of 14 went to Boston, and became a clerk in a bookstore. At the age of 18, he was invited to deliver the anniversary poem before the Boston Mercantile Library Association, Edward Everett being the orator. Some years afterward he read before the same society a poem entitled "The Post of Honor," Daniel Webster being the orator. About the age of 21 he became a partner in the book firm of Ticknor, Reed & Fields, which afterward, by the withdrawal of Mr. Reed, became the house of Ticknor & Fields. On the death of Mr. Ticknor, in 1864, the firm became Fields, Osgood & Co. In 1870, he withdrew from the publishing firm and devoted himself to writing and lecturing. He published volumes of his poems in 1849, 1854, and 1858. His latest publication was a volume of prose, entitled "Yesterdays with Authors." In 1873, he delivered a number of lectures on Modern English Literature before the Lowell Institute at Boston.

1. If I were a boy again, I would practice perseverance oftener, and never give a thing up because it was hard or inconvenient to do it. If we want light, we must conquer darkness. There is no trait more valuable than a determination to persevere when the right thing is to be accomplished.

2. If I were a boy again, I would school myself into a habit of attention oftener; I would let nothing come between me and the subject in hand. I would remember that an expert on the ice never tries to skate in two directions at once.

3. One of our great mistakes, while we are young, is that we do not attend strictly to what we are about just then; we do not bend our energies close enough to what we are doing or learning; we wander into a half-interest only, and so never acquire fully what is needful for us to become master of.

4. If I were to live my life again, I would pay more attention to the cultivation of memory. I would strengthen that faculty by every possible means and on every possible occasion. It takes a little hard work at first to remember things accurately; but memory soon helps itself, and gives very little

trouble. It only needs early cultivation to become a power. Everybody can acquire it.

5. If I were a boy again, I would know more about the history of my own country than is usual, I am sorry to say, with young Americans. If the history of any country is worth an earnest study, it is surely the history of our own land; and we cannot begin too early in our lives to master it fully and completely.

6. If I were a boy again, I would look on the cheerful side of everything; for almost everything has a cheerful side. Life is very much like a mirror; if you smile upon it, it smiles back again on you; but if you frown and look doubtful upon it, you will be sure to get a similar look in return.

7. If I were a boy again, I would school myself to say "No" oftener. I might write pages on the importance of learning very early in life to gain that point when a young man can stand erect, and decline doing an unworthy thing because it is unworthy.

8. If I were a boy again, I would demand of myself more courtesy towards my companions and friends. Indeed, I would rigorously exact it of myself towards strangers as well. The smallest courtesies interspersed along the rough roads of life are like the little English sparrows, that now sing to us all winter long, and make that season of ice and snow more endurable to everybody.

9. Instead of trying so hard as some of us do to be happy, as if that were the sole purpose of life, I would, if I were a boy again, try still harder to *deserve happiness.*

Definitions.—1. Ĭn ꞓon vēn′ient, *not suitable, giving trouble.* 1. De tẽr mi nā′tion, *firmness, decision.* 2. At tĕn′tion, *care, heed, earnest thought.* 2. Ĕx′pert, *skillful person.* 3. Aꞓ quīre′, *obtain, gain by study or labor.* 4. Ꞓŭl ti vā′tion, *improvement.* 4. Ăꞓ′ꞓu rate ly, *without error.* 6. Ꞓom plēte′ly, *fully.* 7. Im pôr′tançe, *weight, import.* 8. Ꞓôurt′e sy, *politeness.* 8. Rĭg′or oŭs ly, *rigidly.* 8. Ex̣ ăct′, *demand.* 8. Ĭn ter spẽrsed′, *scattered here and there.* 8. En dūr′a ble, *what can be endured or borne.*

LESSON XII. 12

LAST WORDS IN A STRANGE LAND. ✓

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

1. Oh, to be home again, home again, home again!
Under the apple-boughs down by the mill,
Mother is calling me, father is calling me,
Calling me, calling me, calling me still.

2. Oh, how I long to be wandering, wandering
Through the green meadows and over the hill;
Sisters are calling me, brothers are calling me,
Calling me, calling me, calling me still.

3. Oh, once more to be home again, home again!
Dark grows my sight, and the evening is chill.
Do you not hear how the voices are calling me,
Calling me, calling me, calling me still?

LESSON XIII. 13

THE LOSS OF THE BIRKENHEAD. ✓

1. The Birkenhead, a large troop-ship, with six hundred and thirty-two souls on board, was sailing off the coast of Africa on a clear night in February, 1852. As the captain was anxious to shorten the voyage, and the sea was calm, he kept as near as possible to the shore.

2. Off Cape Danger, the vessel was steaming at the rate of nine miles an hour. Suddenly she struck upon a sunken rock with such force that, in a few minutes, she was a wreck.

3. The roll of the drum called the soldiers to arms on the

upper deck. The call was promptly obeyed, though every man knew that it was his death-summons. There they stood, as if on parade; no man showing restlessness or fear, though the ship was every moment going down, down.

4. Their commander, Colonel Seton of the 74th Highlanders, told them that there were only boats enough to carry the women and children to shore, and that these must be saved first.

5. No man muttered an objection. Orders were given coolly and obeyed promptly. The boats were got ready and lowered. Everything was done quickly, for there was no time to lose; but there was no haste, no panic, no wailings of despair.

6. The women and children were got into the boats. They pushed off, and made for the shore, landed their freight, and returned to the sinking ship. Again and again this was done, till all, or nearly all, the women and children were saved,—the soldiers all the while giving help or looking on without a murmur.

7. All was now done that could be done. There were no boats for the troops; and the ship was sinking so fast that it was vain to expect the boats to return in time to save any of them.

8. The soldiers stood on deck in their ranks, shoulder to shoulder, officers and men together, watching the sharks that were waiting for them in the waves, and patiently abiding the end.

9. And the end soon came. In half an hour from the time she struck, the Birkenhead went to the bottom; and the waves closed over a band of the truest heroes the world has ever seen.

10. Right on their flank the crimson sun went down,
The deep sea rolled around in dark repose,
When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,
A cry of women rose.

11. The stout ship Birkenhead lay hard and fast,
Caught, without hope, upon a hidden rock;
Her timbers thrilled as nerves when through them passed
The spirit of that shock.

12. There rose no murmur from the ranks, no thought
By shameful strength unhonored life to seek;
Their post to quit they were not trained, nor taught
To trample down the weak.

13. So they made women with their children go.
The oars ply back again, and yet again;
Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,
Still under steadfast men.

14. What followed, why recall? The brave who died,
Died without flinching in the bloody surf;
They sleep as well beneath that purple tide,
As others under turf.

Definitions.—3. Pa rāde′, *display.* 3. Rĕst′less ness, *uneasiness, the state of being restless.* 4. Ꞓom mȧnd′er, *chief, leader.* 4. Hīgh′land erş, *those who inhabit the highlands of Scotland.* 6. Mûr′mur, *complaint.* 7. Tro͞ops, *soldiers.* 10. Flăn̲k, *side.* 11. Thrĭlled, *trembled.* 14. Re ꞓa̤ll′, *bring back to mind.* 14. Sûrf, *the swell of the sea which breaks upon the shore.* 14. Tûrf, *sod.*

Note.—There stands in Greenwich Hospital a monument, erected by command of Queen Victoria, in memory of the "heroic constancy and unbroken discipline" which officers and men displayed on this occasion.

LESSON XIV.

✓ /11

A LUMP OF COAL.

1. THE night was a cold and stormy one, but that only made the blazing fire in the grate seem the more pleasant. The members of the Harvey family were seated in their cozy sitting-room, and were employed in various ways. Mrs. Harvey was knitting a pair of mittens for Charles, and the children were studying their lessons.

2. At last Mr. Harvey laid down the paper which he had been reading. "On such a night as this," said he, "we appreciate fully the comfort of a warm room. Yes, and by this cheerful grate-fire I am reminded of the wonderful history of a lump of coal."

3. "Why, father," said Harry, "I have seen a great many lumps of coal, but I never saw anything wonderful about them."

4. "That may all be true, my boy. Many people have gone through the world, and never learned how strange and

even wonderful are many of the commonest things. They did not use their eyes properly, and, for many practical purposes, they might as well have been blindfolded."

5. "Well," said Harry, "I have been looking very carefully at this piece of coal, and I can see nothing very strange about it. Please tell us what you mean, father."

6. "I think I can tell you something about it that will cause you to open your eyes. You know how puzzled you were the other night at the tricks of the magic-man, who did all sorts of wonderful things before your eyes. Now this lump of coal is the most wonderful piece of magic in the world. Suppose I tell you that this hard, black lump once had life."

7. "I don't understand it. 'A lump of coal once had life,'" repeated Harry to himself; "that is strange."

8. "Yes, and it is true, Harry, though you need not look as if you expected it to walk off now. It could not have done that when it was alive. It grew and moved, yet was not an animal. Can you guess what it was?"

9. "It might have been a plant," said Charles.

10. "That is right; it was a plant,—a beautiful green plant. That black lump was once delicate plants, turning ever to the sun, and bending and nodding with every breeze. I don't wonder that you shake your heads. Many people older than you would do the same if told that the coal, to which they owe so much, and which they use quite as a matter of course, once made up great forests.

11. "They know coal comes somehow out of the earth, and as long as it continues to come, and does not cost more than so much a bushel or a ton, they don't bother themselves with questions as to what it is. I have no doubt many regard coal as a peculiar kind of rock. I want my boys to know better; and so let us see whether we cannot explain the mystery about it."

12. "I am sure I would like to know all about it," said Charles.

13. "Well, then," said Mr. Harvey, "you must know that

plants are composed principally of two gases and a substance called carbon. The gases are oxygen and hydrogen. When a plant begins to decay, these two gases escape into the air, while the carbon stays and may form coal. So remember that coal is chiefly carbon, and it gets the carbon from plants."

14. "Then," said Harry, "there must be a great deal of coal in our great forests?"

15. "No; you would find scarcely any coal in those great forests; yet there are many tons of leaves that fall to the ground every year, and I have just said they were precisely what coal comes from."

16. "How do you explain that, father?" asked Charles.

17. "I said that coal was formed from vegetable matter; but I did not say that all vegetable matter formed coal. It does so only on certain conditions. As the leaves and plants fall to the ground, they lie exposed to the air; and decay, when the two gases, oxygen and hydrogen, escape. The carbon goes too, so that nothing is left for coal."

18. "Well, then," said Charles, "I don't see how any coal was ever formed."

19. "I am going to tell you. Since it has been proved that coal does come from plants, and that vegetation nowadays makes little or no coal, we know that when the great beds of coal were formed everything must have been specially arranged for it.

20. "Our earth was not then as it is now. Great marshes covered large portions of its surface. Sometimes these would dry up, and become dry land. Then again, the sea would come rushing in over the land, and form new marshes. There were no birds in the air; no people upon the land.

21. "Only reptiles and marsh-loving beasts roamed around in the soft clay. In the marsh and on the land grew beautiful trees. Plants ran wild everywhere. It was a world of living green. Now, it was simply on account of the marshy land that this vegetation made coal, while ours, growing under different conditions, does not produce coal."

22. "Were all the beds of coal once covered with water?" asked Charles.

23. "Yes; they were formed under water. As the plants and leaves decayed, they dropped into the water. The gases could still escape, but the carbon, being covered from the action of the air, was left. Silently, and with no human eye to see it, the work went on year after year and century after century."

24. "What sort of trees or plants formed the coal?" asked Harry.

25. "A few of the plants in those days of gigantic forests were like those we now have,—beautiful ferns as large as some trees. Such now grow only in the tropics. Trees, like our pines and firs and cedars, were very abundant. But the two most important trees in coal-making are no longer seen in our forests. One of these had no branches, but was covered with leaves and crowned with a cluster at the top. Sometimes they grew sixty feet high."

26. "But, father," said Charles, "how can you tell anything about those trees, if they are not found in the woods now? How do we know that coal is formed from trees?"

27. "If you should put a piece of coal under a microscope, and examine it carefully, you would see the vegetable fibres in it. This is the best proof that we could have that coal was made from plants. Besides, in many places, stems and leaves are found in the coal, and sometimes trunks of trees are standing in the beds."

28. "This is all quite wonderful," said Charles, "and I suppose it must be true."

29. "You don't understand it as well as I hope you will when you are older; but you can believe it now, and some day prove it for yourself. By the way, did you ever see a diamond?"

30. "Yes," said Charles.

31. "Did it look like a piece of coal?"

32. "No, indeed; it sparkled, and shone, and looked very much like a piece of clear, bright glass."

33. "And yet," said Mr. Harvey, "that bit of coal and the diamond are made of the same substance—carbon. And although diamonds are the most valuable of gems, and eagerly sought after, the world could get along without them much better than without their black and often despised relation—coal."

34. "And now," cried Charles, "I know why coal is sometimes called black diamonds."

Definitions.—2. Ap prē′ciāte, *to value.* 11. My̆s′ter y, *secret.* 13. Prĭn′çi pal ly, *chiefly.* 13. Ŏx′y ġen, *a gaseous element which serves to support life.* 13. Hȳ′dro ġen, *a gas which is one of the elements of water, of which it forms one-ninth.* 17. Vĕġ′e ta ble, *belonging to plants.* 19. Vĕġ e tā′tion, *plants in general.* 20. Märsh′eş, *swamps.* 21. Rĕp′tĭleş, *creeping animals.* 23. Çĕnt′ū ry, *period of a hundred years.* 25. Ġī găn′tic, *very large.* 27. Mī′cro scōpe, *an instrument for examining objects which are too small for the naked eye.*

LESSON XV.

THE SWALLOW.

1. The winter was long and dreary; but it is all over now. Indeed you have almost forgotten it, as you sally forth on this sweet spring morning to gather primroses from the bank and to see whether the cowslips are out in the fields.

2. Everything is full of life and joy; and just as you stoop over the green springing meadow-grass, to look for those golden honey-cups, something black skims along in front of you, and is away in an instant. "Ah, there is the first swallow!" you say. And the old man coming along the foot-path at the same moment looks after it just as eagerly as you do, though he has seen it come and go for seventy years, and you for a few summers only. Yes! and if you grow to be seventy, you will find, I hope, that you have still a welcome to give to the returning swallow.

3. It has been spending the winter in the sunny lands of the South; and now it has come back to its old home to rear its young and live its life anew. Why it should depart, and how it finds its way over land and sea back to the very spot which it left last year, are questions which we cannot answer; and the uncertainty and the mystery give a kind of romantic interest to all birds of passage, as they are called, but especially to the swallows.

4. As they live entirely upon insects, and as the insect tribes either die or remain torpid in the winter, something warns them that they must leave the place which can no longer supply them with food. But, when the warmth of spring hatches the insect eggs, and brings out myriads of tiny creatures into the sunshine, the same something teaches the swallows to return again to the place whence they came. We call it instinct; but that is only another name for the guiding hand of that great Creator who, as the Bible tells us, bids the swallow observe the time of her coming.

5. There are four different species of swallows which visit us, —the swift, the chimney-swallow, the house-martin, and the sand-martin. They are all much alike as we see them on the wing, except that the first two are of swifter flight. The martins are smaller, and have more white about their under parts, so that, on a summer evening, the rays of the setting sun are thrown back from their snowy breasts like flashes of light.

6. The house-martin makes his nest against the sides of houses, as you must often have seen. It is formed of mud, taken from the ruts in the lanes and from the edges of ponds. The eggs are of a beautiful clear white. He is a cunning, as well as a clever, little workman; so he only builds a small bit of his house-wall every day, and that early in the morning, so that the heat of the sun may dry it well before he goes on.

7. Last summer I watched a pair of martins at their work, and it took them five days, from the time that they stuck the first dab of mud against the house, till the outside was fin-

ished. After that, they had to put the inside to rights, and make it snug and comfortable; this took several days more.

8. They almost always avoid a south aspect, as they know that the heat of the mid-day sun would crack their mud-built house. Next year the same pair will come back again; and, if possible, they will put the old nest in repair, instead of making a new one.

9. The swallows are the first to return to us; the martins follow; and they always keep the same order. They all go away together; but when they come back, we only see them as stragglers,—first one, then another, and at last numbers.

10. Those who have watched swallows closely, think them weak of flight and less vigorous when they first appear. They could hardly be tired with the journey! What is a thousand miles to those light and graceful wings, which can with ease fly sixty miles an hour? Probably, when they first return, insects are not plentiful enough to give them their full supply of food; at any rate, it is two or three weeks before they think of beginning housekeeping.

11. When they do begin, there is no more play, but real and earnest business. You must not think they are only amusing themselves as they dash over your heads, and you fancy what an easy life they must have of it, and how fresh the air must feel to them, and how pleasant it must be to have nothing to do but to play.

12. No! life is work to them; as it is, or ought to be, to every other living creature. Their feet are so formed that they can only with difficulty rise from the ground, hence they rarely settle. But there is no need; the sky is their home; and their eating, drinking, washing, and nearly all the occupations of their lives, are done upon the wing.

13. The chimney-swallow builds her nest in chimneys, five or six feet down. The nest is made of clay or mud, or like the house-martin's, and lined with grass and feathers. There she lays five or six eggs, thickly spotted with pink.

14. When the young are hatched, there is indeed no play-

work; for they have tremendous appetites, and from early dawn till dark, the old birds are on the wing to supply their wants.

15. It is pleasant to wake up in the early summer mornings and hear the low, pleasing twitter of the swallow-brood in the chimney, as they wonder in their narrow nursery what the great world is like. Other nestlings can peep out and see something of it; but the young swallows know nothing till at last, some happy morning, their father and mother contrive to get them up into the air and place them in a row upon the house-top.

16. You may often see them there in the middle of summer, and the parents feeding them. By degrees they learn to fly, but they still require to be fed. At a given signal, the young one flies to meet the old one, uttering a little complacent squeak, which I suppose means "Thank you." They meet for a moment, and part again; but in that moment the young bird has eaten his dinner,—consisting of several courses, too, for the parent supplies him with a whole mouthful of insects at once.

17. At last they are able to shift for themselves; and now will the old birds be able to take breath after their labors and enjoy themselves a little? No such thing. They begin at once to think about a second family; for they rear two broods every season, and the summer is not long enough to allow of a rest between them. But, you know, if our work is our happiness, we do not care to take much time for play. So the old nest is used again, and the same course gone through.

18. When the second brood are on the wing, it is high time to think about the journey. The nights grow long and chilly, the chestnut-leaves are turned quite yellow, and insects are not nearly so plentiful as they were a month before.

19. The swallows know that they must depart. For a while we see them in large companies, perched upon the house-tops, or wheeling round in a state of great excitement, as in chattering, swallow language, they discuss their plans, and settle their route.

20. At last all is adjusted. We get up some fresh October morning, and find that they are gone. The dew lies thick upon the grass, as it did yesterday, and the gossamer is covering the hedges with its fairy net-work; but the summer birds have left us,—we shall see them no more till spring.

21. Others lead you now, and you have only to follow. But when, in after years, you find that you have to walk alone, and you know not the path you ought to tread, remember that the God who, over land and sea, guides the swallow, will most assuredly guide you.

Definitions.—1. Săl′ly, *leap or rush out.* 3. Un çẽr′tain ty, *doubtfulness.* 3. Ro măn′tiȼ, *fanciful.* 4. Tôr′pid, *inactive.* 4. Mȳ̆r′i adş, *very great many.* 5. Spē′ciēş, *kinds.* 8. Ăs′pĕȼt, *view.* 10. Vĭg′or oŭs, *strong.* 12. Dĭf′fi ȼul ty, *trouble.* 12. Ŏȼ ȼu pā′tionş, *employments.* 14. Tre mĕn′doŭs, *dreadful.* 14. Ăp′pe tītes, *desires for food.* 15. Ȼon trīve′, *to plan.* 16. Ȼom plā′çent, *gratified.* 19. Route, *a course.* 20. Ad jŭst′ed, *settled.* 20. Gŏs′sa mer, *fine substance like cobwebs.* 21. As sṳr′ed ly, *certainly.*

LESSON XVI.

BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

By Eliza Cook, a popular English poetess, born in London in 1817. She is the author of many beautiful poems, among which are "The Old Arm Chair" and "Home in the Heart." A thoughtful critic said of her, "There are, in her writings, a heartiness and truthful sympathy with human kind, a love of freedom and nature, which more, even than their grace and melody, charm her readers."

1. King Bruce of Scotland flung himself down,
   In a lonely mood to think;
True, he was a monarch, and wore a crown,
   But his heart was beginning to sink.

2. For he had been trying to do a great deed,
   To make his people glad;

He had tried and tried, but could not succeed,
And so he became quite sad.

3. He flung himself down in low despair,
As grieved as man could be;
And after a while, as he pondered there,
"I'll give it up," cried he.

4. Now just at the moment a spider dropped
With its silken cobweb clew,
And the king, in the midst of his thinking, stopped
To see what the spider would do.

5. 'T was a long way up to the ceiling dome,
And it hung by a rope so fine,
That how it would get to its cobweb home
King Bruce could not divine.

6. It soon began to cling and crawl
Straight up with strong endeavor;
But down it came with a slipping sprawl,
As near to the ground as ever.

7. Up, up it ran, nor a second did stay,
To make the least complaint,
Till it fell still lower; and there it lay
A little dizzy and faint.

8. Its head grew steady—again it went,
And traveled a half yard higher;
'T was a delicate thread it had to tread,
And a road where its feet would tire.

9. Again it fell, and swung below;
But up it quickly mounted,
Till up and down, now fast, now slow,
Nine brave attempts were counted.

10. "Sure," said the king, "that foolish thing
Will strive no more to climb,
When it toils so hard to reach and cling,
And tumbles every time."

11. But up the insect went once more;
Ah, me! 't is an anxious minute;
He 's only a foot from his cobweb door;
Oh, say! will he lose or win it?

12. Steadily, steadily, inch by inch,
Higher and higher he got,
And a bold little run at the very last pinch
Put him into the wished-for spot.

13. "Bravo, bravo!" the king cried out;
"All honor to those who try;
The spider up there defied despair;
He conquered, and why should not I?"

14. And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind;
And gossips tell the tale,
That he tried once more as he tried before,
And that time he did not fail.

15. Pay goodly heed, all you who read,
And beware of saying, "I can't;"
'T is a cowardly word, and apt to lead
To idleness, folly, and want.

Definitions.—3. Pŏn′dered, *considered.* Ȼlew, *thread.* 5. Dĭ vīne′, *guess.* 14. Brāçed, *nerved.* Gŏs′sips, *story-tellers.*

Note.—KING BRUCE of Scotland, born in 1274, died in 1329. He made war against England, and on June 24, 1314, gained a decisive victory over Edward II., who had 100,000 men, at the great battle of Bannockburn. The war was continued until 1328, when the English king acknowledged the independence of Scotland.

LESSON XVII.

Tues.

YACOB AND HIS DONKEY.

BY ALBERT RHODES.

1. Yacob was the name of an Arab boy in the Oriental city of Cairo. He was poor, and, like most of the poor boys of that city, his chief ambition was to own a donkey and hire him out to the travelers to go to the Pyramids and other places of interest in the vicinity of Cairo.

2. As it was, Yacob was only the driver of another man's donkey; that is, when the animal was mounted by the traveler, he ran behind, poking the quadruped with a sharp stick to keep him in a brisk trot.

3. One day, while Yacob was standing in front of the Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo, wishing he had a donkey of his own, an English traveler on the veranda beckoned to him, and asked him why he looked so wistful; and Yacob answered that he was unhappy because he had no donkey.

4. And when the Englishman heard his story, he called his servant and told him to bring up Mafish, which was an old sleepy donkey.

5. Then he said to Yacob, "Would you be happy if you owned that donkey, my lad?"

6. "Oh, master, I would be happy with any donkey!" said Yacob.

7. "Then," said the Englishman, "he is yours,—I make him a present to you."

8. When he said this the other travelers gathered around, with smiles on their faces, for it appeared that the Englishman was a man much given to making fun. He told Yacob to get on the donkey and ride him up and down in front of the hotel a few times, to show his gait. Yacob got astride of him, and found that he was stiff in the legs and moved slowly, notwithstanding the sharp pokes he gave him with his stick.

9. "I shall give the donkey a name that will draw custom for you," said the Englishman, as the lad rode up to the veranda.

10. Yacob was much pleased that his benefactor should give the donkey a name, for he had seen that some of his companions hired their donkeys more easily than others, on account of fortunate names given to them by travelers.

11. "I shall be glad to call him what my master pleases," said Yacob.

12. "Then, his name shall be Lightning," said the Englishman; and the other travelers laughed.

13. Yacob did not know what Lightning meant, and he continued to call his donkey by that name after the Englishman went away. He did not have much difficulty in hiring his donkey; but when the travelers started on their journey, they told Yacob that he was a humbug, and that he had im-

posed on them with his animal. So that they only kept Lightning for a few minutes, and the same people never hired him twice.

14. One day, as he led his old donkey toward the hotel veranda, after being called a little humbug by an angry traveler, who refused to pay him for hire of half an hour, he was spoken to by a fat man in a long black coat, who told him that he ought to call his donkey Slow-coach.

15. After that Yacob called him Slow-coach, not knowing any more about that name than he did about Lightning. But this change of name, instead of mending matters, made them worse. In short, no one would hire his donkey any more on any condition, and Yacob and Slow-coach were a rueful pair as they stood idly before the hotel.

16. One day, as he stood thus, the Prince of Wales came out from the veranda (the Prince was on his way to the East Indies), mounted Slow-coach, and rode him two or three yards; then got off, and took another donkey. Thereupon Yacob bemoaned his bad luck in hearing of an American sitting on a tilted chair on the veranda.

17. "Yacob," said the American, "your donkey shall be hired as much as any other, but hereafter his name must be Prince of Wales."

18. The American had a certificate drawn up and sworn to before the American Consul in Cairo, to show that the Prince of Wales had, without any doubt, mounted Yacob's donkey; and when the lad wanted to hire the animal to any man, woman, or child from England, all he had to do was to show this certificate, and they straightway engaged him, notwithstanding his moping gait and stiff legs.

19. They engaged him for whole days, fondled him, and begged Yacob not to poke him up too sharp from behind. They fed him with whatever he would eat, and the only drawback to the donkey's pleasant life was that his tail was plucked a good deal for mementos.

20. Yacob said, and says still, that the luckiest day of his

life was when he was spoken to by the American gentleman in a tilted chair.

Definitions.—1. Ō ri ĕnt′al, *eastern.* 2. Quạd′rṳ ped, *animal having four feet.* 3. Ve răn′dȧ, *kind of open portico.* 10. Bĕn-e făc′tor, *one who confers a benefit.* 10. Fôrt′ū nate, *lucky.* 15. Rṳe′fụl, *sorrowful.* 16. Be mōaned′, *lamented.* 16. Tĭlt′ed, *inclined.* 18. Strāight′wāy, *without delay.*

Notes.—PYRAMIDS, monumental and temple structures built by the ancient Egyptians, and which are, with few exceptions, the tombs of kings. Some of these were built about 3000 B. C.

CAIRO, capital city of Egypt, near the right bank of the Nile River, and about five miles from the commencement of the delta of that river.

PRINCE OF WALES, the eldest son of the reigning monarch of England.

AMERICAN CONSUL, person commissioned by the United States to reside in a foreign country as a representative of the government.

LESSON XVIII.

GOOD ADVICE NOT TO BE DESPISED.

1. ONE day, as an ancient King of Tartary was riding with his officers of state, they met a dervise crying aloud, "To him that will give me a hundred dinars, I will give a piece of good advice."

2. The king, attracted by this strange declaration, stopped, and said to the dervise, "What advice is this that you offer for a hundred dinars?"

3. "Sire," replied the dervise, "I shall be most thankful to tell you, as soon as you order the money to be paid to me."

4. The king, expecting to hear something extraordinary, ordered the money to be given to the dervise at once.

5. On receiving it, he said, "Sire, my advice is,—'Begin nothing without considering what the end may be.'"

6. The officers of state, smiling at what they thought ridiculous advice, looked at the king, who, they expected, would be so enraged at this insult as to order the dervise to be severely

punished. The king, seeing the amusement and surprise which this advice had occasioned, said, "I see nothing to laugh at in the advice of this dervise; but, on the contrary, I am persuaded that, if it were more frequently practiced, men would escape many calamities. Indeed, so convinced am I of the wisdom of this maxim, that I shall have it engraved on my plate, and written on the walls of my palace, so that it may be ever before me."

7. The king, having thanked the dervise for his advice, proceeded towards his palace; and, on his arrival, he ordered the chief bey to see that the maxim was engraved on his plate and on the walls of his palace.

8. Sometime after this occurrence, one of the nobles of the court, a proud, ambitious man, resolved to destroy the king and place himself on the throne. In order to accomplish his diabolical purpose, he secured the confidence of one of the king's surgeons, to whom he gave a poisoned lancet, saying, "If you will bleed the king with this lancet, I will give you ten thousand pieces of gold; and, when I ascend the throne, you shall be my vizier."

9. This base surgeon, dazzled by such brilliant prospects, wickedly assented to the proposal. An opportunity of effecting his evil design soon occurred. The king sent for this man to bleed him; he put the poisoned lancet into a side pocket, and hastened into the king's presence.

10. The arm was tied, and the fatal lancet was about to be plunged into the vein, when suddenly the surgeon's eye read this maxim at the bottom of the basin,—"Begin nothing without considering what the end may be."

11. He immediately paused, as he thought within himself, "If I bleed the king with this lancet, he will die, and I shall be seized and put to a cruel death; then of what use will all the gold in the world be to me?" Then, returning the lancet to his pocket, he drew forth another.

12. The king, observing this, and perceiving that he was much embarrassed, asked why he changed his lancet so sud-

denly. He stated that the point was broken; but the king, doubting his statement, commanded him to show it. This so agitated him that the king felt assured that all was not right.

13. He said, "There is treachery in this; tell me instantly what it means, or your head shall be severed from your body." The surgeon, trembling with fear, promised to relate all to the king if he would only pardon his guilt. The king assented; and the surgeon related the whole matter, and acknowledged that, had it not been for the words in the basin, he should have used the fatal lancet.

14. The king summoned his court, and ordered the traitor to be executed. Then, turning to his officers of state, he said, "You now see that the advice of the dervise, at which you laughed, is most valuable; it has saved my life. Search out this dervise, that I may amply reward him for his wise maxim."

Definitions.—1. Dẽr′vĭse, *Turkish or Persian monk.* 1. Dī′narş, *petty pieces of money of Persia.* 3. Sīre, *a title of honor sometimes applied to a king.* 4. Ex traôr′di na ry, *uncommon.* 6. Ȼa lăm′i tieş, *evils.* 6. Măx′im, *saying.* 7. Be̱y, *governor of a town or district in Turkey.* 8. Dī a bŏl′iȼ al, *very wicked.* 8. Vĭz′ier, *high officer in Turkey.* 12. Em băr′rassed, *perplexed.* 12. Ăġ′i tā ted, *excited.* 13. Trĕach′er y, *violation of confidence.* 14. Ĕx′e ȼū ted, *put to death.*

LESSON XIX.

ACTS.

BY ELIZA COOK.

1. 'Tis good to speak in kindly guise,
And soothe where'er we can;
Fair speech should bind the human mind,
And love link man to man.

2. But stop not at the gentle words;
Let deeds with language dwell;
The one who pities starving birds
Should scatter crumbs as well.

3. The mercy that is warm and true
Must lend a helping hand,
For those who talk, yet fail to do,
But "build upon the sand."

LESSON XX.

THE BOY WHO TOOK A BOARDER. ✓

BY CHARLOTTE ADAMS.

1. ONCE upon a time, long before any of you children were born,—about two hundred and fifty years ago in fact,—a little boy stood one morning at the door of a palace in Florence, and looked about him.

2. Why he was standing there, I do not know. Perhaps he was watching for the butcher or the milkman, for he was a kitchen-boy in the household of a rich and mighty cardinal. He was twelve years old, and his name was Thomas.

3. Suddenly he felt a tap on his shoulder, which made him turn around, and he said, with great astonishment, "What! Is that you, Peter? What has brought you to Florence? and how are all the people in Cortona?"

4. "They are all well," answered Peter, who likewise was a boy of twelve. "But I have left them for good. I am tired of taking care of sheep,—stupid things! I want to be a painter; I have come to Florence to learn. They say there is a school here where they teach people."

5. "But have you any money?" asked Thomas.

6. "Not a penny."

7. "Then you cannot be a painter. You had much better take service in the kitchen with me, here in the palace. You will be sure of not starving to death, at least," said the sage Thomas.

8. "Do you get enough to eat?" asked the other boy reflectively.

9. "Plenty. More than enough."

10. "I do not want to take service, because I want to be a painter," said Peter. "But I'll tell you what we will do. As you have more than you need to eat, you shall take me to board—on trust at first, and when I am a grown-up painter, I will settle the bill."

11. "Agreed," said Thomas, after a moment's thought. "I can manage it. Come up-stairs to the garret where I sleep, and I'll bring you some dinner, by and by."

12. So the two boys went up to the little room among the chimney-pots where Thomas slept. It was very, very small, and all the furniture in it was an old straw bed and two rickety chairs. But the walls were beautifully whitewashed.

13. The food was good and plentiful; for, when Thomas went down into the kitchen, and foraged among the broken meats, he found the half of a fine mutton-pie, which the cook had carelessly thrown out. The cardinal's household was conducted upon very extravagant principles.

14. That did not trouble Peter, however; he enjoyed the mutton-pie hugely, and told Thomas that he felt as if he could fly to the moon.

15. "So far, so good," said he; "but, Thomas, I cannot be a painter without paper and pencils, and brushes and colors. Have you any money?"

16. "No," said Thomas, despairingly; "and I do not know how to get any, for I shall receive no wages for three years."

17. "Then I cannot be a painter, after all," said Peter, mournfully.

18. "I'll tell you what," suggested Thomas. "I'll get

some charcoal down in the kitchen, and you can draw pictures on the wall."

19. So Peter set resolutely to work, and drew so many figures of men and women, and birds and trees, and beasts and flowers, that before long the walls were all covered with pictures.

20. At last, one happy day, Thomas came into possession of a small piece of silver money. Upon my word, I do not know where he got it. But he was much too honest a boy to take money that did not belong to him, and so, I presume, he derived it from the sale of his "perquisites."

21. You may be sure there was joy in the little boarding-house up among the chimney-pots; for now Peter could have pencils, and paper, and India-rubber, and a few other things that artists need. Then he changed his way of life a little. He went out early every morning, and wandered about Florence, and drew everything he could find to draw, whether the pictures in the churches, or the fronts of the old palaces, or the statues in the public squares, or the outlines of the hills beyond the Arno, just as it happened.

22. Then, when it became too dark to work any longer, Peter would go home to his boarding-house, and find his dinner all nicely tucked away under the old straw bed, where Landlord Thomas had put it, not so much to hide it as to keep it warm.

23. Things went on in this way for about two years. None of the servants knew that Thomas kept a boarder; or if they did know it, they good-naturedly shut their eyes. The cook used to remark sometimes, that Thomas ate a good deal for a lad of his size, and it was surprising he did not grow more.

24. One day, the cardinal took it into his head to alter and repair his palace. He went all over the house in company with an architect, and poked into places that he had never in all his life thought of before. At last, he reached the garret, and, as luck would have it, stumbled right into Thomas's boarding-house.

25. "Why, how is this?" cried the great cardinal, vastly astonished at seeing the mean little room so beautifully decorated in charcoal. "Have we an artist among us? Who occupies this room?"

26. "The kitchen-boy, Thomas, your Eminence."

27. "A kitchen-boy! But so great a genius must not be neglected. Call the kitchen-boy Thomas."

28. Thomas came up in fear and trembling. He never had been in the mighty cardinal's presence before. He looked at the charcoal drawings on the wall, then into the prelate's face, and his heart sank within him.

29. "Thomas, you are no longer a kitchen-boy," said the cardinal kindly.

30. Poor Thomas thought he was dismissed from service,—and then what would become of Peter?

31. "Don't send me away!" he cried imploringly, falling on his knees. "I have nowhere to go, and Peter will starve,—and he wants to be a painter so much!"

32. "Who is Peter?" asked the cardinal.

33. "He is a boy from Cortona, who boards with me; he drew those pictures on the wall, and he will die if he cannot be a painter."

34. "Where is he now?" demanded the cardinal.

35. "He is out wandering about the streets to find something to draw. He goes out every day, and comes back at night."

36. "When he returns to-night, Thomas, bring him to me," said the cardinal. "Such genius as that should not be allowed to live in a garret."

37. But strange to say that night Peter did not come back to his boarding-house. One week, two weeks went by, and still nothing was heard of him. At the end of that time, the cardinal caused a search for him to be instituted, and at last they found him in a convent. It seems he had fallen deeply in love with one of Raphael's pictures which was exhibited there.

38. He had asked permission of the monks to copy it, and they, charmed with his youth and great talent, had readily consented, and had lodged and nourished him all the time.

39. Thanks to the interest the cardinal took in him, Peter was admitted to the best school for painting, in Florence. As for Thomas, he was given a post near the cardinal's person, and had masters to instruct him in all the learning of the day.

40. Fifty years later, two old men lived together in one of the most beautiful houses in Florence. One of them was called Peter of Cortona, and people said of him, "He is the greatest painter of our time." The other was called Thomas, and all they said of him was, "Happy is the man who has him for a friend!"

41. And he was the boy who took a boarder.

Definitions.—2. Ȼär'di nal, *one of the seventy persons who constitute the pope's council.* 3. As tŏn'ish ment, *wonder.* 3. Ȼor tō'na, *a town about fifty miles from Florence.* 8. Re flĕȼt'ĭve ly, *thoughtfully.* 13. Fŏr'aġed, *searched for food.* 13. Ex trăv'a gant, *wasteful.* 14. Hūġe'ly, *very greatly.* 16. De spâir'ing ly, *hopelessly.* 18. Sug ġĕst'ed, *proposed.* 19. Rĕş'o lūte ly, *firmly.* 20. Pẽr'qui şĭtes, *allowances in money or things, beyond a fixed salary.* 21. Är'no, *river in Italy.* 24. Är'ȼhi tĕȼt, *a person skilled in the art of building.* 25. Dĕȼ'o rā ted, *adorned.* 31. Im plōr'ing ly, *earnestly.* 37. Ĭn'sti tū ted, *began.*

LESSON XXI.

SMILE WHENEVER YOU CAN.

1. When things don't go to suit you,
And the world seems upside down,
Don't waste your time in fretting,
But drive away that frown.

2. Since life is oft perplexing,
'T is much the wisest plan
To bear all trials bravely,
And smile whene'er you can.

3. Why should you dread to-morrow,
And thus despoil to-day?
For when you borrow trouble,
You always have to pay.

4. It is a good old maxim,
Which should be often preached,—
"Don't cross the bridge before you,
Until the bridge is reached."

LESSON XXII.

THE SILVER LINING.

1. There's never a day so sunny
But a little cloud appears;
There's never a life so happy
But has had its time of tears;
Yet the sun shines out the brighter
When the stormy tempest clears.

2. There's never a garden growing
With roses in every plot;
There's never a heart so hardened
But it has one tender spot;
We have only to prune the border
To find the forget-me-not.

3. There's never a sun that rises
But we know 't will set at night;
The tints that gleam in the morning
At evening are just as bright;
And the hour that is the sweetest
Is between the dark and light.

LESSON XXIII.

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.

By Charles Dickens, a popular English novelist, born at Landport, Portsmouth, in 1812, died in 1870. He was designed for the profession of the law, and was placed in the office of an attorney, after he had studied in a college near Rochester. He soon gave up the pursuit of law, and became a reporter for the daily press of London. He began his literary career by "Sketches of Life and Character," which first appeared in the "Morning Chronicle," and were published collectively as "Sketches by Boz." These sketches were received by the public with much favor. Among his works which followed are "Oliver Twist," "Barnaby Rudge," "Nicholas Nickleby," "David Copperfield," "Dombey and Son," "Hard Times," "Little Dorrit," "Great Expectations," "Our Mutual Friend," and "A Tale of Two Cities." He visited the United States in 1841, and again in 1867. He was one of the most popular writers of his time.

1. There was once a child who strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they wondered at the goodness and the power of God who made the lovely world.

2. They used to say to one another sometimes, "Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry?" They believed they would be sorry. "For," said they, "the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks, playing at hide-and-seek in the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more."

3. There was one clear, shining star, that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church-spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others; and every night they watched for it, standing

hand in hand at a window. Whoever saw it first cried out, "I see the star!" And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it, that, before lying down in their beds, they always looked out once again to bid it good-night; and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

4. But while she was still very young,—oh, very, very young,—the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and, when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient, pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

5. And so the time came—all too soon—when the child looked out alone; and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before; and when the star made long rays down towards him, as he saw it through his tears.

6. Now these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and he dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

7. All these angels who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that, lying in his bed, he wept for joy.

8. But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant; but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

9. His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither, "Is my brother come?"

10. And he said, "No."

11. She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "O sister, I am here! Take me!" And then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down towards him as he saw it through his tears.

12. From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as on the home to which he was to go, when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

13. There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and, while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched his tiny form out on his bed, and died.

14. Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon the people's faces.

15. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

16. And he said, "Not that one, but another."

17. As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "O sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him. And the star was shining.

18. He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him, and said, "Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son."

19. Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

20. And he said, "Thy mother!"

21. A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her two children. And

he stretched out his arms and cried, "O mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet." And the star was shining.

22. He grew to be a man whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened again.

23. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

24. And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter."

25. And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three; and he said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is round my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised!" And the star was shining.

26. Thus the child came to be an old man; and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night, as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he had cried so long ago, "I see the star!"

27. They whispered one to another, "He is dying."

28. And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move towards the star as a child. And oh, my Father, now I thank thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me!"

29. And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

Definitions.—2. Găm′bol, *skip about in sport.* 2. Griēved, *hurt, affected.* 3. Spīre, *a steeple.* 5. Rāyş, *lines of light.* 6. Sŏl′i ta ry, *gloomy.* 6. Ān′ġel, *an inhabitant of heaven.* 7. Tĕn′der ly, *kindly.* 7. Ăv′e nūeş, *ways.* 8. Rā′di ant, *bright, shining.* 8. Glō′ri fīed, *made glorious.* 8. Hōst, *a great number.* 9. Lĭn̲′ḡered, *delayed.* 9. Ĕn′trançe, *a gate or opening.* 9. Ŧhĭth′er, *to that place.* 21. Rē ū nīt′ed, *united again.* 22. Be dewed′, *moistened.* 25. Çe lĕs′tial, *heavenly.* 28. Gär′ment, *clothing.*

LESSON XXIV.✓

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

LONDON NEWS.

1. Ages ago, China determined to protect herself against the envy and raids of the Tartars who roamed over a large portion of Asia. In order to do this, the Chinese built the great wall, which has been considered one of the wonders of the world.

2. This great wall was measured in many places by an American engineer, lately engaged on a survey for a Chinese railway. His measurements give the height at eighteen feet, and a width on top of fifteen feet.

3. Every few hundred yards there is a tower, twenty-four feet square, and from twenty to twenty-five feet high. The foundation of the wall is of solid granite. The engineer brought with him a brick from the wall, which is supposed to have been made more than two thousand years ago.

4. In building this immense stone fence to keep out the Tartars, the builders never attempted to avoid mountains or chasms to save expense. For one thousand three hundred miles, the wall goes over plain and mountain; and every foot of the foundation is in solid granite, and the rest of the structure solid masonry.

5. In some places the wall is built on the edge of precipices, where there is a descent of a thousand feet. Small streams are arched over, but in the larger streams the wall runs to the water's edge, and a tower is built on each side.

6. On the top of the wall there are breastworks, or defences, facing in and out, so the defending forces can pass from one tower to another without being exposed to an enemy from either side.

7. To reckon the time of building, or the cost of this wall, is

beyond human skill. So far as the size of the work is concerned, it surpasses everything in ancient or modern times of which there is any trace.

Definitions.—1. Chī nēşe′, *the people of China.* 2. Ĕn ġi-nēer′, *person skilled in the science of engineering.* 2. Sûr′ve̱y, *an examination, or a measured plan.* 2. Mĕaş′ūre ments, *the acts of measuring.* 3. Tow′er, *a fortress.* 3. Foun dā′tion, *the ground-work, or basis.* 3. Grăn′ĭte, *a hard rock.* 4. €hăşmş, *deep openings.* 4. Strŭ€t′ūre, *building of any kind.* 4. Mā′son ry, *stone or brick work.* 5. De sçĕnt′, *slope.* 5. Ärched, *covered over with an arch.* 6. Brĕast′wõrks, *defensive works breast high.* 6. Ex pōşed′, *placed in a position to be seen.* 7. Sur pȧss′eş, *exceeds.* 7. Ān′cient, *very early.*

LESSON XXV.

THE FOUR SUNBEAMS.

1. FOUR little sunbeams came earthward one day,
Shining and dancing along on their way,
Resolved that their course should be blest.
"Let us try," they all whispered, "some kindness to do,
Not seek our own pleasure all the day through,
Then meet in the eve at the west."

2. One sunbeam ran in at a low cottage door,
And played "hide and seek" with a child on the floor,
Till baby laughed loud in his glee,
And chased with delight his strange playmate so bright,
The little hands grasping in vain for the light
That ever before them would flee.

3. One crept to the couch where an invalid lay,
And brought him a dream of the sweet summer day,

Its bird-song, and beauty, and bloom;
Till pain was forgotten and weary unrest,
And in fancy he roamed through the scenes he loved best,
Far away from the dim, darkened room.

4. One stole to the heart of a flower that was sad,
And loved and caressed her until she was glad,
And lifted her white face again.
For love brings content to the lowliest lot,
And finds something sweet in the dreariest spot,
And lightens all labor and pain.

5. And one, where a little blind girl sat alone,
Not sharing the mirth of her playfellows, shone
On hands that were folded and pale,
And kissed the poor eyes that had never known sight,
That never would gaze on the beautiful light,
Till angels had lifted the veil.

6. At last, when the shadows of evening were falling,
And the sun, their great father, his children was calling,
Four sunbeams sped into the west.
All said, "We have found that in seeking the pleasure
Of others, we fill to the full our own measure,"
Then softly they sank to their rest.

Definitions.—1. Ẽarth′ward, *toward the earth.* 3. Ĭn′va lĭd, *a person who is weak or sickly.* 4. Ca rĕssed′, *treated with fondness.* 4. Lōw′li est, *humblest.* 4. Drēar′i est, *most gloomy.* 5. Mĩrth, *gladness.* 5. Ve̱il, *a curtain.* 6. Spĕd, *hastened.*

LESSON XXVI.

THE HAND.

By **George Wilson**, a Scottish chemist and physician, born at Edinburgh in 1818. His life was devoted to the study of Natural Science. He died in 1859.

1. In many respects, the organ of touch as embodied in the hand, is the most wonderful of the senses. The organs of the other senses are passive; the organ of touch alone is active. The eye, the ear, and the nostril stand simply open; light, sound, and fragrance enter, and we are compelled to see, to hear, and to smell; but the hand selects what it shall touch, and touches what it pleases.

2. It puts away from it the things which it hates, and beckons towards it the things which it desires; unlike the eye, which must often gaze transfixed at horrible sights from which it cannot turn; and the ear, which cannot escape from the torture of discordant sounds; and the nostril, which cannot protect itself from hateful odors.

3. Moreover, the hand cares not only for its own wants; but, when the other organs of the senses are rendered useless, it takes their duties upon it. The hand of the blind man goes with him as an eye through the streets, and safely threads for him all the devious way; it looks for him at the faces of his friends, and tells him whose kindly features are gazing on him; it peruses books for him, and quickens the long hours by its silent readings.

4. It ministers as willingly to the deaf; and when the tongue is dumb, and the ear stopped, its fingers speak eloquently to the eye, and enable it to discharge the unwonted office of a listener.

5. The organs of all the other senses, also, even in their greatest perfection, are indebted to the hand for the enhancement and the exaltation of their powers. It constructs for

the eye a copy of itself, and thus gives it a telescope with which to range among the stars; and by another copy on a slightly different plan, furnishes it with a microscope, and introduces it into a new world of wonders.

6. It constructs for the ear the instruments by which it is educated, and sounds them in its hearing till its powers are trained to the full. It plucks for the nostril the flower which it longs to smell, and distils for it the fragrance which it covets. As for the tongue, if it had not the hand to serve it, it might abdicate its throne as the Lord of Taste. In short, the organ of touch is the minister of its sister senses, and, without any play of words, is the handmaid of them all.

7. And if the hand thus generously serves the body, not less amply does it give expression to the genius and the wit, the courage and the affection, the will and the power, of man.

8. Put a sword into it, and it will fight for him; put a plow into it, and it will till for him; put a harp into it, and it will play for him; put a pencil into it, and it will paint for him; put a pen into it, and it will speak for him, plead for him, pray for him.

9. What will it not do? What has it not done? A steam-engine is but a larger hand, made to extend its powers by the little hand of man! An electric telegraph is but a long pen for that little hand to write with! All our huge cannons and other weapons of war, with which we so effectually slay our brethren, are only Cain's hand made bigger, and stronger, and bloodier!

10. What, moreover, is a ship, a railway, a light-house, or a palace; what, indeed, is a whole city, a whole continent of cities, all the cities of the globe, nay, the very globe itself, in so far as man has changed it, but the work of that giant hand, with which the human race, acting as one mighty man, has executed its will?

11. When I think of all that the human hand has done, from the day when Eve put forth her erring hand to pluck

the fruit of the forbidden tree, to that dark hour when the pierced hands of the Saviour of the world were nailed to the predicted tree of shame, and of all that human hands have done of good and evil since, I lift up my hand and gaze upon it with wonder and awe. What an instrument for good it is! What an instrument for evil! and all the day long it never is idle.

12. There is no implement which it cannot wield, and it should never in working-hours be without one. We unwisely restrict the term hand-worker to the more laborious callings; but it belongs to all honest, earnest men and women, and is a title which each should covet.

13. For the queen's hand there is the scepter, and for the soldier's hand the sword; for the carpenter's hand the saw, and for the smith's hand the hammer; for the farmer's hand the plow; for the miner's hand the spade; for the sailor's hand the oar; for the painter's hand the brush; for the sculptor's hand the chisel; for the poet's hand the pen; and for the woman's hand the needle.

14. If none of these or the like will fit us, the felon's chain should be round our wrist, and our hand on the prisoner's crank. But for each willing man and woman, there is a tool which they may learn to handle; for all, there is the command, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

Definitions.—1. Ȼom pĕlled′, *forced.* 2. Trans fĭxed′, *spell-bound.* 2. Hŏr′ri ble, *shocking.* 2. Tôrt′ūre, *extreme pain.* 2. Dis ȼôrd′ant, *jarring.* 3. Dē′vi oŭs, *winding.* 4. Ĕl′o quent ly, *in a manner to please.* 5. En hȧnçe′ment, *increase in value.* 6. Ăb′di ȼāte, *give up all claim to.* 9. Ef fĕȼt′ū al ly, *thoroughly.* 12. La bō′ri oŭs, *toilsome.* 12. Re strĭȼt′, *limit.* 13. Sçĕp′ter, *a royal mace or emblem.*

LESSON XXVII. ✓

THE LARK AT THE DIGGINGS. √

By **Charles Reade**, a popular English novelist, born at Ipsden, Oxfordshire, in 1814. He graduated in 1835 at Magdalen College, Oxford, and in 1843 was called to the bar by the society of Lincoln's Inn, but soon after gave his attention wholly to literature. He has published numerous works, many of which have been successfully dramatized, and nearly all of them have been translated into the different languages of Europe. In 1856, he published a work entitled, "Never too Late to Mend," in which he aimed to show the possibility of the reformation of a criminal. From this work the following extract is taken.

1. The friends strode briskly on, and a little after eleven o'clock, they came upon a small squatter's house and premises.

2. "Here we are," said George; and his eyes glistened with innocent delight.

3. The house was thatched and whitewashed, and English was written on it and on every foot of ground round it. A furze bush had been planted by the door. Vertical oak palings were the fence, with a five-barred gate in the middle of them. From the little plantation, all the magnificent trees and shrubs of Australia had been excluded with amazing resolution and consistency, and oak and ash reigned safe from over-towering rivals. They passed to the back of the house, and there George's countenance fell a little; for, on the oval grass-plot and gravel-walk, he found from thirty to forty rough fellows, most of them diggers.

4. "Ah, well," said he, on reflection, "we could not expect to have it all to ourselves, and, indeed, it would be a sin to wish it, you know. Now, Tom, come this way; here it is, here it is—there."

5. Tom looked up, and in a gigantic cage was a light brown bird. He was utterly confounded. "What! is it this we came twelve miles to see?"

6. "Ay! and twice twelve would n't have been much to me."

7. "Well, but where is the lark you talked of?"

8. "This is it."

9. "This? This is a bird."

10. "Well; and is n't a lark a bird?"

11. "Oh, ay. I see. Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

12. Robinson's merriment was interrupted by a harsh remonstrance from several of the diggers, who were all from the other end of the camp.

13. "Hold your tongue," cried one; "he is going to sing;" and the whole party had their eyes turned with expectation towards the bird.

14. Like most singers, he kept them waiting a bit. But, at last, just at noon, when the mistress of the house had warranted

him to sing, the little feathered exile began, as it were, to tune his pipes. The savage men gathered round the cage that moment, and amidst a dead stillness the bird uttered some very uncertain chirps; but after a while, he seemed to revive his memories, and call his ancient cadences back to him, one by one, and string them *sotto voce.*

15. And then the same sun that had warmed his little heart at home came glowing down on him here, and he gave music back for it more and more, till at last, amidst breathless silence and glistening eyes of the rough diggers hanging on his voice, out burst in that distant land his English song.

16. It swelled his little throat, and gushed from him with thrilling force and purity; and every time he checked his song to think of its theme,—the green meadows, the quiet stealing streams, the clover he first soared from, and the spring he sang so well,—a loud sigh from many a rough bosom, many a wild and wicked heart, told how tight the listeners had held their breath to hear him; and when he swelled with song again, and poured with all his soul over the green meadows, the quiet brooks, the honey clover, and the English spring, the rugged mouths opened and so stayed, and the shaggy lips trembled, and more than one drop trickled from fierce unbridled hearts down bronzed and rugged cheeks. Sweet home!

17. And these shaggy men, full of oaths, and strife, and cupidity, had once been curly-headed boys; and some had strolled about the English fields with little sisters and little brothers, and seen the lark rise, and heard him sing this very song. The little playmates lay in the church-yard; and *they* were full of oaths, and drink, and lusts, and remorses; but no note was changed in this immortal song.

18. And so, for a moment or two, years of vice rolled away like a dark cloud from the memory, and the past shone out in the song-shine; then came, bright as the immortal notes that lighted them, those faded pictures and those fleeted days; the cottage, the old mother's tears when he left her without one grain of sorrow; the village church and its simple chimes—

ding-dong bell, ding-dong bell; the clover-field hard by, in which he lay and gambolled, while the lark praised God overhead; the chubby playmates that never grew to be wicked; the sweet, sweet hours of youth, and innocence, and home.

Definitions.—1. Squạt'ter, *one who settles on new land without a title.* 2. Glĭs'tened, *sparkled.* 3. Thătched, *covered with straw.* 3. Mag nĭf'i çent, *splendid.* 3. Ȼon sĭst'en çy, *firmness.* 3. Ex ȼlū'ded, *shut out.* 3. Ȼoun'te nançe, *appearance of the face.* 4. Re flĕȼ'tion, *meditation, thought.* 5. Ġī găn'tic, *very large.* 5. Ȼon found'ed, *confused.* 12. Ĭn ter rŭpt'ed, *stopped.* 12. Re mŏn'strançe, *reproof.* 14. Ȼā'den çeş, *modulations of the voice.* 16. Brŏnzed, *made brown.* 17. Ȼu pĭd'i ty, *eager desire to possess something.* 17. Re môrs'eş, *keen pains excited by a sense of guilt.* 18. Im môr'tal, *undying.*

LESSON XXVIII.

FRIEND SORROW.

By ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER, an English poetess, born in London, Oct. 30, 1825, died Feb. 3, 1864. She was a daughter of Bryan Waller Procter. She published several volumes of poems, which were marked by much tenderness of feeling.

1. Do not cheat thy heart, and tell her,
   "Grief will pass away;
Hope for fairer times in future,
   And forget to-day."

2. Tell her, if you will, that Sorrow
   Need not come in vain;
Tell her that the lesson taught her
   Far outweighs the pain.

3. Cheat her not with the old comfort
   (Soon she will forget);—

Bitter truths,—alas! but matter
Rather for regret.

4. Bid her not seek other pleasures,
Turn to other things;
Rather, nurse her caged Sorrow
Till the captive sings.

5. Bid her rather go forth bravely,
And the stranger greet,
Not as foe, with shield and buckler,
But as dear friends meet.

6. Bid her with a strong grasp hold her
By the dusky wings,
And shall whisper, low and gently,
Blessings that she brings.

Definitions.—5. Shiēld, *a broad piece of defensive armor, carried on the arm.* 5. Bŭck′ler, *a piece of defensive armor, used by ancients in war. It often covered the whole body.* 6. Dŭsk′y, *dark-colored.*

LESSON XXIX. √

BURNING PEACHES.

ADAPTED FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

1. One day last summer our peaches were found to be decaying very fast, and my nieces and I were preparing a quantity of the fruit for preserving. We were sitting on the piazza working, when my brother Ned came home from his office.

2. "I should think you were having a paring bee," said he.

3. "So we are," I answered. "Will you join us?"

4. "With pleasure, if you will let me do my part by eat-

ing," he replied, sitting down and helping himself from Susie's plate.

5. "It seems to me there is a good deal of combustion going on here," he added presently.

6. "Combustion?" said Annie inquiringly.

7. "Yes," he answered. "Look at that dish of burning peaches," and he pointed to a pan, into which we were throwing such as were too much spoiled for use.

8. "Burning!" exclaimed Susie. "Why, they are only decaying."

9. "What is that but burning?" asked Ned.

10. "Decaying is slow combustion, Susie," said I.

11. "And so is starving," said he; and then we both laughed at the girls' look of astonishment.

12. "Uncle Ned," said Susie slowly, after a moment's thought, "what do you mean? Was that kitten I found starving on the road the other day, burning? I did not see any fire."

13. "I don't believe you know what fire is, children," said Uncle Ned.

14. "Why, yes, we do," said Annie. "It is something burning."

15. "But what is a thing burning?" asked Ned.

16. "When it is on fire," said Annie; but the instant the answer had passed her lips, she was blushing at its foolishness.

17. "I do not see that you have told us what fire is," said Ned with a provoking smile.

18. "I don't believe we know. Tell us, please," said Susie, coming to the assistance of her sister.

19. "It is oxidation," answered he. "If it is so rapid that we can perceive the heat and light, we call it fire; and when it is so slow that neither is noticeable, we speak of it as rust, decay, or starvation, as the case may be; but the chemical process is always the same."

20. "Now, Uncle Ned," said Susie, "you must tell us what oxidation means."

21. "Do you know what oxygen is?" he asked. "You do,

Annie," said he, seeing that her former mistake made her hesitate to speak, and that Susie did not know.

22. "Yes," she answered. "It is a gas that forms one-fifth of the air we breathe and eight-ninths of the water we drink."

23. "Good!" exclaimed Ned. "Do you know what it was first called, and why?"

24. "It was called *vital air*, because it was necessary to life," she answered, trying to recall the very words in one of her recent lessons.

25. "But can an animal live in pure oxygen?" he asked.

26. "Not long," she replied. "It is so powerful a stimulant that it soon causes fever and death."

27. "Capital," said he. "You talk like a book. Oxygen makes life possible, but it also does its best to destroy it. It is constantly uniting with such elements of organic bodies as will combine with it, and setting free such as will not; and this process, whether slow or rapid, is combustion, or fire."

28. "But, Uncle Ned," said Susie, "I don't understand yet why starving is burning."

29. "No," he answered, "I do not suppose you do; but I will try to make it plain to you. But, first, are you sure you know what fire is?"

30. "You said it was oxidation," she replied.

31. "And what did I mean by that?"

32. Susie hesitated, and Uncle Ned answered for her, "That when a thing is burned, the oxygen of the air unites with such of its elements as it can, and sets the rest free."

33. "Now," said he, "what makes a fire quick or slow? To make the stove give out more heat, what must you do?"

34. "Open the drafts," said Harry.

35. "Exactly," replied Ned. "You would give the fire more air, and, of course, more oxygen. The rapidity of fire depends upon the amount of oxygen consumed in a minute. The difference between consuming a piece of iron in a flame, and consuming it by dampness, or rust, is only in time. The iron is just as much burned in one instance as in the other."

36. "And is the same true of vegetable matter?" asked Harry. "If I should throw that pan of spoiled peaches into the fire, they would burn quickly; and if I do not, they will burn slowly; but the chemical process and the result are the same. Is that it?"

37. "That is it exactly," answered Ned. "When the peach was cut off from a supply of nutriment, the burning kept on, and will continue until everything that will burn is used up; and it is the same with animals."

38. "Now he is coming back to your kitten, Susie," said I.

39. "Yes," said he. "Kitty, when she was eating nothing, was supplying no fuel to the fire that was constantly burning within her."

40. "You don't mean that we are all burning all the time!" cried Susie in a horrified tone.

41. "Yes, I do," he replied. "Our bodies are furnaces in which continual fire is kept. The oxygen is supplied by the air which we breathe, and the other elements, by what we eat and drink; so you see if either supply is cut off, the fire goes out, and death is the result. That is what I meant by saying that starvation is burning. Do you understand now, Susie?"

42. She did; and so did Harry and Annie, who, being several years older, and knowing something about chemistry, had understood what their uncle meant with much less difficulty.

Definitions.—1. Pĭ ăz′zȧ, *portico, or covered walk.* 6. In quīr′ing ly, *by way of questioning.* 16. Fo͞ol′ish ness, *folly.* 17. Pro vōk′ing, *tending to awaken passion.* 19. Ŏx id ā′tion, *the process of converting into oxide, as metals or other substances, by combining with them a certain portion of oxygen.* 19. Nō′tĭçe a ble, *capable of being observed.* 26. Stĭm′ū lant, *that which excites.* 27. €ăp′i tal, *excellent.* 27. €ŏn′stant ly, *steadily.* 32. Ĕl′e ments, *the essential parts of which anything consists.* 35. €on sūm′ing, *using, expending.* 37. Nū′tri ment, *anything which promotes growth and repairs the natural waste of animal or vegetable life.*

LESSON XXX.✓

NEVER AGAIN.

By Richard Henry Stoddard, an American poet and literary writer, born at Hingham, Mass., in 1825. He published a volume entitled "Footprints" in 1848, and a second collection of poems in 1851.

1. There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain;
But when youth the dream departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

2. We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
And will never come again.

3. Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We seek it everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
But it never comes again!

Definitions.—1. Bälmṣ, *things which soothe pain.* 2. Stẽrn′er, *harsher, more cruel.* 3. Văn′ished, *disappeared.*

Haste not! Rest not! Calmly wait,
Meekly bear the storms of fate!
Duty be thy proper guide,—
Do the right whate'er betide!
Haste not! Rest not! Conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.—Goethe.

LESSON XXXI.

THE SHOEMAKER'S SECRET.

By **Edward Eggleston**, born in Indiana in 1837. He is the author of the "Hoosier Schoolmaster," and "The Schoolmaster's Stories." In 1871, he became superintending editor of "The Independent;" but soon after withdrew from the paper, and assumed the charge of "Hearth and Home," which he edited for a year. He then retired from journalism to devote himself to literature.

1. In a country a long way off, there was a village known as the village of shoemakers, because nearly all the people made shoes. Peg, peg, peg, could be heard from one end of it to the other from morning till night. It was a perfect shower of hammers.

2. Into this town came one day a peasant lad of twelve years of age, with a blue blouse, and a queer red flannel cap. He had traveled many a weary mile, and he asked at every shop that he might learn the shoemaker's trade.

3. At last he was taken into the shop of a hard master, who was accustomed to beat his boys severely. But when the master went out, the new boy in the red flannel cap did not throw bits of leather about as the rest did; but attended to his work and said nothing, even when the leather was thrown at his own red cap.

4. And somehow he always got more work done than the rest. And the master never beat Hugo, the boy in the red flannel cap. The other boys said it was because of the charm that he wore round his neck. For Hugo wore an old copper coin suspended like a school-boy's medal.

5. The master paid a little something for extra work; and, for some reason, the boys said, on account of his charm, Hugo always had more than the rest. He did not spend it, but once a year, a man with a red flannel cap like Hugo's, appeared and received all the boy's pay for overwork, and then went away.

6. The boys made up their minds that Hugo had some sort of witchcraft in his copper coin. After some years his apprenticeship expired, and Hugo became a journeyman, working in the same quiet way, and doing more work than any other man in the village, though he did not work any faster.

7. Meantime several of his brothers, each with the same quiet way, had appeared, and sat down to work in the same shop. Each of them wore the red flannel cap with a tassel, and each of them had a copper coin about his neck. Hugo had disappeared for a few days once, and had brought back a wife. His brothers lived in his house. Soon he set up a shop.

8. As the other shoemakers were afraid of his charm, he had neither apprentice nor journeyman except his brothers. Fortunately there were no less than ten of them, all with red flannel caps and blue blouses, and wearing copper coins about their necks. But Hugo's shop turned out more than any other. The dealers over the border, when there was an order to be quickly filled, always said, "Send to Hugo; he wears a charm."

9. At last there came a war. The king of the country in which the village of shoemakers was, sent a herald into the town, who proclaimed that if the village would furnish a certain number of shoes for the army by a given day, the young men should be exempt from conscription; but that if the village failed, every man in the town, young and old, should be marched off into the army.

10. There was a great cry, for the task appeared to be an impossible one. Whether it was a superstitious reverence for Hugo's charm, or that in trouble they naturally depended on him, certain it is that the crowd, by common consent, gathered before the shop-door of the silent shoemaker in the blue blouse and red flannel cap. For so busy had Hugo been that he had not heard the herald's proclamation.

11. "Neighbors," said Hugo, "this is a great waste of time. We have a very short time to do a great work, and here is one hour wasted already. Every journeyman and apprentice is

here idle. Let every one of them return to his bench and go to work. Let the masters step into my little house here to consult."

12. The journeymen hastened off, the masters divided the work among them, and Hugo was put in charge of the whole village as one great shop. He did not allow a man to be seen on the street. He set the women at work, doing such work as they could. He did not allow a shop to close until far into the night. But as the last day given by the king drew near, the masters were about to give up; for it was found that every shop was falling behind its proportion. But Hugo sternly told them to hold their men in their places.

13. When the last night came, he did not allow a man to sleep. When morning came, he made the women count the shoes from each shop, but kept the men at work. As the accounts were made up, it was found that each shop fell behind. The men quit work in despair at last, and women were crying in the streets.

14. Hugo's shop came last. It was found that he and his brothers had made just enough over their share to make up the deficiency. The whole village hailed him as their deliverer, and everybody said that it was because of his charm.

15. When the war was over, the king came to the village to thank the shoemakers for their aid. All but Hugo appeared before him. When he heard of Hugo's conduct, he sent for him. "They tell me," said the king, "that you are the man who had the required number of shoes done. They say that you and your ten brothers wear charms. Tell me your secret."

16. Hugo, holding his red flannel cap in his hand, began; "Sire, when I was a lad, my father had many children. I left my mountain home, and came here to earn something to help support them. These, my ten brothers, came after me. When each one left, our good mother hung a copper coin about his neck, and said, 'Remember that you are going to a town where there is much idleness among the shoemakers, masters and men. Whenever you are tempted to be idle or to be discouraged, remember what I tell you, '*Keep pegging away.*'

Behold, sire, the charm by which we have succeeded, by which we saved the village from your wrath, and your land from destruction."

17. And, after that, there might have been seen in the king's employ, in various affairs of importance, ten men in blue blouses and red flannel caps, wearing each a copper coin about his neck.

Definitions.—2. Blouşe, *a loose fitting over-garment.* 4. Sus pĕnd′ed, *hung.* 4. Mĕd′al, *reward of merit.* 6. Wĭtch′ȼrȧft, *the practice of witches, sorcery.* 6. Ap prĕn′tĭçe shĭp, *state in which a person is gaining instruction under a master.* 6. Joûr′ney man, *hired workman.* 8. Fôrt′ū nate ly, *luckily, happily.* 9. Pro ȼlāimed′, *published abroad.* 9. Ȼon sȼrĭp′tion, *an enrollment of persons of certain age, held liable for military service.* 10. Sū per stĭ′tioŭs, *full of idle fancies in regard to the unknown.* 12. Pro pōr′tion, *equal or just share.* 14. De fĭ′cien çy, *want, what is lacking.* 14. De lĭv′er er, *preserver.* 16. Dis ȼoŭr′aġed, *dejected.* 16. De strŭȼ′tion, *ruin.*

LESSON XXXII.

CHILD-LIFE IN THE BLACK FOREST.

By **Berthold Auerbach**, born at Nordstetten, a village of the Black Forest, in the kingdom of Würtemberg, on February 28, 1812; died, February 8, 1882. He seems to have been intended for a legal career, for we find him, after his school-days were over, studying law. But he soon abandoned that profession, and devoted himself to the study of philosophy and literature. "The Black Forest Stories," from which this lesson is taken, were published in 1843. These showed that Auerbach could invest the story of the life of the common people with as much interest as ever attached to the fortunes of kings and princes.

In 1865, he gave to literature "On the Heights," which is, beyond doubt, one of the greatest works in the German language. As a delineator of character in all its endless shades, no writer of fiction can pretend to surpass the author of "The Black Forest Stories;" and in his death, Germany lost the greatest master of fiction she has yet produced.

1. Next door to Valentine the carpenter lived a poor man, whose sole wealth was in his children, the youngest of whom

was called Emmerence. The carpenter's son, Ivo, was exactly of her age, and the two children were inseparable. They had a partnership in a lot of fruit which they had buried in the hay-loft. Over this treasure they would often sit with quiet joy.

2. Ivo showed himself as a man in being able to count up to a hundred. Emmerence listened devoutly, and spoke the numbers after him. Disputes were not wanting; then the partnership goods were divided at once. But the separation never lasted longer than a day; for, if they were not in partnership, how could they talk to each other of their fortune?

3. Great changes took place, however. Ivo received from Nat the plow-man the present of a whip, and Emmerence learned to knit. In towns, children are presented with drums or with toy-shops, to play soldier and trader until life begins in earnest; in the country, they begin to play farmer with a whip. Ivo would stand before the empty wagon, crack his whip, and cry, "Whoa! Gee! Get up!"

4. The moment Ivo came home from school, his slate and ruler were laid upon the footstool behind the stove, his whip cracked, and the geese and chickens routed up and down the road. While thus playing about one day, he saw Emmerence sitting under the walnut with her knitting. Her little kitten lay near her, purring and puffing in the sun. The plump little yellow-haired girl was taking up her stitches with a zeal which kept her eyes riveted to her work; her lips were pressed together with an air of determination, as if she were bound to make a woolen jacket for old Winter himself.

5. Ivo stood quietly looking at her for a while, and then asked, "Are you knitting stockings for your puss?" Emmerence took no time to answer, but went on knitting. The spirit of mischief tickled Ivo, and he pulled the needle out of her fingers.

6. Emmerence got up to throw a stone after him as he ran away; but, girl-like, she never lifted it over her shoulder, but

let it fall almost at her feet. Having gathered up her needles, she went home crying.

7. In the afternoon Ivo soon obtained forgiveness for his cruelty by presenting Emmerence with a piece of a broken blue-glass bottle. They looked at the sun through it by turns, exclaiming, "Oh, my! how pretty!" Ivo wrapped the gem in a piece of paper, and left it with Emmerence.

8. Not in the sunshine alone, but also in the storm, the children were found together. Valentine looked out of the window with a pleased expression on his face;—for it is easy to look pleased during a fine summer-shower, even when there is not much to think about; body and soul are played upon as with a gentle dew; the drops fall from the eaves of the opposite houses like the rippling of a brook; all around us—even the flood of the silent air itself—has acquired a voice and a meaning.

9. Ivo and Emmerence had taken refuge in the open barn; little Jake, the squire's son, who was but three years old, was there also. The chickens had already betaken themselves to the same asylum; they stood beside the children, with drooping tails, often shaking themselves. The black kitten also crept along under the eaves of the house so softly that its coming was not perceived until the chickens cackled, when it immediately dived down into the stable.

10. At first it dripped so slightly that you could only see the rain by looking at the dark windows opposite; but soon the drops swelled and pattered, and Ivo said, "Ho, ho! this is first-rate for my pinks in the garden." Farmers drove by with empty sacks on their heads, crying out and trying to escape the storm, while the children clapped their hands, and laughed at them.

11. Emmerence stood with her head a little on one side, and her hands under her apron; just when it rained hardest, Ivo pushed her out under the eaves. Little Jake sprang out of his own accord, as if to challenge the rain. With her apron over her head, Emmerence now did her best to get under cover

again, but Ivo was on the lookout, and never let her in till she began to cry.

12. The rain stopped at last; the sun came forth brightly; and the children rushed out with unspeakable joy. The human plants seemed to derive as much benefit from the freshened air as any others. Yellow torrents poured down along the road; the children launched chips upon them, and waded about in the water, looking for bits of iron. Ivo, who always had extended projects, wished to build a mill; but long before the mill was ready, the water had run off. How often do we build up machines to be moved by the stream of our lives; and ere the machinery is half constructed, the water-course is empty and dry!

13. Much as Ivo loved to tease Emmerence, he never permitted anybody else to harm her. Once he was returning home from school, armed as usual with his shield the slate, and his sword the ruler, when he saw Emmerence pursued by two evil spirits in the shape of old gray geese. Crying and screaming, the poor girl fled with her eyes turned upon her foes.

14. Already had one of them seized her gown, and was tugging at it, when Ivo rushed upon them; and a hard-fought battle ensued, out of which Ivo at last came forth victorious. With the consciousness of heroism, he helped Emmerence up from where she had fallen, and walked triumphantly by her side, armed as he was. Nat had told him stories of knights, rescuing poor, helpless damsels from giants and dragons;—he now felt as if he were something like one of those knights himself.

Definitions.—2. De vout′ly, *earnestly.* 4. Rout′ed, *driven in disorder.* 4. Rĭv′et ed, *firmly fastened.* 7. For ḡĭve′ness, *pardon.* 8. Brŏŏk, *small stream of water.* 8. Aȼ quīred′, *gained.* 9. Rĕf′ūġe, *shelter.* 9. A sȳ′lum, *place of retreat or shelter.* 11. Ēaveş, *lower edges of a roof.* 12. Prŏj′eȼts, *plans.* 14. En sūed′, *followed.* 14. Ȼŏn′scioŭs ness, *knowledge.*

LESSON XXXIII.

LIFE IN THE FIELDS.

BY BERTHOLD AUERBACH.

1. During the summer holidays, in haying and harvest time, Ivo was almost constantly afield with Nat. There his real life seemed to begin; and, when he looked upward, the blue of his eyes was like a drop fallen from the sky, which threw its broad arch so serenely over the busy haunts of men; and it seemed as if this bit of heaven, straying upon earth,

> "but long'd to flee
> Back to its native mansion."

2. Never, perhaps, was Ivo happier than on one memorable day which he was permitted to spend entirely in the field, without coming home to dinner. At early morning, long before matins, he went out with Nat and the dun horse, the latter dragging the plow to Valentine's largest and farthest field. It was the opening of a beautiful day in August; a little rain had fallen during the night, and a fresh breath of life passed over the trees and grasses. The red clover was winking at the coming sun, which could not be seen, though it was broad daylight;—he had risen behind the lofty hills.

3. A refreshing steam arose from the brown dewy soil. The dun seemed to make little exertion, and Nat guided the plow as easily as if it had been the tiller of a floating skiff. Everything around was bright and clear; and men and beasts might be seen here and there, working cheerily for their daily bread.

4. When the matin-bell rang in the town, Ivo stopped. The horse stood still; the plow rested in the furrow; Ivo and Nat folded their hands; the dun seemed to be praying too,—at least he flung his head up and down more than once. They then drew the furrow to the end, sat down on the ground, and ate some bread.

5. "Emmerence's mother," said Ivo, "told of a farmer who found a heap of ducats right under his feet when he was plowing. If we were to find such a treasure to-day, I would buy Emmerence a new dress, and pay her father's debt on his house. What would you do?"

6. "Nothing," said Nat; "I don't want money." They went to work again and found it so easy, that Nat began to sing; but not of plowing or sowing, nor of anything connected with work in the fields. The long drawn notes swept over the lea as if borne upon the wings of old yet unforgotten wishes. But they died away, long before reaching the ear for which they were intended.

7. At eleven o'clock there was another halt and another prayer; the horse was unhitched, and given a bundle of clover for his dinner. Ivo and Nat sat down at the edge of the field, in what would have been a fence corner if there were any fences in that part of Germany, and waited for Mag the housemaid who soon appeared with their dinner. They ate out of one bowl, with a good appetite; for they had worked hard.

8. The bowl was so entirely empty that Mag said, "There will be fine weather to-morrow—you make the platter clean."

9. "Yes," said Nat, turning the bowl upside down; "you could not drown a wasp there."

10. After dinner they took a little siesta. Ivo, stretched out at full length, was listening to the many-voiced chirpings among the clover; and, closing his eyes, he said, "It is just as if the whole field were alive, and as if all the flowers were singing, and the larks up there, and the crickets—." He never finished the sentence, for he had fallen asleep.

11. Nat looked at him for sometime with an expression of delight; then he brought a few sticks, fixed them carefully in the ground, and hung over them the cloth in which the clover had been tied, so that the boy slept in the shade. This done, he got up softly, hitched the horse to the plow, and went on noiselessly with his work.

12. It would be hard to tell whether he kept down the songs

which mounted to his lips, or whether solemn thoughts made him so quiet. The dun was very true to the rein, and a slight jerk was enough, without a word, to keep the furrow straight.

13. The sun was sinking when Ivo awoke. He tore away the cloth which was stretched over him, and looked about him in wonder, not knowing for a while where he was. On seeing Nat, he bounded toward him with a shout of joy. He helped Nat to finish the job, and was almost sorry to find that the plowing had gone on without him; for he would gladly have thought himself indispensable to the progress of the work.

14. At nightfall they quitted the field, leaving the plow behind them. Nat lifted Ivo on the horse, and walked by his side up the hill; but, suddenly remembering that he had left his knife where the plow was, he ran back hastily, and thus found himself again in the valley. Looking up he saw the sun set magnificently behind two mountains draped in pine woods. Like the choir of a church built all of light and gold, were earth and sky; long streamers of all shades of red and purple floated about; the little clouds were like angels' heads; while in the midst was a large solemn mass of vapor like a vast altar of blue, covered with a cloth of flame.

15. On the crown of the hill was Ivo. The horse, bound to earth, and tearing up its bosom all day, seemed now to stride in mid-air and to travel gently upward; his hoofs were seen to rise, but not to stand on ground. Ivo was stretching out his arms as if an angel beckoned to him. Two pigeons above his head winged their flight homeward; they rose high, but their pinions moved not; and they seemed to be drawn upward from above, and vanished into the fiery floods.

16. Who can tell the pride and gladness of the heart when, glowing with the spirit of the universe, it overpeers every limit, and looks into the vast realms of infinity? Thus Nat stood, gazing upward, free from earth's sighs and sorrows.

17. A beam of the inexhaustible glory of God had fallen into the heart of the simple-hearted working-man, and he stood above all the powers of earth,—the majesty of heaven had

descended upon him. The memory of this day never faded from the hearts of Nat and Ivo.

Definitions.—2. Măt′inş, *morning worship.* 3. Tĭl′ler, *the bar used to turn the rudder of a boat.* 4. Măt′in-bĕll, *the bell rung at the hour of morning worship.* 5. Dŭȼ′ats, *gold or silver coins made in the dominions of a duke. The silver ducat is generally equal in value to the American dollar; and the gold ducat is of twice that value.* 6. Lēa, *field or meadow.* 10. Sĭ ĕs′tȧ, *short sleep taken about the middle of the day, or after dinner.* 13. Ĭn-dis pĕn′sa ble, *absolutely necessary.* 14. Choir (kwīr), *part of a church separated by a railing from its main body, and intended for the use of the minister.* 15. Strīde, *walk with long steps.* 15. Pĭn′ionş, *wings.*

LESSON XXXIV.

A BLIND BOY'S SONG.

By Hannah F. Gould, an American poetess, born in Lancaster, Mass. She published, in 1832, a volume of poems, which were received with favor; also two other volumes of poems in 1836 and 1841. Died in 1865.

1. Oh! tell me the form of the soft summer air,
That tosses so gently the curls of my hair!
It breathes on my lips, and it fans my warm cheek,
Yet gives me no answer, tho' often I speak.
I feel it play o'er me, refreshing and kind,
Yet I cannot touch it;—I'm blind! oh! I'm blind!

2. And music, what is it? and where does it dwell?
I sink, and I mount, with its cadence and swell;
While touched to my heart with its deep thrilling strain,
Till pleasure, till pleasure is turning to pain.
What brightness of hue is with music combined?
Will any one tell me? I'm blind! oh! I'm blind!

3. The perfumes of flowers that are hovering nigh,
What are they? On what kind of wings do they fly?
Are not they sweet angels, who come to delight
A poor little boy that knows not of sight?
The sun, moon, and stars are to me undefined,
Oh! tell me what light is; I 'm blind! oh! I 'm blind!

Definitions.—2. Hūe, *tint.* 2. C̶om bīned′, *united.* 3. Pẽr′fūmeş, *odors.* 3. Hŏv′er ing, *hanging about.*

LESSON XXXV.

THE RIVER.

By CAROLINE ANNE BOWLES, an English poetess, born in 1787, died in 1854. Her poetical gifts were manifested early, although for many years she continued to publish her poems anonymously. In 1839, she married Robert Southey the poet-laureate.

1. RIVER! River! little River!
   Bright you sparkle on your way,
O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,
Through the flowers and foliage glancing,
   Like a child at play.

2. River! River! swelling River!
   On you rush o'er rough and smooth—
Louder, faster, brawling, leaping
Over rocks, by rose-banks sweeping,
   Like impetuous youth.

3. River! River! brimming River!
   Broad, and deep, and *still* as Time,
Seeming *still*—yet still in motion,
Tending onward to the ocean,
   Just like mortal Prime.

4. River! River! brimming River!
Swifter now you slip away;
Swift and silent as an arrow,
Through a channel dark and narrow,
Like life's closing day.

5. River! River! headlong River!
Down you dash into the sea;
Sea, that line hath never sounded,
Sea, that voyage hath never rounded,
Like eternity.

Why do I love thee, heart-breaking River?
Love thee and leave thee? leave thee forever?
Never to see thee, when the storms greet thee!
Never to hear thee, rushing to meet me!
Why must I leave thee, mournfully sighing
Man is a shadow, River undying!
Dream-like he passeth, cloud-like he wasteth,
E'en as a shadow over thee hasteth.

LESSON XXXVI.

CHILDREN'S PRATTLE.

By **Hans Christian Andersen**, one of the most gifted writers of the present age. He was born at Odense, on the island of Fünen, April 2, 1805. His father, who was a shoemaker and very poor, died when Hans was only nine years old. By the permission of the king, Hans was sent to a free academy to be educated at the expense of the State. His great genius is most conspicuous in his "Fairy Tales," which have been translated into most of the European languages. Died in 1875.

1. At a rich merchant's house, there was a children's party; and the children of rich and great people were there. The merchant was a learned man; for his father had sent him to college, and he had passed his examination. His father had been a cattle dealer, but always honest and industrious; so that he had made money, and his son the merchant had managed to increase his store.

2. Clever as he was, he had also a heart; but there was less said of his heart than of his money. All descriptions of people visited at the merchant's house, well-born as well as intellectual, and some who possessed neither of these recommendations.

3. Now it was a children's party; and there was children's prattle, which always is spoken freely from the heart. Among them was a beautiful little girl, who was terribly proud; but this had been taught her by the servants, and not by her parents, who were far too sensible people.

4. Her father was groom of the Chambers, which is a high office at court, and she knew it. "I am a child of the court," she said; now she might just as well have been a child of the cellar, for no one can help his birth; and then she told the other children that she was well-born, and said that no one who was not well-born could rise in the world. It was no use to read and be industrious, for if a person was not well-born he could never achieve anything.

5. "And those whose names end with 'sen,'" said she, "can never be anything at all. We must put our arms akimbo, and

make the elbows quite pointed, so as to keep these 'sen' people at a great distance." And then she stuck out her pretty little arms, and made the elbows quite pointed, to show how it was to be done; and her little arms were very pretty, for she was a sweet-looking child.

6. But the little daughter of the merchant became very angry at this speech, for her father's name was Petersen, and she knew that the name ended in "sen;" and therefore she said as proudly as she could, "But my papa can buy a hundred dollars' worth of bonbons, and give them away to children. Can your papa do that?"

7. "Yes; and my papa," said the little daughter of the editor of a paper, "my papa can put your papa and everybody's papa into the newspaper. All sorts of people are afraid of him, my mamma says; for he can do as he likes with the paper." And the little maiden looked exceedingly proud, as if she had been a real princess, who may be expected to look proud.

8. But outside the door, which stood ajar, was a poor boy, peeping through the crack of the door. He was of such a lowly station that he had not been allowed even to enter the room. He had been turning the spit for the cook, and she had given him permission to stand behind the door and peep in at the well-dressed children, who were having such a merry time within; and for him, that was a great deal.

9. "Oh, if I could be one of them!" thought he, and then he heard what was said about names, which was quite enough to make him more unhappy. His parents at home had not even a penny to spare to buy a newspaper, much less could they write in one; and worse than all, his father's name, and of course his own, ended in "sen," and therefore he could never turn out well, which was a very sad thought. And this is what happened on that evening.

10. Many years passed, and most of the children became grown-up persons. There stood a splendid house in the town, filled with all kinds of beautiful and valuable objects. Every-

body wished to see it, and people even came in from the country round to be permitted to view the treasures it contained.

11. Which of the children whose prattle we have described, could call this house his own? One would suppose it very easy to guess. No, no; it is not so very easy. The house belonged to the poor little boy who had stood on that night behind the door. He had really become something great, although his name ended in "sen,"—for it was Thorwaldsen.

Definitions.—2. De scrĭp′tionş, *sorts.* 2. Rĕc om men dā′tionş, *things which commend.* 4. Gro͞om, *man or boy who has charge of horses.* 5. A kĭm′bo, *with the hands on the hip, and the elbows turned out.* 6. Bŏn̲′bŏn̲ş, *sugar-plums.* 7. Ĕd′it or, *a person who prepares, revises, or corrects matter for a book or newspaper.* 7. Prĭn′çess, *the daughter of a king.* 8. A jär′, *partly open.* 8. Spĭt, *an iron prong or bar pointed, on which meat is roasted.* 10. Trĕaş′ūreş, *things that are much valued.*

Note.—Thorwaldsen, (tõr′wa̤ld sen,) one of the most eminent of modern sculptors, born in 1770, on the sea between Iceland and Copenhagen, and was the son of a Danish carver in wood. He resided for many years at Rome; but returned to Denmark in 1838, and died in 1844.

LESSON XXXVII.

FORMS OF WATER.

1. In whatever form we find water, whether as solid, liquid, or gas, it is one of the most beautiful objects in nature. In its liquid state, it is a necessity of life. Without it, there could be no grass, nor trees, nor fish, nor beasts; and in fact, neither vegetable nor animal life could exist.

2. In the form of ice, it furnishes an excellent play-ground for the boys and the girls, as they are all very fond of skating. In glaciers, icebergs, and snow-capped mountains it forms objects of beauty and grandeur, and often of terror.

3. In the form of steam, it does so much for us that it is quite impossible to tell what a slave it is. Does it not seem wonderful that a drop of water is able to exist in any of these three forms, and that a little more or less heat is the *magic force* that converts it from one form to another?

4. You have seen many times, during the winter, large lumps of ice floating on the surface of rivers, lakes, or streams. By floating, it tells us that ice is lighter than water, or that any bulk of water is heavier than the same bulk of ice.

5. When water freezes, it expands and must have more room. The force with which it expands is an irresistible one. Nothing can stop it. Large bomb-shells have been burst by being filled with water, and then allowing it to freeze.

6. Let us observe some of the results which are entirely owing to frozen water being lighter than liquid water. When a river is frozen over, the surface only is changed into ice. The layer of water at the top is changed into ice, and the thickness of this layer depends on how long the frost continues.

7. How different it would be if ice were heavier; for then it would sink as fast as it formed, and each layer of water, as it came to the surface, would share the same fate, till the whole stream or lake would become a mass of solid ice. In this case, one hard winter in northern countries would destroy the fish and all other animals that live in the water.

8. Great masses of ice, called icebergs, or ice-mountains, are sometimes seen floating in the ocean. When encountered during a fog, they are the terror of sailors. Did you ever ask how these had been formed? They are not formed at sea, but on the land in higher latitudes.

9. The huge masses that float from the Arctic Ocean have been carried down as parts of the glaciers of Greenland to the coast. There they meet with the dashing waves, which break off large portions of them, and these float southward as icebergs.

10. By bearing in mind how much lighter ice is than sea-water, and by knowing how far the iceberg extends above the surface of the ocean, we can estimate how much is still hidden

beneath. Solid ice is about one-twelfth lighter than water; but as an iceberg is not entirely solid, it varies between one-ninth and one-eighth lighter.

11. As some of these floating masses are more than a hundred feet out of water, we may have some notion of what a huge mass the whole thing is. We will no longer wonder that the enormous force which they exert when in motion is sufficient to crush any ship which has the misfortune to be caught between two of them.

12. The avalanches of ice and snow, so common in mountain regions, are other instances of frozen-water formations. These are very dangerous, because they come so unexpectedly rushing down the mountains, and burying men and animals in their descent.

13. We have seen that water expands with great power when it is frozen, and requires about one-twelfth more space as a solid than when a liquid. When enough heat is applied to water, it is changed into a gas, called steam. In this form, it occupies nearly seventeen hundred times as much space as when a liquid; and such a force is exerted in the change that iron boilers are sometimes burst, and ruin left in its track.

14. But when steam is under control, it becomes one of our most useful servants. It hauls long trains of cars with wonderful speed, propels steamers on ocean, lake, or river, and turns the wheels of thousands of factories. Steam is a great worker, and the engine which controls its power is one of the greatest wonders of modern times.

Definitions.—2. Glā′çierş, *fields or immense masses of ice, or snow and ice.* 2. Īçe′bẽrgş, *vast and lofty bodies of ice floating in the ocean.* 2. Grănd′eũr, *splendor of appearance.* 3. Stēam, *water in a gaseous state.* 4. Bŭlk, *size, mass.* 5. Ĭr re-şĭst′i ble, *superior to opposition.* 5. Ex pănds̝′, *enlarges.* 5. Bȯmb′-shĕllş, *hollow globes of iron filled with powder.* 11. E nôr′moŭs, *great, beyond the common measure.* 12. Ŭn ex-pĕct′ed ly, *suddenly.* 14. Pro pĕlş′, *drives forward.*

LESSON XXXVIII.✓

THE MOUNTAIN BOY.

By **Johann Ludwig Uhland**, a celebrated German poet, born at Tübingen in 1787, and died there in 1862. He was a professor of German language and literature. As a poet, Uhland is characterized by simplicity and tenderness, joined with deep religious feeling.

1. The shepherd of the Alps am I;
The castles far beneath me lie;
Here first the ruddy sunlight gleams,
Here linger last the parting beams.
The mountain boy am I!

2. Here is the river's fountain-head,
I drink it from its stony bed;
As forth it leaps with joyous shout,
I seize it, ere it gushes out.
The mountain boy am I!

3. The mountain is my own ˋdomain;ˊ
It calls its storms from sea and plain:
From north to south they howl afar;
My voice is heard amid their war.
The mountain boy am I!

4. And when the ˋtocsinˊ sounds alarms,
And mountain ˋbale-firesˊ call to arms,
Then I descend; I join my king,
My sword I wave, my ˋlayˊ I sing.
The mountain boy am I!

5. The lightnings far beneath me lie;
High stand I here in clear blue sky;
I know them, and to them I call;
In quiet leave my father's hall.
The mountain boy am I!

Definitions.—3. Do māin′, *empire.* 4. Tŏc′sin, *alarm-bell.* 4. Bāle′-fīreş, *signal-fires.* 4. Lāy, *song.*

LESSON XXXIX.

THE VOICE OF THE FOUNTAIN.

1. As pure and white
The waters bright
In ˋcrystalˊ streams outpour,
Their sparkles write, in words of light,
This ˋlegendˊ evermore:

"Who stops to drink
Upon the brink
Of our o'erflowing brim,
Need never think his lips should shrink
From what we pour for him.

2. "No poison foul
Is in our bowl
To madden heart and brain;
No wicked bane to kill the soul,
And fill our sense with pain.
Fly from the charms
And baleful harms,
Round maddening cups that cling,
To soothing calms and healing balms
That our pure waters bring."

Definitions.—1. Ȼry̆s′tal, *clear.* 1. Lĕ′ġend, *story.* 1. Shrĭn̲k, *withdraw from.* 2. Poi′ṣon, *any substance producing a deadly effect.* 2. Foul, *filthy.* 2. Bāle′fụl, *destructive.* 2. Sōōth′ing, *pleasing, allaying.* 2. Bāne, *poison of a deadly quality.*

LESSON XL.

THE LITTLE MATCH-SELLER.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

1. It was terribly cold and nearly dark on the last evening of the old year, and the snow was falling fast. In the cold and darkness, a poor little girl with bare head and naked feet roamed through the streets. It is true she had on a pair of slippers when she left home, but they were not of much use.

2. They were very large—so large, indeed, that they had belonged to her mother; and the poor little creature had lost

them in running across the street to avoid two carriages that were rolling along at a terrible rate. One of the slippers she could not find, and a boy seized upon the other and ran away with it, saying that he could use it as a cradle when he had children of his own.

3. So the little girl went on with her little naked feet, which were quite red and blue with the cold. In an old apron, she carried a number of matches, and had a bundle of them in her hands. No one had bought anything of her the whole day, nor had any one given her even a penny.

4. Shivering with cold and hunger, she crept along; poor little child, she looked the picture of misery. The snow-flakes fell on her long fair hair, which hung in curls on her shoulders, but she regarded them not. Lights were shining from every window, and there was a savory smell of roast goose, for it was New-Year's eve,—yes; she remembered that.

5. In a corner, between two houses, one of which projected beyond the other, she sank down and huddled herself together. She had drawn her little feet under her, but she could not keep off the cold; and she dared not go home, for she had sold no matches, and could not take home even a penny of money.

6. Her father would certainly beat her; besides, it was almost as cold at home as here, for they had only the roof to cover them, through which the wind howled, although the largest holes had been stopped up with straw and rags. Her little hands were almost frozen with the cold.

7. Ah! perhaps a burning match might be some good, if she could draw it from the bundle and strike it against the wall, just to warm her fingers. She drew one out,—"scratch!" how it sputtered as it burnt! It gave a warm, bright light, like a little candle, as she held her hand over it. It was really a wonderful light.

8. It seemed to the little girl that she was sitting by a large iron stove, with polished brass feet and a brass ornament. How the fire burned! and seemed so beautifully warm that

the child stretched out her feet as if to warm them, when, lo! the flame of the match went out, the stove vanished,´and she had only the remains of the half-burnt match in her hand.

9. She rubbed another match on the wall. It burst into a flame, and where its light fell upon the wall it became as transparent´as a veil, and she could see into the room. The table was covered with a snowy white table-cloth, on which stood a splendid dinner service, and a steaming roast goose, stuffed with apples and dried plums.

10. And what was still more wonderful, the goose jumped down from the dish, and waddled´across the floor, with a knife and fork in its breast, to the little girl. Then the match went out, and there remained nothing but the thick, damp, cold wall before her.

11. She lighted another match, and then she found herself sitting under a beautiful Christmas tree. It was larger and more beautifully`decorated´than the one which she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant's. Thousands of `tapers´were burning upon the green branches, and colored pictures, like those she had seen in the show-windows, looked down upon it all. The little one stretched out her hand towards them, and the match went out.

12. The Christmas lights rose higher and higher, till they looked to her like the stars in the sky. Then she saw a star fall, leaving behind it a bright`streak´of fire. "Some one is dying," thought the little girl, for her old grandmother, the only one who had ever loved her, and who was now dead, had told her that when a star falls, a soul was going up to God.

13. She again rubbed a match on the wall, and the light shone round her; in the brightness stood her old grandmother, clear and shining, yet mild and loving in her appearance. "Grandmother," cried the little one, "Oh! take me with you. I know you will go away when the match burns out; you will vanish like the warm stove, the roast goose, and the large, glorious Christmas tree."

14. And she made haste to light the whole bundle of matches,

for she wished to keep her grandmother there. And the matches glowed with a light that was brighter than the noonday, and her grandmother had never appeared so large or so beautiful. She took the little girl in her arms, and they both flew upwards in brightness and joy far above the earth, where there was neither cold, nor hunger, nor pain; for they were with God.

15. In the dawn of morning there lay the poor little one, with pale cheeks and smiling mouth, leaning against the wall; she had been frozen to death on the last evening of the old year; and the New-Year's sun rose and shone upon a little corpse!

16. The child still sat in the stiffness of death, holding the matches in her hand, one bundle of which was burnt. "She tried to warm herself," said some. No one imagined what beautiful things she had seen, nor into what glory she had entered with her grandmother, on New-Year's day.

Definitions.—4. Sā′vor y, *agreeable.* 5. Pro jĕct′ed, *jutted.* 8. Văn′ished, *passed out of sight.* 9. Trans pâr′ent, *open, porous.* 10. Wạd′dled, *walked with short steps.* 11. Dĕc′o rā ted, *adorned.* 11. Tā′perş, *small lights.* 12. Strēak, *line or long mark.* 15. Côrpse, *the dead body of a human being.*

LESSON XLI.

OUR FLAG.

BY KATE FOOTE.

1. EVERY nation has its flag. Every ship in foreign waters is known by the colors she shows at her peak. The French frigate hoists her bunting of three vertical stripes, red, white, and blue; the English man-of-war shows a red flag, with the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George on a blue union in the

upper left-hand corner; and the Austrian, a double-headed black eagle, on a yellow ground,—every nation having its own appropriate symbol.

2. When we were colonies of England, we sailed and fought under her flag. Twenty years before the Revolution, when we were at war with the French and their allies the Indians, many a brave man in some hot skirmish with Indians would have welcomed the sight of the red flag of England;—it would mean aid and comfort when sorely pressed.

3. But the time was coming when he was to hate it as much as he had hated the French colors. The time was coming when the sight of it was to mean oppression and tyranny to him, and every feeling of his nature would be roused against it. Every child knows how we finally rebelled; it was nothing less; and, to England, our George Washington was merely a leading rebel. It was a bold proceeding.

4. We were thirteen little States, fringed along on the Atlantic coast, with the unbroken forest behind us, and among the great family of nations we had neither place nor name. We were like the last new boy at a public school,—we had to fight to obtain due respect from all the great old nations who were looking on.

5. Of course we had no flag; we had to earn that too. For a year or so our privateers carried the Massachusetts State flag. It was better, they thought, than the English flag, at any rate. The field was of white bunting; in the middle, a green pine-tree, and on the opposite side the motto, "Appeal to Heaven."

6. The Alfred was one of the few large ships we had, and she carried the pine-tree flag, and beside that, one with thirteen stripes, in red and white, but with no stars; while on the stripes was coiled a rattlesnake, with the motto, "Don't tread on me." The rattlesnake being found only in America, there was, of course, a peculiar meaning in this emblem.

7. In the early part of the Revolution, some of the South Carolina regiments carried the palmetto-tree on their flag.

That was a very good symbol, and the State yet keeps it on her coat of arms, though it grows everywhere in the South. The palmetto logs at Fort Moultrie were found very good things to receive cannon-balls, when that fort was ˋbesiegedˊ by the British in June of 1776.

8. There was this multiplicity of flags, because we did not clearly know what we were. No nation had ˋacknowledgedˊ us as belonging to their great family yet; in fact, we had not quite cut loose from England; yet we were fighting her with all our might, and it seemed absurd to be under her colors. In the fight at Bunker Hill, the flag planted in the corner of that famous ˋredoubtˊ was of blue bunting, with the cross of St. George in red in the corner, and a pine-tree—that same pine-tree—in the upper right-hand quarter of the cross.

9. Our army at Cambridge celebrated New-Year's Day, Jan. 1st, 1776, not as the Chinese, by firing crackers and illuminating lanterns in the evening, nor yet by making calls, but by ˋunfurlingˊ for the first time in an American camp the flag of thirteen stripes. But even then we had not declared ourselves independent of Great Britain; and this flag had the British union in the corner, and the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George.

10. Finally, on the 14th of June, 1777, Congress, which met then in Philadelphia, settled upon our style of flag. "It shall have," said they, "thirteen stripes, ˋalternateˊ red and white; and the union of the States shall be indicated by thirteen stars, white, in a blue field, representing a new ˋconstellation."ˊ

11. The Declaration of Independence was followed by the adoption of a flag; and then we went to fighting harder than ever; and, either because we showed better pluck under our new flag, or because other nations began to feel some respect for our courage under difficulties, or for some other reason, France acknowledged our independence.

12. It was about forty years afterward that it was decided to add another star for every new State as it joined the Union. So that the constellation, as it is now, with nearly

forty stars in it, has grown a good deal from the original thirteen. But the stripes still remain the same in number, to remind us of the first little band of States "who fought it out" against Great Britain.

Definitions.—1. Pēak, *upper, outer corner of a sail which is extended by a gaff or yard.* 1. Frĭg′ate, *ship of war.* 1. Ap-prō′pri ate, *suitable.* 2. Rĕv o lū′tion, *act of renouncing the authority of a government.* 2. Skĩr′mish, *slight fight in war.* 2. Al līeş′, *persons or states bound to another by a league.* 3. Op prĕs′sion, *cruelty.* 3. Ty̆r′an ny, *severe exercise of power.* 3. Re bĕlled′, *took up arms against the government.* 5. Prī va-tēerş′, *armed private vessels, which bear the commission of a state to cruise during war against the commerce of its enemy.* 7. Be-siēġed′, *surrounded with armed forces for the purpose of compelling to surrender.* 8. Aȼ knŏwl′edġed, *admitted.* 8. Re doubt′, *outwork placed within another outwork.* 9. Un fûrl′ing, *unfolding.* 10. Al tẽr′nate, *being by turns.* 10. Ȼŏn stel lā′tion, *cluster or group of fixed stars.*

XLII.—*OUR COUNTRY.*

BY REV. E. NASON.

1. A SONG for our country,
So grand and so free!
Our flag floats untarnished
O'er land and o'er sea.
'Tis the home of the brave,
Of learning and love;
Our emblem, the eagle,
Our spirit, the dove.

2. Fair queen of the west,
Emblazoned in gold,
Thy vales are unrivaled,
Thy riches untold,

Thy mountains majestic,
  Thy rivers so grand,
Thy mines so productive,
  Thy climate so bland;—

3. Thy schools without number,
  Thy freemen so brave,
Thy soil is untrodden
  By serf or by slave;—
Fair queen of freedom,
  Thy people how blest,
Thy sway is the mildest,
  Thy realm is the best.

Definitions.—2. Em blā′zoned, *decorated.* 2. Un rī′valed, *peerless.* 2. Ma jĕs′tic, *lofty.* 2. Pro dŭc′tĭve, *rich.* 2. Blănd, *mild.* 3. Sẽrf, *person who in some countries is bound to work on a certain estate, and thus attached to the soil, and sold with it into the service of another.* 3. Rĕalm, *country.*

XLIII.—*THE LAST NIGHT IN PRISON.*

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

1. Conceive the situation of a man spending his last night on earth in his cell. Buoyed up with some vague and undefined hope of reprieve, he knew not why,—indulging in some wild and visionary idea of escaping, he knew not how;—hour after hour of the three preceding days allowed him for preparation, has fled with a speed which no man living would deem possible; for none but this dying man can know.

2. He has wearied his friends with entreaties, exhausted the attendants with importunities, neglected in his feverish restlessness the timely warnings of his spiritual consoler; and, now that the illusion is at last dispelled, now that eternity is before him and guilt behind, now that his fears of death amount

almost to madness, and an overwhelming sense of his helpless, hopeless state rushes upon him, he is lost and stupefied, and has neither thoughts to turn to, nor power to call upon, the Almighty Being, from whom alone he can seek mercy and forgiveness, and before whom alone his repentance can avail.

3. Hours have glided by, and still he sits upon the same stone bench, with folded arms, heedless alike of the fast decreasing time before him, and the urgent entreaties of the good man at his side. The feeble light is wasting gradually, and the deathlike stillness of the street without, broken only by the rumbling of some passing vehicle which echoes mournfully through the empty yards, warns him that the night is waning fast away.

4. The deep bell of St. Paul's strikes—one! He heard it; it has roused him. Seven hours left! He paces the narrow limits of his cell with rapid strides, cold drops of terror starting on his forehead, and every muscle of his frame quivering with agony. Seven hours! He suffers himself to be led to his seat, mechanically takes the Bible which is placed in his hand, and tries to read and listen. No; his thoughts will wander.

5. The book is torn and soiled by use,—and like the book he read his lessons in, at school, just forty years ago! He has never bestowed a thought upon it, perhaps, since he left it as a child; and yet the place, the time, the room,—nay, the very boys he played with, crowd as vividly before him as if they were scenes of yesterday; and some forgotten phrase, some childish word, rings in his ears like the echo of one uttered but a minute since.

6. The voice of the clergyman recalls him to himself. He is reading from the sacred book its solemn promises of pardon for repentance, and its awful denunciation of obdurate men. He falls upon his knees and clasps his hands to pray. Hush! what sound was that?

7. He starts upon his feet. It cannot be two yet. Hark! Two quarters have struck;—the third;—the fourth. It is! Six hours left. Tell him not of repentance! Six hours' re-

pentance for eight times six years of guilt and sin! He buries his face in his hands, and throws himself on the bench.

8. Worn with watching and excitement, he sleeps; and the same unsettled state of mind pursues him in his dreams. An insupportable load is taken from his breast; he is walking with his wife in a pleasant field, with the bright sky above them, and a fresh and boundless prospect on every side;—how different from the stone walls of Newgate!

9. She is looking,—not as she did when he saw her for the last time in that dreadful place, but as she used to look when he loved her,—long, long ago, before misery and ill-treatment had altered her looks, and vice had changed his nature; and she is leaning upon his arm, and looking up into his face with tenderness and affection,—and he does *not* strike her now, nor rudely shake her from him.

10. And, oh! how glad he is to tell her all he had forgotten in that last hurried interview, and to fall on his knees before her and fervently beseech her pardon for all the unkindness and cruelty that wasted her form, and broke her heart! The scene suddenly changes.

11. He is on his trial again; there are the judge and jury, and prosecutors, and witnesses, just as they were before. How full the court is,—what a sea of heads,—with a gallows, too, and a scaffold,—and how all those people stare at *him!* Verdict, "Guilty." No matter; he will escape.

12. The night is dark and cold, the gates have been left open, and in an instant he is in the street, flying from the scene of his imprisonment like the wind. The streets are cleared, the open fields are gained, and the broad wide country lies before him.

13. Onward he dashes in the midst of darkness, over hedge and ditch, through mud and pool, bounding from spot to spot with a speed and lightness astonishing even to himself. At length he pauses; he must be safe from pursuit now; he will stretch himself on that bank and sleep till sunrise.

14. A period of unconsciousness succeeds. He wakes, cold and wretched. The dull gray light of morning is stealing into

the cell, and falls upon the form of the attendant turnkey. Confused by his dreams, he starts from his uneasy bed in momentary uncertainty. It is but momentary. Every object in the narrow cell is too frightfully real to admit of doubt or mistake. He is the condemned felon again, guilty and despairing, and in two hours more will be dead.

Definitions.—1. Buo̤y̆ed, *supported.* 1. Re priēve′, *respite.* 2. En trēat′ieş, *urgent prayers.* 2. Ex̩ ha̤ust′ed, *wearied.* 2. Ĭm por tū′ni tieş, *requests.* 2. Rĕst′less ness, *uneasiness.* 2. Il lū′şion, *false show.* 2. Dis pĕlled′, *driven away.* 2. Ō ver whĕlm′ing, *crushing.* 2. Re pĕnt′ançe, *regret.* 5. Vĭv′id ly, *with brightness.* 6. De nŭn ci ā′tion, *threat or arraignment.* 6. Ŏb′du rate, *stubbornly and unfeelingly wicked.* 8. Ex çīte′ment, *agitation.* 8. Ĭn sup pōrt′a ble, *intolerable.* 11. Prŏs e ȼū′torş, *persons who pursue and carry on a suit against a criminal.* 12. Im prĭş′on ment, *restraint of liberty.*

XLIV.—*THE MOON.*

By Richard A. Proctor, an English astronomer, born in Chelsea, March 23, 1837, who is, perhaps, the most fertile and popular writer of the present day upon astronomical subjects. In 1870, he published a work entitled "Other Worlds than Ours," which attracted the general attention of the scientific world. He lectured in the United States in 1873, 1875, and 1880.

1. I am going to say a few words about the moon; but there are many matters relating to her of great interest which I must leave untouched, for the simple reason that there is not room to speak of them in a single paper.

2. Thus the moon's changes of shape from the horned moon to the half, and thence to the full moon, with the following changes from full to half, and so to the horned form again, are well worth studying; but I should want all the space I am going to occupy, merely to explain properly those changes alone.

3. So a study of the way in which the moon rules the tides would, I am sure, interest every thoughtful reader; but there is not room for it here.

4. Let us now turn to consider the moon; not as the light which makes our nights beautiful, nor as the body which governs the mighty ocean in its tidal sway, but as another world,—the companion planet of the earth.

5. It has always been a matter not only of the deepest curiosity, but of the greatest scientific import, whether other planets, and particularly our own satellite, are inhabited or exhibit any traces whatever of animal or vegetable life.

6. One or two astronomers have claimed the discovery of vegetation on the moon's surface, by reason of the periodic appearance of a greenish tint; but as the power of the telescope is such as to bring the moon to within about a hundred and twenty miles of us, these alleged appearances cannot be satisfactorily verified.

7. The moon is a globe, two thousand one hundred and sixty-five miles in diameter; very much less, therefore, than our earth, which has a diameter of about seven thousand nine hundred and twenty miles.

8. Thus the moon's surface is less than one-thirteenth of the earth's. Instead of two hundred millions of square miles as the earth has, the moon has only about fourteen millions of square miles, or about the same surface as North and South America together, without the great American islands of the Arctic regions.

9. The volume of the earth exceeds that of the moon more than forty-nine times. But the moon's substance is somewhat lighter. Thus the mass, or quantity of matter in the moon, instead of being a forty-ninth part of the earth's, is about an eighty-first part.

10. This small companion world travels like our own earth around the sun, at a distance of ninety-three millions of miles. The path of the moon around the sun is in fact so nearly the same as that of the earth, that it would be almost impossible to distinguish one from the other, if they were both drawn on a sheet of paper a foot or so in diameter.

11. You may perhaps be surprised to find me thus saying

that the moon travels round the sun, when you have been accustomed to hear that the moon travels round the earth. In reality, however, it is round the sun the moon travels, though certainly the moon and the earth circle around each other.

12. The distance of the moon from the earth is not always the same; but the average, or mean distance, amounts to about two hundred and thirty-eight thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight miles. This is the distance between the centres of the two globes. With this distance separating them, the companion worlds,—the earth and the moon,—circle round each other, as they both travel round the central sun.

13. But now you will be curious to learn whether our companion planet, the moon, really presents the appearance of a world, when studied with a powerful telescope.

14. If we judged the moon in this way, we should say that she is not only not inhabited by living creatures, but that she could not possibly be inhabited. What is it that makes our earth a fit abode for us who live upon it? Her surface is divided into land and water. We live on the land; but without the water we should perish.

15. Were there no water, there would be no clouds, no rain, no snow, no rivers, brooks, or other streams. Without these, there could be no vegetable life; and without vegetable life, there could be no animal life, even if animals themselves could live without water.

16. Yet again, the earth's globe is enwrapped in an atmosphere,—the air we breathe. Without this air, neither animals nor vegetables could live. I might go further, and show other features of the earth, which we are at present justified in regarding as essential to the mere existence, and still more to the comfort, of creatures living upon the earth.

17. Now, before the telescope was invented, many astronomers believed that there was water on the moon, and probably air also. But as soon as Galileo examined the moon with his largest telescope (and a very weak telescope it was), he found

that, whatever the dark parts of the moon may be, they certainly are not seas.

18. More and more powerful telescopes have since been turned on the moon. It has been shown that there are not only no seas, but no rivers, pools, lakes, or other water surfaces. No clouds are ever seen to gather over any part of the moon's surface. In fact, nothing has ever yet been seen on the moon which suggests in the slightest degree the existence of water on her surface, or even that water could at present possibly exist, and, of course, without water, it is safe to infer, there could be neither vegetable nor animal existence.

19. It would seem, then, that apart from the absence of air on the moon, there is such an entire absence of water, that no creatures now living on the earth could possibly exist upon the moon. Certainly man could not exist there, nor could animals belonging to any except the lowest orders of animal life.

Definitions.—3. Tīdeş, *alternate rising and falling of the waters of the ocean.* 4. Plăn′et, *celestial body which revolves about the sun.* 5. Săt′el līte, *small planet revolving around another planet.* 6. As trŏn′o merş, *persons who have a knowledge of the laws of heavenly bodies.* 6. Pē ri ŏd′ic, *happening by revolution at stated times.* 6. Vĕr′i fīed, *proved to be correct.* 10. Dis tĭn̲′guish, *recognize.* 16. Ăt′mos phēre, *whole mass of elastic fluid surrounding the earth.* 16. Es sĕn′tial, *important in the highest degree.* 17. Gal i lē′o, *an illustrious Italian philosopher, born at Pisa in* 1564. Shakespeare [illegible]

XLV.—*THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.*

By Felicia Hemans, an amiable and excellent poetess, born in Liverpool, 1794, and died, 1835. Her first volume of poems was published in 1808. In 1812, she was married to Captain Hemans of the British army; but the union was not a happy one, and, after a lapse of six years, they separated. "In her poetry," says Moir, "religious truth, moral purity, and intellectual beauty ever meet together."

1. They grew in beauty, side by side,
   They filled one home with glee;
Their graves are severed far and wide,
   By mount, and stream, and sea.

2. The same fond mother bent at night
   O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight,—
   Where are those dreamers now?

3. One 'mid the forests of the West,
   By a dark stream is laid;
The Indian knows his place of rest,
   Far in the cedar shade.

4. The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,—
   He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
   O'er his low bed may weep.

5. One sleeps where southern vines are dressed
   Above the noble slain;
He wrapped his colors round his breast,
   On a blood-red field of Spain.

6. And one,—o'er her the myrtle showers
   Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;
She faded 'mid Italian flowers,
   The last of that bright band.

7. And parted thus, they rest, who played
   Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
   Around one parent-knee!

8. They that with smiles lit up the hall,
   And cheered with song the hearth,—
Alas for love, if thou wert all,
   And naught beyond, O Earth!

XLVI.—*THE SUNRISE NEVER FAILED US YET.*

By Celia Thaxter, whose maiden name was Laighton, born at Portsmouth, N. H. She is a contributor to several periodicals, and takes high rank among the best American writers, The following beautiful selection is from Scribner's Monthly, Vol. XIV.

1. Upon the sadness of the sea
The sunset broods regretfully;
From the far, lonely spaces, slow
\`Withdraws´ the \`wistful^ after-glow.´

2. So out of life the splendor dies;
So darken all the happy skies;
So gathers twilight, cold and stern;
But overhead the planets burn.

3. And up the east another day
Shall chase the bitter dark away;
What though our eyes with tears be wet?
The sunrise never failed us yet.

4. The blush of dawn may yet restore
Our light, and hope, and joy once more.
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget
That sunrise never failed us yet!

Definitions.—1. Ȧft′er-glōw, *redness after sunset.* 1. With-dra̤wş′, *retires.* 1. Wĭst′fṳl, *pensivẹ.* 2. Splĕn′dor, *great brightness.* 2. Twī′līght, *faint light perceived before the rising and after the setting of the sun.* 2. Stẽrn, *cruel.* 4. Da̤wn, *break of day.* 4. Re stōre′, *bring back.*

4

XLVII.—*GRANDMOTHER ASLEEP.*

By Alexander Whitelaw, born in Glasgow about 1798; died there in 1846. Good taste and a sincere devotion to literature are apparent in his work; and he was amongst the first to recognize and to proclaim the genius of Wordsworth.

1. The sympathy that exists between old age and childhood

is one of the most beautiful and touching traits of humanity. Here "extremes meet" and mingle in blessed harmony. The old man who has exhausted life in all its stages, seeks at last, with hoary head and bended back, the society of children, and joins in their prattle and gambols!

2. The child, again, who is but beginning the mysterious round of life, turns, with corresponding sympathy, to "the world's gray father," and seeks support and protection rather from the palsied hand of age than the strong arm of manhood! Tottering infancy clings to tottering age,—and age finds in infancy a boon companion! There can be no earthly affection more pure than that of a grandmother to her grandchildren. It is the noblest of all passions. It plants and waters for other ages than its own.

3. We knew or have heard of an old woman who was left at an advanced age to protect and support the orphaned boy and girl of her only son. The story is a mere anecdote, but it may be worth telling, as it contains a good moral.

4. This old woman, though born to considerable affluence, was, by the mysterious hand of Providence, fated to spend her life and her treasure in the service of others,—and never did human being perform the will of her Master with more divine sweetness.

5. Her husband turned out a profligate; and, after having exhausted her fortune and his own constitution, died of a lingering disease in her arms. Her son—an only child—was reared with the fondest care; but he followed the footsteps of his father,—married young,—broke his wife's heart,—and finally died, leaving his two little children, a boy and girl, in the hands of his aged and impoverished mother.

6. A life annuity of fifteen pounds was all that the old woman had to support herself and rear the children; but there was surely a blessing with it; for it went farther than many people's fifties, and upon it alone she contrived to maintain a decent appearance and proud independence.

7. Neither of the little ones had reached a fifth year,

when they were destined to experience a great change in their condition. It was one night in the fall of the year, when autumn was giving way to winter, that they had gone to bed early as usual, after saying their evening prayer with their head in grandmother's lap, and receiving her blessing.

8. Age is wakeful,—and the old woman was in the habit of sitting up for hours after they were asleep, reading her Bible or plying her distaff. Sometimes the children would wake from their sleep, and receive from her tender hand a bit of bread or a cup of water. Or sometimes they would start from a terrifying dream, and then her kind voice was ever near them to assure them of safety and soothe them into renewed repose.

9. In one of those frightful dreams, to which even the most innocent-minded, carefully nurtured, and healthy children are liable, Catherine, the eldest child, had wakened, and cried with a scream for her grandmother. But her cry was not, as it ever before had been, responded to on this occasion by her assiduous and watchful guardian. She repeated her cry; but grandmother came not,—spoke not.

10. Her little brother was wakened by her agitation, and then she had confidence to open her eyes and look about the apartment. There she saw grandmother sitting, apparently sound asleep in her chair. Her distaff lay at her feet, and her cruse was nearly extinguished; but the fire still burned briskly, and a full moon shed its hallowed light through the lattice.

11. "Oh, waken, grandmother! and come to me, for I have had a fearful dream," cried the poor girl.

12. "Grandma is asleep, and will not waken," said her little brother.

13. The stern silence of the old woman was so unusual, that, after repeated cries, the children, in alarm, jumped from bed, and ran to their grandmother's knee.

14. "Waken, grandmother, waken! Speak to me! Kiss me!" cried Catherine, getting more terrified.

15. "Kiss sister, grandma," said the little boy, "and we will say our prayers."

16. "Speak! speak!" repeated the girl. "And kiss me! And here is little Willie to kiss, too!"

17. But, alas! that ear was now deaf, which had ever been open to their cry, and that voice now dumb, which had ever spoken in tenderness to them. She, who had all her life ministered to the wants of others, and had hung in undying love over the death-bed of an undeserving husband and son, had died without a kind eye to watch her, but the eye of Him who neither slumbers nor sleeps!

18. It was long before the forlorn orphans could comprehend their situation; but when the dreadful truth came across their minds, they clapped their little hands, and screamed in terror and dismay. There was no house beside them; the frightful church-yard stood between them and their nearest neighbor; yet they could not stay within, but rushed to the roadside, and wailed beneath the silent face of heaven.

19. At that moment the hand of mercy was upon them, and their deliverance was wrought even from the depth of their desolation. A gentleman, passing on horseback, was attracted by their cries, and inquired into the cause. He proved to be one of the princely merchants of Glasgow, with a heart as liberal as his means were unbounded.

20. The case was fitted to his generous spirit. He not only gave immediate help, and saw the grandmother decently interred, but took the little ones under his own roof, and reared them without distinguishing them from his own family.

21. Thus was good brought out of apparent evil; and when the hand of Providence seemed to fall heaviest on the orphans, it was but tempering the wind to the shorn lamb; for, had the grandmother been carried away under ordinary circumstances, the fate of the grandchildren might have been very different. The result of the matter is not the least pleasing point of the anecdote, for Catherine is at this hour the happy wife of her

benefactor's eldest son, and her brother conducts an important branch of his business in a foreign land.

Definitions.—1. Sy̆m'pa thy, *fellow-feeling.* 1. Hu măn'i ty, *the human race.* 2. Mys tē'ri oŭs, *obscure.* 2. Ȼŏr re spŏnd'ing, *fitting.* 2. Bo͞on, *gay.* 3. Ăn'eȼ dōte, *incident in private life.* 4. Ăf'flu ençe, *wealth.* 5. Prŏf'li gate, *abandoned man.* 5. Im pŏv'er ĭshed, *made poor.* 6. An nū'i ty, *sum of money payable yearly.* 6. Main tāin', *keep up.* 8. Plȳ'ing, *working steadily.* 8. Dĭs'taff, *staff for holding the bunch of flax, tow, or wool from which the thread is drawn in spinning by hand.* 8. Tĕr'ri fȳ ing, *alarming.* 9. Nûrt'ūred, *nourished.* 9. As sĭd'ū oŭs, *devoted.* 9. Guärd'i an, *protector.* 10. Ăġi tā'tion, *excitement of passion.* 10. Ap pâr'ent ly, *seemingly.* 10. Ȼrṳse, *lamp.*

48 XLVIII.—*NIAGARA FALLS.* ✓

By Anthony Trollope, an English novelist, born about 1815. He has published a number of popular works, among which are "The Warden," "Doctor Thorne," and a descriptive work entitled "North America."

1. Of all the sights on this earth of ours which tourists travel to see,—at least of all those which I have seen,—I am inclined to give the palm to the Falls of Niagara. In the catalogue of such sights, I intend to include all buildings, pictures, statues, and wonders of art made by men's hands, and also all beauties of nature, prepared by the Creator for the delight of his creatures.

2. This is a long word; but as far as my taste and judgment go, it is justified. I know no other one thing so beautiful, so glorious, so powerful.

3. I came across an artist at Niagara, who was attempting to draw the spray of the waters. "You have a difficult subject," said I.

4. "All subjects are difficult," he replied, "to a man who desires to do well."

5. "But yours, I fear, is impossible," I said.

6. "You have no right to say so till I have finished my picture," he replied. I acknowledged the justice of his ˋrebuke,ˊ regretted that I could not remain, till the ˋcompletionˊ of his work should enable me to ˋrevokeˊ my words, and passed on. Then I began to reflect whether I did not intend to try a task as difficult, in ˋdescribingˊ the falls.

7. I will not say that it is as difficult to describe aright that rush of waters, as it is to paint it well. But I doubt whether it is not quite as difficult to write a ˋdescriptionˊ that shall interest the reader, as it is to paint a picture of them that shall be pleasant to the beholder.

8. That the waters of Lake Erie have come down in their courses from the broad basins of Lake Michigan, Lake Superior, and Lake Huron; that these waters fall into Lake Ontario by the short and rapid river of Niagara, and that the Falls of Niagara are made by a sudden break in the level of

this rapid river, are probably known to all who will read this book.

9. All the waters of these huge northern inland seas run over that breach in the rocky bottom of the stream; and thence it comes that the flow is unceasing in its grandeur, and that no one can perceive a difference in the weight, or sound, or violence of the fall, whether it be visited in the drought of autumn, amidst the storms of winter, or after the melting of the upper worlds of ice in the days of the early summer.

10. How many cataracts does the habitual tourist visit at which the waters fail him! But at Niagara, the waters never fail. There it thunders over its ledge in a volume that never ceases, and is never diminished;—as it has done from times previous to the life of man, and as it will do till tens of thousands of years shall see the rocky bed of the river worn away, back to the upper lake.

11. This stream divides Canada from the States; the western or farthermost bank belonging to the British Crown, and the eastern or nearer bank being in the State of New York.

12. The falls are, as I have said, made by a sudden breach in the level of the river. All cataracts are, I presume, made by such breaches; but generally the waters do not fall precipitously as they do at Niagara; and never elsewhere, as far as the world yet knows, has a breach so sudden been made in a river carrying in its channel such, or any approach to such, a body of water.

13. Up above the falls, for more than a mile, the waters leap and burst over the rapids, as though conscious of the destiny that awaits them. Here the river is very broad and comparatively shallow; but from shore to shore, it frets itself into little torrents, and begins to assume the majesty of its power.

14. Looking at it even here, in the expanse which forms itself over the greater fall, one feels sure that no strongest swimmer could have a chance of saving himself, if fate had cast him in among even those petty whirlpools. The waters,

though so broken in their descent, are deliciously green. This color, as seen early in the morning, or just as the sun has set, is so bright as to give to the place one of its chiefest charms.

15. This will be best seen from the further end of the island,—Goat Island, as it is called, which, as the reader will understand, divides the river immediately above the falls. Indeed, the island is a part of that precipitously broken ledge over which the river tumbles; and no doubt in process of time will be worn away and covered with water. The time, however, will be very long. In the meanwhile, it is perhaps a mile round, and is covered thickly with timber.

16. At the upper end of the island, the waters are divided, and, coming down in two courses, each over its own rapids, form two separate falls. The bridge by which the island is reached is a hundred yards or more above the smaller fall.

17. We will go at once on to the glory, and the thunder, and the majesty, and the wrath of the larger fall. Advancing beyond the path leading down to the lesser fall, we come to that point of the island at which the waters of the main river begin to descend. From hence, across to the Canadian side, the cataract continues itself in one unabated line. But the line is very far from being direct or straight.

18. After stretching for some little way from the shore to a point in the river which is reached by a wooden bridge, at the end of which stands a tower upon the rock,—after stretching to this, the line of the ledge bends inwards against the floods,—in, and in, and in, till one is led to think that the depth of that horseshoe is immeasurable.

19. Go down to the end of that wooden bridge, seat yourself on the rail, and there sit till all the outer world is lost to you. There is no grander spot about Niagara than this. The waters are absolutely around you. If you have that power of eye,—control,—which is so necessary to the full enjoyment of scenery, you will see nothing but the water.

20. You will certainly hear nothing else; and the sound, I beg you to remember, is not an ear-cracking, agonizing crash

and clang of noises, but is melodious and soft withal, though loud as thunder. It fills your ears, and, as it were, envelops them; but at the same time you can speak to your neighbor without an effort. But, at this place and in these moments, the less of speaking, I should say, the better.

21. There is no grander spot than this. Here, seated on the rail of the bridge, you will not see the whole depth of the fall. In looking at the grandest works of nature, and of art, too, I fancy it is never well to see all. There should be something left to the imagination, and much should be half concealed in mystery.

22. It is glorious to watch the waters in their first curve over the rocks. They come green as a bank of emeralds, but with a fitful flying color, as though conscious that in one moment they would be dashed into spray and rise into air, pale as driven snow.

23. The vapor rises high into the air, and is gathered there, visible always as a permanent white cloud over the cataract; but the bulk of the spray which fills the lower hollow of that horseshoe is like a tumult of snow. This you will not fully see from your seat on the rail. The head of it rises ever and anon out of the caldron below, but the caldron itself will be invisible. It is ever so far down—far as your own imagination can sink it.

24. But your eyes will rest full upon the curve of the waters. The shape at which you will be looking is that of a horseshoe, but of a horseshoe miraculously deep from toe to heel; and this depth becomes greater as you sit there. That which was at first only great and beautiful, becomes gigantic and sublime, till the mind is at a loss to find an epithet for its own use.

25. To realize Niagara, you must sit there till you see nothing else than that which you have come to see. You will hear nothing else and think of nothing else. At length you will be at one with the tumbling river before you. You will find yourself among the waters, as though you belonged to them.

26. The cool liquid green will run through your veins, and the voice of the cataract will be the expression of your own heart. You will fall as the bright waters fall, rushing down into your new world with no hesitation and with no dismay; and you will rise again as the spray rises, bright, beautiful, and pure. Then you will flow away in your own course to the unbounded, distant, and eternal ocean.

Definitions.—1. Stăt'ūeş, *images.* 3. Sprāy, *water, falling in small drops.* 6. Re būke', *direct and pointed reproof.* 6. Ꞓom plē'tion, *fulfillment.* 6. Re vōke', *call back.* 6. De scrīb'ing, *representing.* 7. De scrĭp'tion, *sketch or account of anything in words.* 9. Drought (drout), *dryness.* 10. Ꞓăt'a răꞓt, *water, falling over a great precipice.* 10. Ha bĭt'ū al, *customary.* 10. Lĕdġe, *shelf of rocks.* 10. Vŏl'ūme, *mass.* 12. Pre çĭp'i toŭs ly, *with steep descent.* 12. Chăn'nel, *the bed of a stream of water.* 13. Ꞓom păr'a tĭve ly, *relatively.* 13. Tŏr'rents, *violent streams.* 13. Măj'es ty, *grandeur.* 14. Ex pănse', *wide extent of space or body.* 14. Whĩrl'po͞olş, *eddies of water.* 18. Im mĕaş'ur a ble, *illimitable.* 20. En vĕl'ops, *surrounds as with a covering.* 21. Im ăġ i nā'tion, *image-making power.* 22. Ĕm'e raldş, *precious stones of a rich green color.* 24. Ĕp'i thet, *title.*

XLIX.—*THE SINGER AND THE CHILD.* ✓

BY MARY A. ROBERTS.

1. In a humble room in Paris,
Dark and cheerless, cold and bare,
Sat a young boy by the window,
Singing low a plaintive air.

2. Singing,—not that he was happy;
His poor heart was racked with care;
But his soul was full of music,
And it welled forth even there.

3. On a low and wretched pallet,
His sick, widowed mother lay;
And no food had either eaten,
Not a morsel, all that day.

4. Something in the street arrests him,
In large letters, red and white;
'T is a placard, that announces,
"Malibran will sing to-night."

5. Suddenly a new thought strikes him,
Lighting up his pallid face;
One glance at his sleeping mother,
And he hurries from the place.

* * * * *

6. "Did you say one wished to see me?
I am weary and would rest."
She who spoke was tall and stately,
And in richest garments dressed.

7. "Madame, this is no mere caller,
But a gentle, pretty child,
With such sunny auburn ringlets,
And with eyes so blue and mild."

8. "I will see him." So he entered,
With a music-roll in hand,
Gave it to the lady, bowing
Like a noble of the land.

9. "'T is a little song I 've written,
Words and music are my own;
And if, lady, you would sing it,
Soon to all it would be known.

10. "And they 'd give me money for it,
Money which would buy us bread;
For my mother 's poor and ailing,
And my father 's long been dead."

11. Graciously the lady took it,
Wiped away the falling tear;
Then she softly hummed it over,
While he watched, 'twixt hope and fear.

12. Tenderly she stooped, and kissed him,
And her smile was wondrous bright;
"Child, you are a little genius,
And I'll sing your song to-night.

13. "You shall come and hear me sing it,
Hear the plaudits, long and loud,
Which shall greet the little singer
Of whom France may soon be proud."

14. "Thank you, kind and noble lady,
Much I should like to be there;
But my mother's sad and lonely,
And there's none for her to care."

15. "Fear no more, child, for your mother,
For her wants, *I'll* now provide;
Food and medicine I shall send her,
And a faithful nurse beside."

* * * * *

16. Brilliantly the lamps were lighted;
Thousands thronged the gilded hall,
Waiting for the noble singer
Whose rich tones would thrill them all.

17. Like a queen she calmly entered,
Leading by the hand a child,
With such sunny auburn ringlets,
And with eyes so blue and mild.

18. In few words she told his story;
Then in accents clear and strong,
From a crumpled roll of music,
Sang the little author's song.

19. Deafening were the cheers which followed;
Many were the tears then shed;
And the stage with splendid bouquets
From all sides was thickly spread.

20. From that hour the little Pierre
Rose to honor and to fame;
And in time 'mong great musicians
Men enrolled his humble name.

21. Did he then forget the lady
Who befriended him in need?
Nay, it was his chiefest glory
To be called her son, indeed.

22. And when she, the glorious singer,
Yielded up her latest breath,
He it was who smoothed her pillow,
And who closed her eyes in death.

Definitions.—2. Wĕlled, *flowed.* 3. Păl'let, *small and poor or rude bed.* 4. Pla ꞓärd', *written or printed paper posted in a public place.* 5. Păl'lid, *pale.* 7. Madame (mä däm'), *my lady.* 7. A̤u'burn, *reddish brown.* 13. Pla̤ud'its, *marks of applause.* 16. Brĭll'iant ly, *splendidly.* 16. Ḡĭld'ed, *illuminated.* 18. Ꞓrŭm'pled, *pressed into wrinkles.* 19. Bo̤u quetş' (bo͞o-kāz'), *bunches of flowers.* 20. Mu şĭ'cianş, *persons skilled in the art or science of music.*

Note.—Malibran, a celebrated singer and actress, born in Paris in 1808, was the daughter of Manuel Garcia, a Spanish tenor singer. She visited New York in 1826, where she married M. Malibran a banker. After he had become a bankrupt, she separated from him, and went to Paris, where she performed with great success in 1828. She died in England in 1836.

L.—*THE KIND-HEARTED TANNER.*

1. William Savery, a worthy Quaker, was a tanner by trade. One night a quantity of leather was stolen from his

tannery, and he had reason to believe that the thief was John Smith, a quarrelsome, drunken neighbor. The next week the following advertisement appeared in the country newspapers:—

2. "Whoever stole a quantity of leather on the fifth of this month is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere wish to be his friend. If poverty tempted him to this false step, the owner will keep the whole transaction secret, and will gladly put him in the way of obtaining money, more likely to bring him peace of mind!"

3. This singular advertisement attracted much attention; but the culprit alone knew who had made the kind offer. When he read it, he was sorry for what he had done.

4. A few nights afterwards, as the tanner's family were about retiring to rest, they heard a timid knock; and when the door was opened, there stood John Smith, with a load of leather on his shoulders. Without looking up he said, "I have brought this back, Mr. Savery; where shall I put it?"

5. "Wait till I get a lantern, and I will go to the barn with thee," he replied; "then perhaps thou wilt come in, and tell me how this happened. We will see what can be done for thee."

6. As soon as they had gone out, his wife prepared some hot coffee, and placed pies and meat on the table. When they returned from the barn she said, "Neighbor Smith, I thought some hot supper would be good for thee."

7. He turned his back towards her, and did not speak.

8. After leaning against the fire-place a few moments, he said, in a choked voice, "It is the first time I ever stole anything, and I have felt very bad about it. I am sure I did not once think that I should ever come to what I am. But I took to drinking, and then to quarreling. Since I began to go down-hill, everybody gives me a kick.

9. "You are the first man that has ever offered me a helping hand. My wife is sickly, and my children are starving. You have sent them many a meal, God bless you! but yet I stole the leather. But I tell you the truth, when I say it is the first time I was ever a thief."

10. "Let it be the last, my friend," replied William Savery. "The secret still lies between ourselves. Thou art still young, and it is in thy power to make up for lost time. Promise me that thou wilt not drink any intoxicating liquor for a year, and I will employ thee to-morrow on good wages.

11. "But eat a little now, and drink some hot coffee; perhaps it will keep thee from craving anything stronger to-night. Doubtless thou wilt find it hard to abstain at first; but keep up a brave hẹart for the sake of thy wife and children, and it will soon become easy. When thou hast need of coffee, tell Mary, and she will give it thee."

12. The poor fellow tried to eat and drink, but the food seemed to choke him. After vainly trying to master his feelings, he bowed his head on the table, and wept like a child. After a while he ate and drank, and his host parted with him for the night with the friendly words, "Try to do well, John, and thou wilt always find a friend in me."

13. John entered his service the next day, and remained with him many years, a sober, honest, and steady man. The secret of the theft was kept between them; but after John's death, William Savery sometimes told the story to prove that evil may be overcome with good.

Definitions.—1. Ad vẽr'tĭşe ment, *public notice.* 2. Trans ăȼ'tion, *affair.* 3. At trăȼt'ed, *invited.* 3. Ȼŭl'prit, *person accused of a crime.* 13. Thĕft, *act of stealing.*

Note.—QUAKERS, in conversation, use *thou* and *thee* instead of *you.*

LI.—*BOTH SIDES; OR, BE CONTENT.* ✓

1. A MAN in his carriage was riding along,
A gayly dressed wife by his side;
In satin and laces, she looked like a queen,
And he, like a king in his pride.

2. A wood-sawyer stood on the street as they passed;
The carriage and couple he eyed,

And said, as he worked with a saw on a log,
"I wish I was rich, and could ride."

3. The man in the carriage remarked to his wife,
"One thing would I give if I could,—
I'd give all my wealth for the strength and the health
Of the strong man who's sawing the wood."

4. A pretty young maid with a bundle of work,
Whose face, as the morning, was fair,
Went tripping along with a smile of delight,
While humming a love-breathing air.

5. She looked on the carriage; the lady she saw,
Arrayed in apparel so fine,
And said in a whisper, "I wish from my heart
Those satins and laces were mine."

6. The lady looked out on the maid with her work,
So fair in her calico dress,
And said, "I'd give up my position and wealth,
Her beauty and health to possess."

7. Thus it is in the world; whatever our lot,
Our minds and our time we employ
In longing and sighing for what we have not,
Ungrateful for what we enjoy.

LII.—*A THOROUGH JOB.*

1. A CERTAIN judge was fond of relating this anecdote. He had occasion once to send to the village for a carpenter, and a sturdy young fellow appeared with his tools.

2. "I want this fence repaired, to keep out the cattle," said the judge. "Here are some rough boards which you can use. It cannot be seen from the house, so you need not take time to make it a neat job. I will pay you one dollar and a half for the work."

3. The judge went to dinner, and returning in a short time, he found the man carefully planing each board. Supposing that he was trying to make an expensive job of it, he ordered him to nail the boards on at once, just as they were, and continued his walk. When he returned, the boards were planed and numbered, ready for nailing.

4. "I told you this fence was to be covered with vines," said the judge angrily. "I do not care how it looks."

5. "I do," said the carpenter, as he carefully measured his work. When it was completed, there was no other part of the fence so perfect in finish.

6. "How much do you charge?" asked the judge.

7. "A dollar and a half," said the man, shouldering his tools.

8. The judge looked amazed. "Why did you spend all that labor on the job, if not for money?"

9. "For the job, sir."

10. "Nobody would have seen the rough work on it."

11. "But *I* should have known it was there. No; I 'll take only the dollar and a half." And he took the money, and went away.

12. Ten years afterwards, the judge had the contract to give for the erection of certain magnificent public buildings. There were many applicants among master-builders; but the face of one caught his eye.

13. "It was the man who had repaired my fence," he said. "I knew we should have only good, genuine work from him; so I gave him the contract, and it made a rich man of him."

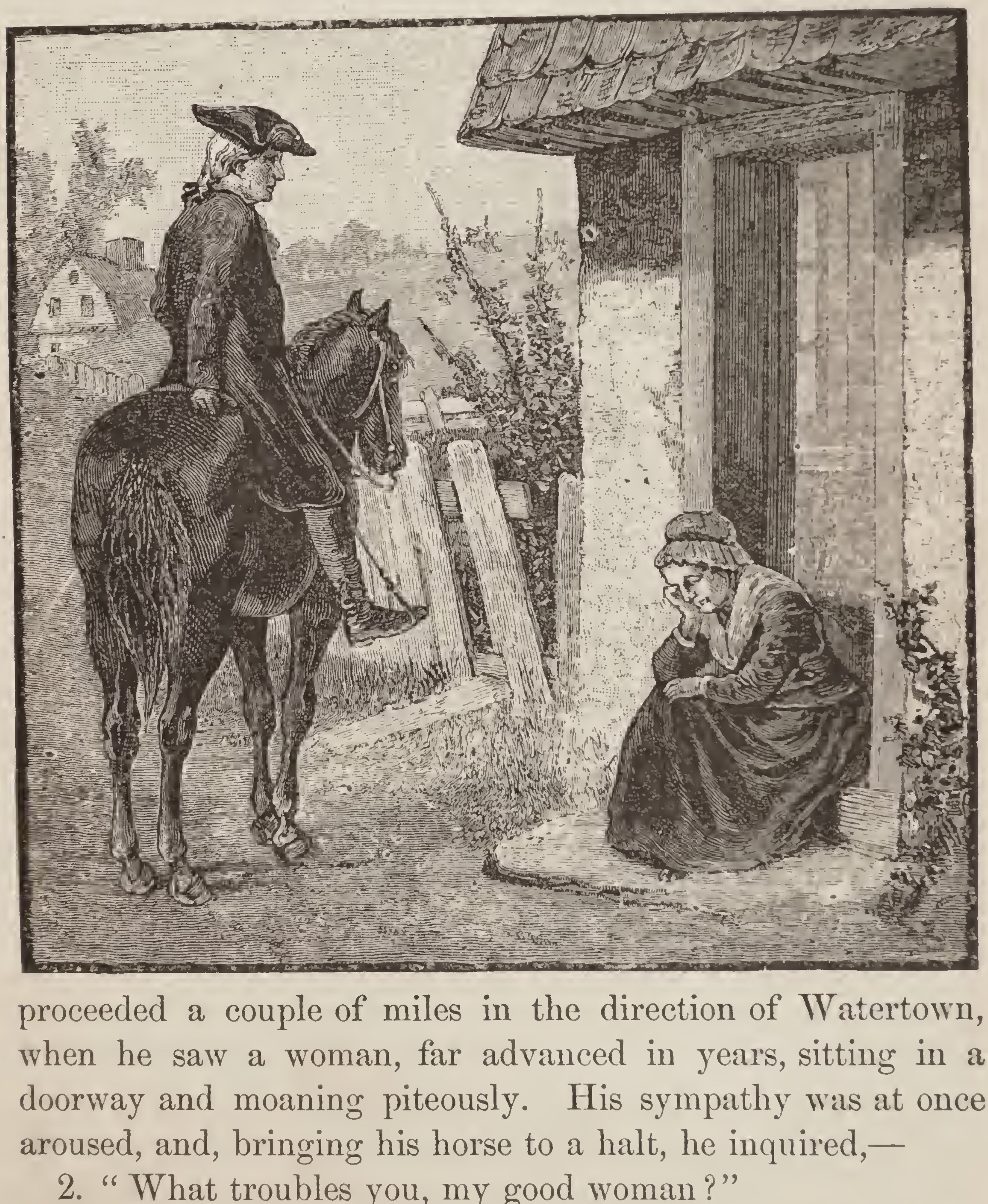
14. It is a pity that all boys are not taught in their earliest years that the highest success belongs only to the man, be he carpenter, farmer, author, or artist, whose work is most sincerely and honestly done.

Definitions.—1. Oc ꞓā′şion, *need.* 1. Stûr′dy, *strong.* 3. Plān′ing, *paring off the rough surface by use of a plane.* 12. E rĕc′tion, *act of constructing a wall or building.* 12. Mag nĭf′i çent, *splendid.* 13. Ġĕn′ū ĭne, *real.*

LIII.—*A STORY OF 1775.*

BY F. F. FOSTER.

1. One pleasant morning in August, 1775, General Washington set out from his head-quarters at Cambridge, on horseback, merely for recreation. As was frequently the case, he rode unattended, and wore the dress of a civilian. He had proceeded a couple of miles in the direction of Watertown, when he saw a woman, far advanced in years, sitting in a doorway and moaning piteously. His sympathy was at once aroused, and, bringing his horse to a halt, he inquired,—



2. "What troubles you, my good woman?"

3. "Oh, sir," was the reply, "some rebel soldiers have been

here this morning, and stolen or destroyed everything in my garden. I had cultivated the garden with my own hands, and looked to what I should gather from it for the support of my invalid husband and myself during the coming winter."

4. "May I see your husband?"

5. "Certainly. He is always glad to have any one call upon him."

6. Washington dismounted, tied his horse to a fence, and then followed the woman into the house, where, on every side, he found evidence of extreme poverty. He was, however, cordially welcomed by the feeble old man, who, bolstered up in a bed, extended to him a thin, colorless hand.

7. For half an hour or more, the Commander-in-Chief of the American army held converse with the aged couple, during which he learned they were most pronounced Tories, and had two sons,—their only children,—among Gage's troops in Boston. Before taking his departure, he drew some money from his pocket and held it towards the woman, saying,—

8. "This will enable you to provide for your present wants." She, at first, manifested a reluctance to receiving it, but finally accepted it with profuse thanks. Then he promised that General Washington should be informed of the treatment to which his soldiers had subjected her.

9. "General Washington!" she exclaimed. "He is our bitterest enemy, and will, doubtless, rejoice to know that any who sympathize with the British have been abused."

10. "I think you are mistaken in regard to his disposition; I hope you are, at least," was the answer, with a smile, as he left the house.

11. He immediately rode to Major-General Putnam, who commanded the centre division of the army,—stationed at Cambridge,—and having acquainted him with what he had just learned, ordered a search for the marauders to be instituted, and that, when identified, they be sent to his head-quarters. The third day thereafter, an aid-de-camp conducted three soldiers into his presence.

12. "Are you the ones who disgraced the uniform you wear, by plundering a defenceless woman's garden?" asked Washington, sternly.

13. "She is a Tory," was the indirect reply.

14. "So she told me, and also that her sons are in the British army. But she is a *woman*, nevertheless, and for that reason, if for no other, entitled to respect. Your ˋwantonˊ conduct was worthy of oppressors rather than of those who—as does the American army—aim to prevent oppression. Accompany them to the woman whom they molested"—addressing the officer having them in charge,—"and see that they fully ˋcompensateˊ her for the damage they wrought. Another offence of a like nature will not be dealt with so leniently."

15. Later that same day, while he was engaged in writing, a servant informed him that a woman waited in an adjoining room, who was urgent to see him, privately.

16. "Ask her to step in here," said Washington, laying aside his quill.

17. When the woman presented herself before him, he saw she was the one in whose behalf he had acted a few hours previously. She went to him, and placed her trembling hand upon his arm, saying, "God bless you!" Then the tears came, and she could ˋarticulateˊ no more.

18. "Please be seated, madam," and Washington placed a chair for her. She seated herself, and, as soon as she could command her voice, continued,—

19. "Only a little time ago, the soldiers who robbed my garden came and gave me a sum of money, more than sufficient to make good my loss. From them I learned that my visitor of the other morning was General Washington himself,—of whom I had held so ˋerroneousˊ an ˋimpression,ˊ—and that it was at his—your—command they recompensed me.

20. "When they had gone, my husband and I, talking the matter over, came to the conclusion that such a commander,—so unlike General Gage, who never calls his men to account for any violence or injury they may have done to the rebels,—

would not be likely to have charge of an unjust cause; and, though we had been firm adherents of the King, we then and there resolved to espouse your cause in the future. I think our sons, when they learn what has occurred to us, will do the same. I came here to tell you this. God bless you!" and, touching her lips to his hand, she went from the apartment.

21. Within the month, two soldiers—this woman's sons—deserted the British standard, and enrolled themselves with those who fought beneath the flag which was emblematical of freedom, justice, equality. One of them was killed, the other was severely wounded in the assault on Quebec, under Arnold.

Definitions.—1. Hĕad′-quạr terş, *place of residence of any chief officer.* 1. Rĕȼ re ā′tion, *amusement.* 1. Çi vĭl′ian, *person whose pursuits are those of civil life, not military.* 6. Ȼôr′di al ly, *heartily.* 6. Bōl′stered, *supported.* 7. Pro nounçed′, *decided.* 8. Re lŭȼ′tançe, *unwillingness.* 8. Pro fūse′, *lavish.* 11. Stā′tioned, *appointed to the occupation of a place.* 11. Āid-de-camp (ād′de kŏng), *officer selected by a general to carry orders.* 11. Ma ra̤ud′erş, *plunderers.* 14. Wạn′ton, *sportive.* 14. Ȼŏm′pen sāte, *remunerate.* 17. Ar tĭȼ′ū lāte, *express plainly by voice.* 19. Er rō′ne oŭs, *false.* 19. Rĕȼ′om pĕnsed, *rewarded.* 20. Ad hēr′ents, *followers.* 20. Es pouşe′, *adopt.* 21. De şẽrt′ed, *forsook.* 21. Ĕm blem ăt′ĭȼ al, *pertaining to an emblem.*

Notes.—Gen. GEORGE WASHINGTON, truly called the "Father of his Country," was born in Virginia, February 22, 1732, and died at Mount Vernon, December 14, 1799. He is remembered as the man, "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

THOMAS GAGE was a British general, who was appointed Governor of Massachusetts Colony, and general-in-chief for the continent in 1774. He was recalled in 1775, and died in 1787.

ISRAEL PUTNAM, an American general of the Revolution, was born at Salem, Mass., in 1718, and died in 1790. He embraced with ardor the cause of the patriots, and was conspicuous for his skill and bravery at the battle of Bunker Hill.

BENEDICT ARNOLD, an American general, was born at Norwich, Conn., January 3, 1740, and died in London, June, 1801. His name was rendered infamous, by his attempt to betray his country in 1780. He escaped capture and entered the British army, but he was shunned and despised by everybody except the king and a few persons in authority.

TORY, a name applied, during the Revolution, to a person who was an adherent of, or advocated the cause of, the king of England.

LIV.—*GEORGE NIDIVER.*

By E. H., supposed to be the initials of Elizabeth Hoar, a sister of Senator Hoar of Massachusetts. The authorship of this poem has been erroneously credited by some to Ralph Waldo Emerson, and by others to Bret Harte. Emerson quotes this poem at the close of his essay on "Courage," and says, "I am permitted to enrich my chapter by adding an anecdote of pure courage, from real life, as narrated in a ballad by a lady to whom all the particulars of the fact are exactly known."

1. Men have done brave deeds,
   And bards have sung them well;
I, of George Nidiver,
   Now the tale will tell.

2. In Californian mountains,
   A hunter bold was he;
Keen his eye and sure his aim
   As any you should see.

3. A little Indian boy
   Followed him everywhere,
Eager to share the hunter's joy,
   The hunter's meal to share.

4. And when the bird or deer
   Fell by the hunter's skill,
The boy was always near
   To help with right good-will.

5. One day, as through the cleft,
   Between two mountains steep,
Shut in both right and left,
   Their questing way they keep,

6. They see two grizzly bears,
   With hunger, fierce and fell,
Rush at them unawares,
   Right down the narrow dell.

7. The boy turned round with screams,
And ran with terror wild;
One of the pair of savage beasts
Pursued the shrieking child.

8. The hunter raised his gun,—
He knew *one* charge was all,—
And through the boy's pursuing foe
He sent his only ball.

9. The other bear, now furious,
Came on with dreadful pace;
The hunter stood unarmed,
And met him face to face.

10. I say *unarmed* he stood,
Against those frightful paws,
For rifle-butt or club of wood
Could stand no more than straws.

11. George Nidiver stood still,
And looked him in the face;
The wild beast stopped amazed,
Then came with slackening pace.

12. Still firm the hunter stood,
Although his heart beat high;
Again the creature stopped,
And gazed with wondering eye.

13. The hunter met his gaze,
Nor yet an inch gave way;
The bear turned slowly round
And slowly moved away.

14. What thoughts were in his mind
It would be hard to spell;
What thoughts were in George Nidiver's,
I rather guess than tell.

15. Be sure that rifle's aim,
Swift choice of generous part,
Showed, in its passing gleam,
The depths of a brave heart.

Definitions.—1. Bärdş, *poets and singers among the ancients.* 5. Quĕst′ing, *seeking.* 6. Grĭz′zly, *somewhat gray.* 6. Fĕll, *cruel.* 6. Dĕll, *little hollow.* 6. Ŭn a wâreş′, *suddenly.* 7. Pur sūed′, *chased.* 9. Pāçe, *step.* 10. Bŭtt, *larger end of a gun.* 11. Slăck′en ing, *checking.* 14. Spĕll, *relate.* 15. Glēam, *small stream of light.*

LV.—*SELECTIONS FROM THE BIBLE.*

1. The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

2. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

3. His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof. The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

4. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes. The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever; the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey and the honey-comb.

5. Moreover by them is thy servant warned; and in keeping of them there is great reward. Who can understand his errors? Cleanse thou me from secret faults. Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over

me; then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression. Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer. * * * *

6. The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

7. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever. * * * *

8. Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

9. The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy. He will not always chide; neither will he keep his anger forever. He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities. For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

10. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust. As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

11. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to ever-

lasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children; to such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them. The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all.

12. Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word. Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts; ye ministers of his that do his pleasure. Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominion; bless the Lord, O my soul.

Definitions.—1. Fĩr′ma ment, *sky or heavens.* 2. Tăb′er nacle, *habitation.* 3. Çĩr′cuit, *path of movement.* 3. Tĕs′ti mo ny, *evidence.* 4. Stăt′ūtes, *written laws.* 4. En līght′en ing, *illuminating.* 4. Rīght′eoŭs (rī′chŭs), *free from guilt.* 5. Preşŭmpt′ū oŭs, *insolent.* 5. Do mĭn′ion, *supreme authority.* 5. Ac çĕpt′a ble, *welcome.* 5. Re dēem′er, *Saviour.* 8. In ĭq′ui tieş, (in ĭk′wĭ tĭz), *vices.* 9. Trans grĕs′sionş, *offences.* 10. Floŭr′ish eth, *groweth.* 11. Ĕv er lȧst′ing, *eternity.*

LVI.—*CHEERY PEOPLE.*

BY H. H., IN "ST. NICHOLAS."

H. H. are the initials under which appear the writings of HELEN HUNT JACKSON, an American authoress, distinguished alike for her sprightly essays and fine poems.

1. OH, the comfort of them! There is but one thing like them,—that is sunshine. It is the fashion to state the comparison the other end foremost—i. e., to flatter the cheery people by comparing them to the sun. I think it is the best way of praising the sunshine, to say that it is almost as bright and inspiring as the presence of cheery people.

2. That the cheery people are brighter and better even than sunshine is very easily proved; for who has not seen a cheery person make a room and a day bright in spite of the sun's not shining at all,—in spite of clouds and rain and cold all doing

their very best to make it dismal? Therefore I say, the fair way is to compare the sun to cheery people, and not cheery people to the sun.

3. However, whichever way we state the comparison, it is a true and good one; and neither the cheery people nor the sun need take offense. In fact, I believe they will always be such good friends, and work so steadily together for the same ends, that there is no danger of either's grudging the other the credit of what has been done. The more you think of it, the more you see how wonderfully alike the two are in their operation on the world.

4. The sun on the fields makes things grow,—fruits and flowers and grains; the cheery person in the house makes everybody do his best,—makes the one who can sing feel like singing, and the one who has an ugly, hard job of work to do, feel like shouldering it bravely and having it over with. And the music, and mirth, and work in the house, are they not like the flowers, and fruits, and grains in the field?

5. The sun makes everybody glad. Even the animals run and leap, and seem more joyous when it shines out; and no human being can be so cross-grained, or so ill, that he does not brighten up a little when a great broad, warm sunbeam streams over him and plays on his face. It is just so with a cheery person. His simple presence makes even animals happier.

6. Dogs know the difference between him and a surly man. When he pats them on the head, and speaks to them, they jump and gambol about him just as they do in the sunshine. And when he comes into the room where people are ill, or out of sorts, or dull and moping, they brighten up, spite of themselves, just as they do when a sudden sunbeam pours in,—only more so; for we often see people so ill that they do not care whether the sun shines or not, or so cross that they do not even see whether the sun shines or not; but I have never yet seen anybody so cross or so ill that the voice and face of a cheery person would not make him brighten up a little.

7. If there were only a sure and certain recipe for making

a cheery person, how glad we would all be to try it! How thankful we would all be to do good like sunshine! To cheer everybody up and help everybody along!—to have everybody's face brighten the minute we came in sight! Why, it seems to me that there cannot be in this life any other pleasure half so great as this would be.

8. If we looked at life only from a selfish point of view, it would be worth while to be a cheery person, merely because it would be such a satisfaction to have everybody so glad to live with us, to see us, even to meet us on the street.

9. People who have done things which have made them famous, such as winning great battles, or filling high offices, often have what are called "ovations." Hundreds of people get together and make a procession, perhaps, or go into a great hall and make speeches, all to show that they recognize what the great man has done. After he is dead, they build a stone monument to him, perhaps, and celebrate his birthday for a few years.

10. Men work very hard sometimes for a whole lifetime to earn a few things of this sort. But how much greater a thing it would be for a man to have every man, woman, and child in his own town know and love his face, because it was full of kindly good cheer! Such a man has a perpetual "ovation," year in and year out, whenever he walks on the street, whenever he enters a friend's house.

11. I said if there were only a recipe,—a sure and certain recipe,—for making a cheery person, we would all be glad to try it. There is no such recipe; and perhaps if there were, it is not quite certain that we would all try it; it would take time and trouble.

12. Cheeriness cannot be taught like writing, "in twenty lessons." It lies so deep that no surface rules of behavior, no description ever so minute of what it is or is not, does or does not do, can ever enable a person to "take it up" and "master" it like a trade or a study.

13. I believe that it is, in the outset, a good gift from God

at one's birth, very much dependent on one's body, and a thing to be more profoundly grateful for than all that genius ever inspired, or talent ever accomplished. This is natural, spontaneous, inevitable cheeriness. This, if we were not born with it, we cannot have.

14. But next best to this is deliberate, intended, and persistent cheeriness, which we can create, can cultivate, and can so foster and cherish, that, after a few years, the world will never suspect that it was not an hereditary gift handed down to us from generations. To do this we have only to watch the cheeriest people we know, and follow their example.

15. We shall see, first, that the cheery person never minds —or if he minds, never says a word about—small worries, vexations, perplexities. Second, that he is brimful of sympathy in other people's gladness; he is heartily, genuinely glad of every bit of good luck or joy which comes to other people.

16. Third, he has a keen sense of humor, and never lets any droll thing escape him; he thinks it worth while to laugh, and to make everybody about him laugh, at every amusing thing; no matter how small, he has his laugh, and a good, hearty laugh, too, and tries to make everybody share it. Patience, sympathy, and humor,—these are the three most manifest traits in the cheery person.

17. But there is something else, which is more an emotion than a trait, more a state of feeling than a quality of mind. This is lovingness. This is the secret, so far as there is a secret; this is the real point of difference between the mirth of the witty and sarcastic person, which does us no good, and the mirth of the cheery person, which "doeth good like a medicine."

18. Somebody once asked a great painter, whose pictures were remarkable for their exquisite and beautiful coloring: "Pray, Mr. ——, how *do* you mix your colors?"

19. "With brains, madam, with brains," growled the painter. His ill nature spoke a truth. All men had, or might have, the colors he used; but no man produced the colors he produced.

20. So I would say of cheeriness. Patience, sympathy, and

humor are the colors; but patience may be mere ˋdoggednessˊ and ˋreticenceˊ; sympathy may be wordy and shallow and selfish; and humor may be only a sharp perception of the ˋridiculous. Only when they are mixed with love—love, three times love—do we have the true good cheer of genuine cheery people.

Definitions.—1. i. e., *abbreviation for two Latin words* (id est), *meaning, that is.* 3. Grŭdġ′ing, *envying.* 7. Rĕç′i pē, *prescription for making some combination or mixture.* 9. O vā′tion, *expression of popular homage.* 10. Per pĕt′ū al, *never ceasing.* 13. Pro found′ly, *deeply.* 13. Spon tā′ne oŭs, *voluntary.* 13. In ĕv′i ta ble, *unavoidable.* 14. Per sĭst′ent, *fixed.* 14. He rĕd′i ta ry, *descended from an ancestor.* 15. Vex ā′tionş, *troubles.* 15. Per plĕx′i tieş, *doubts.* 17. Sar căs′tic, *taunting.* 18. Ĕx′qui şīte, *exact.* 20. Dŏg′ḡed ness, *sullenness.* 20. Rĭ dĭc′ū loŭs, *laughable.*

LVII.—*A SONG OF THE CAMP.*

By **Bayard Taylor**, a distinguished American traveler, writer, and poet, born in Kennett Square, Chester Co., Pa., Jan. 11, 1825, died in Berlin, Prussia, Dec. 19, 1878. In 1842, he became an apprentice in a printing-office. In 1844–'5, he made a pedestrian tour in Europe, and in 1846, published "Views Afoot, or Europe seen with Knapsack and Staff." Among his prose works, are, "El Dorado, or Adventures in the Path of Empire," "A Journey to Central Africa," "The Lands of the Saracen," "Travels in Greece and Russia." He also wrote several volumes of poems. He had long been engaged upon a biography of Goethe, which he left unfinished at his death.

1. "Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camp ˋalliedˊ
Grew weary of ˋbombarding.ˊ

2. The dark ˋRedan,ˊ in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening under;
And the ˋtawnyˊ mound of the ˋMalakoffˊ
No longer ˋbelchedˊ its thunder.

3. There was a pause. A guardsman said,
"We ˋstormˊ the forts to-morrow;

Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

4. They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon,—
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

5. They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

6. Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion

Rose like an anthem rich and strong,
Their battle-eve confession.

7. Dear girl! her name he dared not speak;
But as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

8. Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

9. And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

10. And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

11. Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.

Definitions.—1. Bòm bärd'ing, *attacking with bombs.* 1. Al-līed', *united.* 2. Re dăn', and Măl'a koff, *names of Russian fortifications.* 2. Bĕlched, *cast forth.* 2. Ta̤w'ny, *dull, yellowish brown color, like things tanned.* 3. Stôrm, *assault.* 4. Băt'ter y, *place where cannon or mortars are mounted for battering a fortification or attacking an enemy.* 4. Sĕv'ern, €lȳde, and Shăn'non, *names of rivers in England, Scotland, and Ireland, respectively.* 8. Ĕm'berş, *mingled coals and ashes, but meaning here, redness.* 8. €rĭ mē'an, *relating to* €rĭ mē'a, *a peninsula of southern Russia.* 9. Bĕl'lōw ing, *roaring.* 9. Môr'tarş, *sort of* *short cannons, used for throwing bombs and shells at high angles of elevation.* 10. Gōr'y, *bloody.* 11. Văl'or, *bravery.*

LVIII.—*STAND LIKE AN ANVIL.*

By George Washington Doane, an American poet and ecclesiastic, born at Trenton, New Jersey, in 1799, and died in 1859. In 1832, he was elected Episcopalian bishop of New Jersey, and in 1846, he founded Burlington College. He published several theological works, and a volume of poems, in 1824.

1. "Stand like an anvil!" when the stroke
Of stalwart men falls fierce and fast;
Storms but more deeply root the oak,
Whose brawny arms embrace the blast.

2. "Stand like an anvil!" when the sparks
Fly far and wide, a fiery shower;
Virtue and truth must still be marks
Where malice proves its want of power.

3. "Stand like an anvil!" when the bar
Lies red and glowing on its breast;
Duty shall be life's leading star,
And conscious innocence its rest.

4. "Stand like an anvil!" when the sound
Of ponderous hammers pains the ear;
Thine but the still and stern rebound
Of the great heart that cannot fear.

5. "Stand like an anvil!" Noise and heat
Are born of earth and die with time;
The soul, like God, its source and seat,
Is solemn, still, serene, sublime.

Definitions.—1. Sta̤l'wart, *bold.* 1. Bra̤wn'y, *strong.* 2. Măl'ĭçe, *enmity of heart.* 4. Pŏn'der oŭs, *very heavy.* 4. Re-bound', *act of flying back upon collision with another body.* 5. Sŏl'emn, *earnest.* 5. Se rēne', *calm.* 5. Sub līme', *grand.*

LIX.—*LITTLE NICHOLAS;*

AND HOW HE BECAME A GREAT MUSICIAN.

BY JAMES H. FLINT.

1. The violin is a wonderful instrument in the hands of a master. In its power of expression, its purity and fineness of tone, it ranks next to the cultivated human voice. There have been many famous performers on this instrument; but Paganini stands alone, the most wonderful violinist the world has ever heard. And he had won this fame before he was sixteen years old.

2. Nicholas Paganini was born at Genoa, Italy, February 18, 1784. When Nicholas was four years old he had the measles. But this usually mild disease took, in his case, a very violent form, so that the poor little fellow was thought to be dying, and even, at one time, dead. For a whole day he lay motionless, and to all appearance lifeless. But the world was not to be deprived of his wonderful genius; although, if he had died then, he would have been spared a life of great suffering.

3. Before he was well over this sickness, and before he could speak plainly, his father—who was very severe with him—put a violin into his tiny hands, and made him practice upon it from morning till night. Sitting at his parent's feet on a little stool, Paganini obediently scraped away, learning his scales and intervals. He entered into the work cheerfully, and took great interest in his studies; but this did not lessen his father's rigor. The slightest fault was punished severely.

4. Sometimes food was denied the little fellow, in punishment for a mistake which any learner might have made. The delicate, sensitive constitution of the child was injured beyond repair by such treatment. His mother, also ambitious for her son, worked upon his imagination and excited him to ever-renewed exertions by telling him that an angel had appeared

to her in a vision, and had assured her that he should outstrip all competition as a performer on the violin.

5. Even at this early age, the bent of Paganini's mind was toward the marvelous and extraordinary;—that is, he did not merely imitate those who before his time had played the violin, but struck out new ways for himself, making his instrument a greater puzzle to the unlearned than ever it had been before; and he astonished his parents, and received their hearty plaudits when, in departing from the common methods, he produced entirely new effects.

6. His musical instinct seemed to have been only sharpened and strengthened by the close application imposed upon him. Soon, the musical knowledge of the elder Paganini became insufficient for the growing abilities of his son, and other teachers were procured.

7. At eight years of age, the little Nicholas performed in the churches, and at private musical parties, "upon a violin that looked nearly as large as himself." He also composed at this time his first "Violin Sonata." A year afterward, he made what was considered his first public appearance, in the great theatre at Genoa, at the request of two noted singers.

8. Paganini's father took him, about this time, to see the celebrated composer, Rolla, who lived at Parma, hoping to obtain for the boy the benefit of Rolla's instruction for a little while. But the composer was sick, and could not see his visitors. The room in which they were seated was next to the sick man's bed-chamber, and it so happened that he had left his violin there, together with the copy of a new work he had just finished.

9. Little Nicholas, at his father's request, took up the violin to see what the music was like. He began at the beginning, and executed the entire work at sight without a single mistake, and so well that the sick composer arose from his bed that he might see what master-hand had given him so agreeable a surprise. Rolla, on hearing the object of their visit,

assured the father that he could add nothing to the young artist's acquirements, and recommended other noted teachers.

10. Nicholas and his father then went about the country through the principal cities of Lombardy, after which they returned to Genoa, where the youthful performer was again subjected to those daily toils which had been forced upon him before with such heartless rigor; but this bondage was not to be prolonged.

11. At fourteen he was allowed to go on a short tour with an elder brother, and at fifteen he ran away, and began to travel on his own account. Relieved from the control of his too exacting father, his mind reacted from its long slavery, and he fell into bad ways of living. But after a while his affection for his father led him to return home. Having saved a sum of money equal to about fifteen hundred dollars, he now offered a portion of it to his parents. But his exacting father demanded the whole, and Paganini, to keep peace, gave up the greater part of the hard-earned money.

12. The young man now began another tour, visiting many parts of Italy, and everywhere meeting with unbounded success. But I am very sorry to say that he allowed his great popularity to turn his head, so that he became very arrogant, headstrong, and in various ways led an unworthy life. Intemperance soon was added to his infirmities, and he was even imprisoned for a time on account of troubles caused by his wild excesses.

13. Paganini possessed a generous and sympathetic nature, as the following anecdote plainly proves. One day, while walking in the streets of Vienna, Paganini saw a poor boy, playing upon a violin, and, on entering into conversation with him, learned that he maintained his mother and a number of little brothers and sisters by what he picked up as a traveling musician. Paganini at once gave him all the money he had about him; and then, taking the violin, began to play, and, when a great crowd had gathered, and become spell-bound by his wonderful playing, he pulled off his hat and made a col-

lection, which he gave to the poor boy amid the acclamations of the multitude.

14. There are four strings on a violin, as every one knows, and ordinary players find it necessary to use them all; but Paganini astonished the world by his performances on only one string,—the fourth, or largest. Upon this he could produce three perfect octaves, including all the harmonic sounds, and from it he brought forth the sweetest melodies.

15. After traveling through many countries, creating the greatest wonder and admiration wherever he went, he returned to his native land. He suffered all his life from ill-health, and although he had become a very wealthy man, his last days were sad enough; for he was greatly troubled with law-suits and ill-health.

16. As one of his biographers says, "The precious flame of life was too dearly expended on a perfection that allowed nothing else to be perfected." In becoming the absolute master of his instrument, he became its slave. But the success of his life's purpose was complete. He accomplished his one object, and history declares him to have been the greatest of all violinists, past or present. He died at Nice on the 27th of May, 1840, leaving a fortune equal to nearly three-quarters of a million dollars.

Definitions.—2. Ġĕn′o a, *a famous city of Italy.* 3. Rĭg′or, *severity.* 4. Ꞓŏm pe tĭ′tion, *rivalry.* 5. Mär′vel oŭs, *wonderful.* 5. Ex traôr′di na ry, *remarkable.* 7. Vī o lĭn′ So nä′tȧ, *a composition for a violin.* 6. Ĭn suf fĭ′cient, *inadequate.* 8. Ꞓom pōş′er, *author.* 9. Aꞓ quīre′ments, *attainments.* 10. Pro lŏnged′, *continued.* 11. Ex̱ ăꞓt′ing, *severe in making demands.* 12. Ăr′ro gant, *haughty.* 12. In fĩrm′i tieş, *failings.* 13. Ăꞓ ꞓla mā′tionş, *shouts of approbation.* 13. Mŭl′ti tūde, *crowd.* 14. Per fôrm′an çeş, *actions.* 14. Ŏꞓ′taveş, *scales in music.* 14. Har mŏn′iꞓ, *musical.* 16. Bī ŏg′ra pherş, *writers of lives.* 16. Vī o lĭn′ist, *player on a violin.*

LX.—*ÆSOP'S FABLES.*

By Æsop, the celebrated fabulist, born about 619, died 564 B.C. The Athenians erected a statue in honor of him. The fables of Æsop are among the very earliest compositions of this kind, and probably have never been surpassed for point and brevity, as well as for the practical good sense which they display.

1.—*THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.*

A Hare one day ridiculed the short feet and slow pace of the Tortoise. The latter, laughing, said: "Though you be swift as the wind, I will beat you in a race." The Hare, deeming her assertion to be simply impossible, assented to the proposal; and they agreed that the Fox should choose the course, and fix the goal. On the day appointed for the race, they started together. The Tortoise never for a moment stopped, but went on with a slow but steady pace straight to the end of the course. The Hare, trusting to his native swiftness, cared little about the race, and lying down by the wayside, fell fast asleep. At last waking up, and moving as fast as he could, he saw the Tortoise had reached the goal, and was comfortably dozing after her fatigue.

2.—*THE FOX AND THE CROW.*

A Crow, having stolen a bit of flesh, perched in a tree, and held it in her beak. A Fox, seeing her, longed to possess himself of the flesh; and by a wily stratagem succeeded. "How handsome is the Crow," he exclaimed, "in the beauty of her shape and in the fairness of her complexion! Oh, if her voice were only equal to her beauty, she would deservedly be considered the Queen of Birds!" This he said deceitfully; but the Crow, anxious to refute the reflection cast upon her voice, set up a loud caw, and dropped the flesh. The Fox quickly picked it up, and thus addressed the Crow, "My good Crow, your voice is right enough, but your wit is wanting."

3.—*THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES.*

A Lark had made her nest in the early spring on the young green wheat. The brood had almost grown to their proper strength, and attained the use of their wings and the full plumage of their feathers, when the owner of the field, overlooking his crop, now quite ripe, said, "The time is come when I must send to all my neighbors to help me with my harvest." One of the young Larks heard his speech, and related it to his mother, inquiring of her to what place they should move for safety. "There is no occasion to move yet, my son," she replied; "the man who sends only to his friends to help him with his harvest is not really in earnest." The owner of the field again came a few days later, and saw the wheat shedding the grain from excess of ripeness, and said, "I will come myself to-morrow with my laborers, and with as many reapers as I can hire, and will get in the harvest." The Lark on hearing these words said to her brood, "It is time now to be off, my little ones, for the man is in earnest this time; he no longer trusts to his friends, but will reap the field himself." Self-help is the best help.

4.—*THE TOWN MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE.*

A Country Mouse invited a Town Mouse, an intimate friend, to pay him a visit and partake of his country fare. As they were on the bare plow-lands, eating their wheat-stalks and roots pulled up from the hedge-row, the Town Mouse said to his friend, "You live here the life of the ants; while in my house is the horn of plenty. I am surrounded with every luxury; and if you will come with me, as I much wish you would, you shall have an ample share of my dainties." The Country Mouse was easily persuaded, and returned to town with his friend. On his arrival, the Town Mouse placed before him bread, barley, beans, dried figs, honey, raisins, and, last of all, brought a dainty piece of cheese from a basket. The Country Mouse, being much delighted at the sight of such good cheer, expressed his satisfaction in warm terms, and lamented his own hard fate. Just as they were beginning to eat, some one opened the door, and they both ran off, squeaking, as fast as they could to a hole so narrow that two could only find room in it by squeezing. They had scarcely begun their repast again when some one else entered to take something out of a cupboard, on which the two Mice, more frightened than before, ran away and hid themselves. At last the Country Mouse, almost famished, thus addressed his friend: "Although you have prepared for me so dainty a feast, I must leave you to enjoy it by yourself. It is surrounded by too many dangers to please me. I prefer my bare plow-lands and roots from the hedge-row, so that I can only live in safety and without fear."

5.—*THE BUFFOON AND THE COUNTRYMAN.*

A rich nobleman once opened the theatres without charge to the people, and gave a public notice that he would handsomely reward any person who should invent a new amusement for the occasion. Various public performers contended for the prize. Among them came a Buffoon, well-known among the populace for his jokes, and said that he had a kind of entertainment which had never been brought out on any stage before. This report being spread about made a great stir in the place, and the theatre was crowded in every part. The Buffoon appeared alone upon the boards, without any apparatus or confederates, and the very sense of expectation caused an intense silence. The Buffoon suddenly bent his head towards his bosom, and imitated the squeaking of a little pig so admirably with his voice, that the audience declared that he had a porker under his cloak, and demanded that it should be shaken out. When that was done, and yet nothing was found, they cheered the actor, and loaded him with the loudest applause. A Countryman in the crowd, observing all that had passed, said, "He shall not beat me at that trick!" and at once proclaimed that he would do the same thing on the next day, though in a much more natural way. On the morrow a still larger crowd assembled in the theatre; but now partiality for their favorite actor very generally prevailed, and the audience came rather to ridicule the Countryman than to see the spectacle. Both of the performers, however, appeared on the stage. The Buffoon grunted and squeaked away first, and obtained, as on the preceding day, the applause and cheers of the spectators. Next the Countryman commenced, and pretending that he concealed a little pig beneath his clothes (which in truth he did, but not suspected of the audience), contrived to lay hold of, and to pull his ear, when he began to squeak and to express in his pain the actual cry of the pig. The crowd, however, cried out with one consent that the Buffoon had given a far more exact imitation, and clamored for the Countryman to be kicked out of the theatre. On this the rustic produced the little pig from his cloak, and showed by the most positive proof the greatness of their mistake. "Look here," he said, "this shows what sort of judges you are."

Definitions.—1. Rĭd'i eūled, *derided.* 1. Gōal, *mark.* 1. Dōz'ing, *sleeping.* 2. Străt'a ġem, *artifice.* 2. €om plĕx'ion, *color.* 2. Re flĕe'tion, *censure.* 4. Fâre, *food.* 4. Lŭx'ū ry, *delicacy.* 4. Per suād'ed, *convinced.* 4. La mĕnt'ed, *mourned.* 4. Făm'ished, *starved.* 5. Buf fo͞on', *clown.* 5. Ĕn ter tāin'ment, *amusement.* 5. Ăp pa rā'tus, *thing provided as a means to some end.* 5. €on fĕd'er ates, *allies.* 5. Pär ti ăl'i ty, *special fondness.* 5. Spĕe'ta ele, *show.* 5. Spec tā'torş, *beholders.* 5. €lăm'ored, *uttered loud sounds.*

LXI.—*THE LITTLE YEARS.*

By Robert T. S. Lowell, an American author, born in Boston in 1816. He graduated at Harvard College in 1833, and was ordained a clergyman of the Episcopal Church in 1842. In 1873, he became Professor in Union College. He published, in 1858, a novel of Newfoundland life and scenery, "The New Priest in Conception Bay;" in 1860, "Fresh Hearts that Failed 3000 Years Ago, and other Poems;" and, in 1874, "Antony Brade," a story of school-boy life.

1. These years! these years! these naughty years!
Once they were pretty things.
Their fairy footfalls met our ears,
Our eyes their glancing wings.

They flitted by our school-boy way;
We chased the little imps at play.

2. We knew them, soon, for tricksy elves.
They brought the college gown,
With thoughtful books filled up our shelves,
Darkened our lips with down,
Played with our throat, and lo! the tone
Of manhood had become our own.

3. They smiling stretched our childish size;
Their soft hands trimmed our hair;
Cast the deep thought within our eyes,
And left it glowing there;
Sang songs of hope in college halls,
Bright fancies drew upon the walls.

4. They flashed upon us love's bright gem;
They showed us gleams of fame;
Stout-hearted work we learned from them,
And honor more than name.
And so they came, and went away;
We said not go, we said not stay.

5. But one sweet day, when quiet skies
And still leaves brought me thought,
When hazy hills drew forth my eyes,
And woods with deep shade fraught,
That day I carelessly found out
What work these elves had been about.

6. Alas! those little rogues, the years,
Had fooled me many a day,
Plucked half the locks above my ears,
And tinged the rest all gray.
They 'd left me wrinkles great and small.
I fear that they have tricked us all.

7. Well,—give the little years their way;
Think, speak, and act the while;

Lift up the bare front to the day,
  And make their wrinkles smile.
They mould the noblest living head;
They carve the best tomb for the dead.

Definitions.—1. Ĭmps, *little spirits.* 2. Trĭck'sy, *trickish.* 2. Ĕlveş, *little spirits.* 2. Gown, *official robe of scholars and university students.* 2. Down, *soft hair of the face when beginning to appear.* 4. Fāme, *honor.* 5. Hā'zy, *dim.* 5. Fra̤ught, *loaded.* 6. Rōgueş, *mischievous fellows.* 6. Tĭnġed, *colored.* 6. Wrĭn̲k'leş, *furrows in the face.* 7. Mōuld, *form.* 7. Cärve, *cut.* 7. To̤mb, *tombstone.*

LXII.—*THE DIARY.*

By William Makepeace Thackeray, a popular English novelist and humorist, born at Calcutta in 1811, died in London, 1863. He was educated at the University of Cambridge, which he left without taking a degree. Coming into a fortune at the age of 21, he traveled on the continent, and studied art for several years. About the age of 30, he adopted literature as a profession. "Vanity Fair, a Novel without a Hero," published in 1847, gave him a reputation as a novelist which, though amply sustained, was hardly increased by any of his later works. He visited the United States in 1852, and again in 1855–'6; and on his first visit delivered a course of lectures on "English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century," and, on his second visit, another course on "The Four Georges." In 1859, he became editor of the "Cornhill Magazine," a publication which attained an enormous circulation.

1. Ah me! Every person who turns this page over has his own little diary, in paper or ruled in his memory tablets, and in which are set down the transactions of the now dying year. Boys and men, we have our calendar, mothers and maidens. For example, in your calendar pocket-book, my good Eliza, what a sad, sad day that is,—how fondly and bitterly remembered,—when your boy went off to his regiment, to India, to danger, to battle perhaps.

2. What a day was that last day at home, when the tall brother sat yet amongst the family, the little ones round about him wondering at saddle-boxes, uniforms, sword-cases, gun-cases, and other wondrous apparatus of war and travel which

poured in and filled the hall; the new dressing-case for the beard not yet grown; the great sword-case at which little brother Tom looks so admiringly!

3. What a dinner that was, that last dinner, when little and grown children assembled, and all tried to be cheerful! What a night was that last night, when the young ones were at roost for the last time together under the same roof, and the mother lay alone in her chamber, counting the fatal hours as they tolled one after another, amidst her tears, her watching, her fond prayers! What a night that was, and yet how quickly the melancholy dawn came! Only too soon the sun rose over the houses. And now in a moment more the city seemed to wake.

4. The house began to stir. The family gathers together for the last meal. For the last time in the midst of them, the widow kneels amongst her kneeling children, and falters a prayer in which she commits her dearest, her eldest born, to the care of the Father of all. O night, what tears you hide, —what prayers you hear! And so the nights pass, and the days succeed, until that one comes when tears and parting shall be no more.

5. In your diary, as in mine, there are days marked with sadness, not for this year only, but for all. On a certain day —and the sun perhaps shining ever so brightly—the house-mother comes down to her family with a sad face, which scares the children round about in the midst of their laughter and prattle.

6. They may have forgotten,—but she has not,—a day which came twenty years ago, it may be, and which she remembers only too well; the long night-watch; the dreadful dawning and the rain beating at the pane; the infant speechless, but moaning in its little crib; and then the awful calm, the awful smile on the sweet cherub face, when the cries have ceased, and the little suffering breast heaves no more.

7. Then the children, as they see their mother's face, remember this was the day on which their little brother died.

It was before they were born; but she remembers it. And as they pray together, it seems almost as if the spirit of the little lost one was hovering round the group.

8. So they pass away; friends, kindred, the dearest-loved, grown people, aged, infants. As we go on the down-hill journey, the mile-stones are grave-stones; and on each more and more names are written; unless haply you live beyond man's common age, when friends have dropped off, and, tottering, and feeble, and unpitied, you reach the terminus alone.

9. In this past year's diary, is there any precious day noted on which you have made a new friend? This is a piece of good fortune bestowed, but grudgingly on the old. After a certain age, a new friend is a wonder, like Sarah's child. Aged persons are seldom capable of bearing friendships.

10. Do you remember how warmly you loved Jack and Tom when you were at school; what a passionate regard you had for Ned when you were at college, and the immense letters you wrote to each other? How often do you write, now that postage costs nothing? There is the age of blossoms and sweet budding green; the age of generous summer; the autumn, when the leaves drop; and then winter, shivering and bare. Quick, children, and sit at my feet; for they are cold, very cold; and it seems as if neither wine nor worsted will warm them.

11. In this past year's diary, is there any dismal day noted in which you have lost a friend? In mine there is. I do not mean by death. Those who are gone, you have. Those who departed, loving you, love you still; and you love them always. They are not really gone, those dear hearts and true; they are only gone into the next room; and you will presently get up and follow them, and yonder door will close upon *you*, and you will be no more seen.

12. As I am in this cheerful mood, I will tell you a fine and touching story of a doctor which I heard lately. About two years since, there was, in our or some other city, a famous doctor, into whose consulting-room crowds came daily, so that they might be healed. Now this doctor had a suspicion that

there was something vitally wrong with himself, and he went to consult another famous physician at Dublin, or it may be at Edinburgh.

13. And he of Edinburgh punched his comrade's sides; and listened at his heart and lungs; and felt his pulse, I suppose; and looked at his tongue; and when he had done, Doctor London said to Doctor Edinburgh, "Doctor, how long have I to live?" And Doctor Edinburgh said to Doctor London, "Doctor, you may last a year."

14. Then Doctor London came home, knowing that what Doctor Edinburgh said was true. And he made up his accounts with man, and Heaven, I trust. And he visited his patients as usual. And he went about healing, and cheering, and soothing, and doctoring; and thousands of sick people were benefited by him. And he said not a word to his family at home, but lived amongst them cheerful, and tender, and calm, and loving, though he knew the night was at hand when he should see them and work no more.

15. And it was winter-time, and they came and told him that some man at a distance—very sick, but very rich—wanted him; and, though Doctor London knew that he was himself at death's door, he went to the sick man, for he knew the large fee would be good for his children after him. And he died; and his family never knew until he was gone, that he had been long aware of the inevitable doom.

16. And so we meet and part; we struggle and succeed; or we fail and drop unknown on the way. As we leave the fond mother's knee, the rough trials of childhood and boyhood begin; and then manhood is upon us, and the battle of life, with its chances, perils, wounds, defeats, distinctions. And Fort William guns are saluting in one man's honor, while the troops are firing the last volleys over the other's grave,—over the grave of the brave, the gentle, the faithful Christian soldier.

Definitions.—1. Dī′a ry, *register of daily occurrences.* 1. Căl′en dar, *almanac.* 2. Ū′ni fôrmṣ, *dresses of soldiers.* 3.

Mĕl′an chŏl y, *gloomy.* 4. Fa̤l′ters̤, *stammers.* 6. Chĕr′ub, *beautiful child.* 7. Grọup, *cluster.* 8. Kĭn′dred, *relations.* 8. Tẽr′mi nŭs, *end.* 10. Păs′sion ate, *animated.* 10. Wọrst′ed, *woolen cloth.* 12. Phy s̤ĭ′cian, *person skilled in physic, or the art of healing.* 14. Pā′tients, *diseased persons under medical treatment.* 15. Fēe, *charge.* 15. In ĕv′i ta ble, *unavoidable.* 16. Dis tĭn̲c′tions̤, *preferences.* 16. Sa lūt′ing, *greeting.* 16. Vŏl′leys̤, *discharges of many small arms at once.*

LXIII.—*BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.*

1. This eminent man was born in Boston, Mass., in 1706. He was one of the younger members of a large family. At ten years of age, he was taken from school to assist his father in making candles and soap.

2. In his own biography, Franklin says: "I continued thus employed in my father's business for two years, that is till I was twelve years old. But my dislike to the trade continuing, my father had apprehensions that if he did not put me to one more agreeable, I should break loose and go to sea.

3. "From my infancy I was passionately fond of reading, and all the money that came into my hands was laid out in purchasing books. This bookish inclination at length determined my father to make me a printer. I was apprenticed to my brother, and in a little time I made great progress in the business, and became a useful hand to my brother.

4. "I now had access to better books. An acquaintance with the apprentices of book-sellers, enabled me sometimes to borrow a small one, which I was careful to return soon and clean. Often I sat up in my chamber the greater part of the night, when the book was borrowed in the evening and to be returned in the morning, lest it should be found missing."

5. At the age of seventeen, Franklin found his way to Philadelphia. He entered it a stranger to all, and with but a few pennies in his pockets. For a time he followed his trade.

Afterward he kept a shop where he sold paper, made ink, and bound books. He edited a newspaper, and issued *Poor Richard's Almanac,* which became one of the most popular and influential publications of the day. As a boy he had been studious and thoughtful, and as a man he was prudent and trustworthy.

6. When he had acquired some property, he ceased to labor at his business. At the age of twenty-seven he began the study of the French language, and acquired a knowledge of it, as well as of Italian and Spanish. Franklin then turned his attention to public affairs, and labored to serve his fellow-men. To him Philadelphia owes her university, her hospital, and her first and greatest library.

7. He also earned renown as a man of science. It had long been his belief that lightning and electricity were the same; but he had no means of proving the truth of his theory. At length he made a kite which was suited to the experiment.

8. One day during a thunder-storm, he stole away from his house, having told no one but his son who accompanied him. The kite was sent up among the stormy clouds, and the anxious philosopher waited. At last he felt the welcome shock; and his heart thrilled with the high consciousness that he had added to the sum of human knowledge.

9. When the troubles arose between England and the American Colonies on account of the Stamp Act, Franklin was sent to London to defend the rights of the colonists. The vigor of his mind, and the wisdom of his opinions gained for him a wonderful influence over the men with whom he came in contact.

10. Franklin was an early advocate of the independence of the colonies, and aided in preparing the famous Declaration. In all the councils of that stirring time, he bore a leading and honorable part. He was the first American ambassador to France; and his good sense and vivacity gained for him high favor in the fashionable world of Paris. He secured the friendship of the French nation, and thus aided, in no small degree,

to secure the success of the colonists in the great Revolutionary war.

11. He lived to aid in framing the Constitution, under which our country has enjoyed great prosperity. A few months before his death he wrote to Washington: "I am now finishing my eighty-fourth year, and probably with it my career in this life; but in whatever state of existence I am placed hereafter, if I retain any memory of what has passed here, I shall with it retain the esteem, respect, and affection with which I have long regarded you."

Definitions.—2. Bī ŏg′ra phy, *history of his life.* 2. Ap pre-hĕn′siọnṣ, *alarms.* 3. Ĭn cli nā′tion, *disposition.* 4. Ac çĕss′, *admittance.* 4. Ac quāint′ançe, *fellowship.* 5. A̤l′ma năc, *book or table containing a calendar of days, weeks, and months, to which are often added various statistics, such as the times of the rising and the setting of the sun and the moon, etc.* 6. Ū ni vẽr′si ty, *school in which are taught all branches of learning.* 6. Hŏs′pi tal, *building in which the sick or infirm are received and treated.* 6. Lī′bra ry, *a collection of books, or an edifice for holding a collection of books.* 7. Re nown′, *fame.* 7. Ex pĕr′i ment, *practical test.* 8. Phĭ lŏs′o pher, *one devoted to philosophy.* 8. Ac cŏm′pa-nied, *attended.* 10. Ăd′vo cate, *pleader.* 10. Dĕc la rā′tion, *document by which an announcement is verified by authority.* 10. Am băs′sa dor, *minister of highest rank employed by a government to represent it at the seat of government of some other power.* 10. Vī văç′i ty, *life, animation.* 10. Făsh′ion a ble, *genteel.* 11. Cŏn sti tū′tion, *organic law.*

LXIV.—*THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.*

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

1. We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep;
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

2. 'T is a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

3. So we shuddered there in silence,—
For the stoutest held his breath,—
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with Death.

4. As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy with his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

5. But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Is n't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?"

6. Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear.

Definitions.—1. Căb'in, *apartment in a ship for officers or passengers.* 2. Shăt'tered, *broken into pieces.* 3. Shŭd'dered, *trembled with fear.* 3. Breāk'erş, *waves breaking into foam against the shore or a rock near the surface.* 6. Ăn̲ch'ored, *rested.* 6. Här'bor, *place of security for vessels.*

LXV.—*THE WAY TO WEALTH.*

BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

1. I HAVE heard that nothing else gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse, lately,

where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods. The hour of the sale not having come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man with white locks, "Pray, father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not those heavy taxes quite ruin the country? how shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to do?"

2. Father Abraham stood up, and replied, "If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; 'for a word to the wise is enough,' as poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and, gathering round him, he proceeded as follows:—

3. "Friends," says he, "the taxes are indeed very heavy; and, if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us.

4. "It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more: sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. 'Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the used key is always bright,' as poor Richard says. 'But dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of,' as poor Richard says.

5. "'If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be,' as poor Richard says, 'the greatest prodigality;' since, as he elsewhere tells us, 'Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough, always proves little enough.' Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose, so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity.

6. "'Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy;

and he that riseth late, must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business, let not that drive thee; and

Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,'

as poor Richard says.

7. "So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better, if we bestir ourselves. 'He that hath a trade, hath an estate; and he that hath a calling, hath an office of profit and honor,' as poor Richard says; but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling well followed; or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes.

8. "If we are industrious, we shall never starve; for, 'at the working-man's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter.' Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter, for 'industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them.' What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left a legacy. 'Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry.

Then plow deep, while sluggards sleep,
And you shall have corn to sell and to keep.'

9. "Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. 'One to-day is worth two to-morrows,' as poor Richard says; and farther, 'Never leave that till to-morrow, which you can do to-day.' If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own master? Be ashamed to catch yourself idle, when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, and your king.

10. "'Handle your tools without mittens;' remember that 'The cat in gloves catches no mice,' as poor Richard says. It is true there is much to be done, and, perhaps, you are weak-handed, but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects;

for 'Constant dropping wears away stones; and by diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable; and little strokes fell great oaks.'

11. "Methinks I hear some of you say, 'Must a man afford himself no leisure?' I will tell thee, my friend, what poor Richard says, 'Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and, since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour.' Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for, 'A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things.'

12. "But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful; and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others, for, as poor Richard says,

'I never saw an oft removed tree,
Nor yet an oft removed family,
That throve so well as those that settled be."

13. "And again, 'Three removes are as bad as a fire; and again, 'Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee;' and again, 'If you would have your business done, go; if not, send;' and again,

'He that by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.'

14. "So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. Away then with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times and heavy taxes.

15. "What madness it must be to run in debt for superfluities! We are offered, by the terms of this sale, six months' credit; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah! think what you do when you run in debt,—you give to another power over your liberty.

16. "If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to

see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor, pitiful excuses, and, by degrees, come to lose your veracity, and sink into base, downright lying; for 'The second vice is lying, the first is running in debt,' as poor Richard says.

17. "When you have got your bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of payment; but, as poor Richard says, 'Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of days and times.' The day comes around before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term, which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short. Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders.

18. "This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom; but, after all, do not depend too much on your own industry, and frugality, and prudence, though excellent things, for they may all be blasted without the blessing of Heaven; and, therefore, ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those who at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them.

19. "And now to conclude, 'Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other,' as poor Richard says, and scarcely in that; for it is true we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct. However, remember this, 'They that will not be counseled, cannot be helped;' and farther, that, 'If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles,' as poor Richard says."

20. Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired any one else; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom which he ascribed to me was my own, but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations.

21. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it; and, though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away, resolved to wear my old one a little longer.

Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine.—I am, as ever, thine to serve thee.

Definitions.—1. Tăx′eş, *charges made upon property for the support of a government.* 3. Griēv′oŭs, *hard to bear.* 3. Ꞓom mĭs′sion erş, *officers having charge of some department of the public service.* 3. A bāte′ment, *reduction.* 4. Slŏth, *laziness.* 5. Per plĕx′i ty, *doubt.* 5. Prŏd i găl′i ty, *waste.* 7. Es tāte′, *property which a person possesses.* 8. Bāil′iff, *sheriff's deputy.* 8. Lĕg′a çy, *bequest.* 12. Thrōve, *prospered.* 14. Frṳ găl′i ty, *economy.* 15. Sū per flū′i tieş, *excesses.* 16. Ꞓrĕd′it orş, *those to whom money is due.* 16. Ve răç′i ty, *truthfulness.* 17. Dĕbt′orş, *persons who owe others money, goods, or services.* 18. Un chăr′i ta ble, *severe in judging.* 20. Ha răngue′, *speech.* 20. As ꞓrībed′, *imputed.*

LXVI.—*AN ADVENTURE ON THE HUDSON.*

By James Fenimore Cooper, an American novelist, born at Burlington, New Jersey, 1789, and died at Cooperstown, New York, 1851. His father, Judge Cooper, established the settlement of Cooperstown, on Otsego Lake, in central New York, and moved there with his family in 1790. In this wild frontier region, the future novelist spent his boyhood. He spent three years at Yale College, and then, at the age of 16, entered the United States navy, where he continued six years, attaining the rank of Lieutenant, and acquiring an experience which he found useful in his literary career. His first novel, "Precaution," was published at his own expense in 1819, and attracted little attention. In 1821, appeared "The Spy," a Tale of the Revolutionary War, which gained remarkable popularity at once. Among his works which followed are, "The Prairie," "The Pathfinder," "The Deerslayer," and "Satanstoe," from the latter of which the following extract is taken. Several of his works have been translated into nearly all of the European languages. "He wrote for mankind at large," says W. C. Bryant; "hence it is that he has earned a fame wider than any other American author of modern times. The creations of his genius shall survive through centuries to come, and only perish with our language."

1. While there are flats on the shores of the Hudson, and of some extent, in the vicinity of Albany, the general formation of the adjacent country is preserved,—being high, bold, and in some quarters, more particularly to the northward and eastward, mountainous. Among these hills the stream mean-

ders for sixty or eighty miles north of the town, receiving tributaries as it comes rushing down toward the sea.

2. Now, in the spring, when vast quantities of snow, that frequently lie four feet deep in the forests, and among the mountains and valleys of the interior, are suddenly melted by the south winds and rains, freshets necessarily succeed, which have been known to do great injury. The flats of the Mohawk, they tell me, are annually overflowed, and a moderate freshet is deemed a blessing; but occasionally a union of the causes I have mentioned produces a species of deluge that has a very opposite character.

3. Thus it is, that houses are swept away; and bridges from the smaller mountain streams have been known to come floating past the wharves of Albany, holding their way toward the ocean. At such times the tides produce no counter-current; for it is a usual thing, in the early months of the spring, to have the stream pour downward for weeks, the whole length of the river, and to find the water fresh even as low as New York.

4. Such was the general nature of the calamity we had been so unexpectedly made to encounter. The winter had been severe, and the snows unusually deep; and, as we drove furiously onward, I remembered to have heard my grandfather predict extraordinary freshets in the spring, from the character of the winter, as we had found it, even previously to my quitting home.

5. The great thaw and the heavy rains of the late storms had produced the usual effect; and the waters, thus let loose among the distant as well as the nearer hills, were now pouring down upon us in their collected might. In such cases, the first effect is, to loosen the ice from the shores; and local causes forcing it to give way at particular points, a breaking up of its surface occurs and dams are formed, that set the stream back in floods upon all the adjacent low land, such as the flats in the vicinity of Albany.

6. Our sleigh flew along the river at a rate that I firmly

believe could not have been much less than that of twenty miles in the hour. As we were whirled northward, the reports made by the rending of the ice increased in frequency and force. They really became appalling!

7. Still the girls continued silent, maintaining their self-command in a most admirable manner; though I doubt not that they felt, in the fullest extent, the true character of the awful circumstances in which we were placed. Such was the state of things, as Guert's blacks began sensibly to relax in their speed for want of wind. They still galloped on, but it was no longer with the swiftness of the wind; and their master became sensible of the folly of hoping to reach town ere the catastrophe should arrive.

8. He reined in his panting horses therefore, and was just falling into a trot, as a violent report was heard directly in our front. At the next instant the ice rose, positively beneath our horses' hoofs to the height of several feet, taking the form of the roof of a house. It was too late to retreat, and Guert, shouting out, "Jack"—"Moses," applied the whip; and the spirited animals actually went over the mound, leaping a crack three feet in width, and reaching the level ice beyond.

9. All this was done, as it might be, in the twinkling of an eye. While the sleigh flew over this ridge, it was with difficulty I held the girls in their seats; though Guert stood nobly erect, like the pine that is too firmly rooted to yield to the tempest. No sooner was the danger passed, however, than he pulled up, and came to a dead halt.

10. We heard the rending and grinding of the ice on all sides of us; saw the broken barriers behind and in front; and felt as if we were cut off from the rest of our species. I do not think either of us felt any apprehension of breaking through; for use had so accustomed us to the field of the river, while the more appalling grounds of alarm were so evident, that no one thought of such a source of danger.

11. Nor was there much, in truth, to apprehend from that cause. The thaw had not lasted long enough materially to

diminish either the thickness or the tenacity of the common river ice; though it was found unequal to resisting the enormous pressure that bore upon it from above.

12. It is probable that a cake of an acre's size would have upheld, not only ourselves, but our sleigh and horses; and carried us, like a raft, down stream, had there been such a cake free from stationary impediments. Even the girls now comprehended the danger which was in a manner suspended over us,—as the impending wreath of snow menaces the fall of the avalanche. But it was no moment for indecision or inaction.

13. We had the choice of endeavoring to pass to the western shore on the upper side of the barrier, or of proceeding toward the nearest of several low islands which lay in the opposite direction. Guert determined on the last, walking his horses to the point of land, there being no apparent necessity for haste, while the animals greatly needed breath.

14. As soon as the sleigh came near the point of the island, Guert gave me the reins, and went ahead to examine whether it were possible to land. He was absent fifteen minutes, returning to us only after he had made a thorough search into the condition of the island, as well as of that of the ice in its eastern channel. These were fifteen fearful minutes; the rending of the masses above, and the grinding of cake on cake, sounding like the roar of the ocean in a tempest.

15. Notwithstanding all the awful accessories of this dreadful night, I could not but admire Guert's coolness of manner and his admirable conduct. He was more than resolute; for he was cool, collected, and retained the use of all his faculties in perfection. As plausible as it might seem to one less observant and clear-headed, to attempt escaping to the western shore, Guert had decided right in moving toward the island.

16. The grinding of the ice in another quarter had apprised him that the water was forcing its way through, near the mainland; and that escape would be nearly hopeless on that side of the river. When he rejoined us, he called me to the heads

of the horses, for a conference; first solemnly assuring our precious companions that there were no grounds for immediate apprehension.

17. Guert took the direction of everything. Even while we had been talking, the ice had moved materially, and we found ourselves fifty feet further from the island than we had been. By causing the horses to advance, this distance was soon recovered; but it was found impossible to lead or drive them over the broken cakes with which the shore of the island now began to be lined. After one or two spirited and determined efforts, Guert gave the matter up, and asked me to help the ladies from the sleigh.

18. Never did women behave better than did these delicate and lovely girls, on an occasion so awfully trying. Without remonstrances, tears, exclamations, or questions, both did as desired; and I cannot express the feeling of security I felt, when I had helped each over the broken and grinding border of white ice that separated us from the shore.

19. The night was far from cold; but the ground was now frozen sufficiently to prevent any unpleasant consequences from walking on what would otherwise have been a slimy, muddy alluvion; for the island was so very low as often to be under water, when the river was particularly high. This, indeed, formed our danger, after we had reached it.

20. When I returned to Guert, I found him already drifted down some little distance; and this time we moved the sleigh so much above the point as to be in less danger of getting out of sight of our precious wards. To my surprise, Guert was busy in stripping the harness from the horses, and Jack already stood only in his blinkers. Moses was soon reduced to the same state.

21. I was wondering what was to be done next, when Guert drew each bridle from its animal, and gave a smart crack of his whip. The liberated horses started back with affright—snorted, reared, and, turning away, they went down the river, free as air, and almost as swift; the incessant and loud snap-

ping of their master's whip, in no degree tending to diminish their speed. I asked the meaning of this.

22. "It would be cruel not to let the poor beasts make use of the strength and sagacity nature has given them to save their lives," answered Guert, straining his eyes after Moses, the horse that was behind, so long as his dark form could be distinguished, and leaning forward to listen to the blows of their hoofs, while the noises around us permitted them to be heard. "To us they would only be an encumbrance, since they could never be forced over the cracks and caked ice in harness; nor would it be at all safe to follow them, if they could. The sleigh is light, and we are strong enough to shove it to land, when there is an opportunity; or, it may be left on the island."

23. Nothing could have served more effectually to convince me of the manner in which Guert regarded our situation than to see him turn beasts loose which I knew he so highly prized. I mentioned this; and he answered me with a melancholy seriousness, that made the impression so much the stronger.

24. "It is possible they may get ashore, for nature has given a horse a keen instinct. They can swim too, where you and I would drown. At all events, they are not fettered with harness; but have every chance it is in my power to give them. Should they land, any farmer would put them in his stable, and I should soon hear where they were to be found; if, indeed, I am living in the morning to make the inquiry."

25. "What is next to be done, Guert?" I asked, understanding at once both his feelings and his manner of reasoning.

26. "We must now run the sleigh on the island; after which it will be time to look about us, and examine if it be possible to get the ladies on the mainland."

27. Accordingly, Guert and I applied ourselves to the task, and had no great difficulty in dragging the sleigh over the cakes, grinding and in motion as they were. We pulled it as far as the tree beneath which Anneke and Mary stood; when the ladies got into it and took their seats, enveloped in the skins.

28. The night was not cold for the season, and our companions were thickly clad, having tippets and muffs; still, the wolves' skins of Guert contributed to render them more comfortable. All apprehension of immediate danger now ceased for a short time; nor do I think either of the females fancied they could run any more risk, beyond that of exposure to the night air, so long as they remained on terra firma.

Definitions.—1. Ad jā'çent, *adjoining.* 1. Mount'ain oŭs, *full of mountains.* 1. Me ăn'derş, *flows around.* 1. Trĭb'ū ta rieş, *branches of larger streams.* 2. In tē'ri or, *inland part of a country.* 2. Frĕsh'ets, *floods.* 2. Dĕl'ūġe, *overflowing of the land by water.* 4. Ꞓa lăm'i ty, *disaster.* 6. Whĩrled, *moved hastily.* 6. Ap pa̤ll'ing, *terrifying.* 7. Re lăx', *slacken.* 7. Ꞓa tăs'tro phe, *final event of a disastrous nature.* 8. Re̱ined, *restrained.* 10. Băr'ri erş, *obstructions.* 11. Ap pre hĕnd', *fear.* 11. Te năç'i ty, *firmness.* 12. Ꞓŏm pre hĕnd'ed, *understood.* 15. Aꞓ çĕs'so rieş, *accompaniments.* 16. Ꞓŏn'fer ençe, *earnest conversation.* 19. Al lū'vi on, *deposits of earth, sand, and gravel, made by floods.* 20. Wa̤rdş, *persons under the protection of others.* 20. Bliṉk'erş, *bridle; usually the part of a bridle which prevents a horse from seeing objects at his sides.* 22. En ꞓŭm'brançe, *impediment.* 28. Tĭp'pets, *coverings for the neck, made of fur, cloth, or other warm material.* 28. Tĕr'rȧ fĩrm'ȧ (Latin), *firm or solid earth.*

LXVII.—*THE LIVE-OAK.*

By HENRY R. JACKSON, a native of Georgia, born in 1810. He was educated at Edgehill Seminary, Princeton, N. J., and at Yale College, where he graduated in 1839. He served as a Colonel in the Mexican war, and was appointed Minister to Austria in 1853, which position he occupied until 1858. He is the author of "Tallulah, and other Poems," published in 1858.

1. WITH his gnarled old arms and his iron form,
Majestic in the wood,
From age to age, in the sun and storm,
The live-oak long hath stood;

With his stately air, that grave old tree,
He stands like a hooded monk,
With the gray moss waving solemnly
From his shaggy limbs and trunk.

2. And the generations come and go,
And still he stands upright;
And he sternly looks on the wood below
As conscious of his might;
But a mourner sad is the hoary tree,
A mourner sad and lone;
And is clothed in funeral drapery
For the long since dead and gone.

3. For the Indian hunter beneath his shade
Has rested from the chase;
And he here has wooed his dusky maid,—
The dark-eyed of her race;
And the tree is red with the gushing gore,
As the wild deer panting dies;
But the maid is gone, and the chase is o'er,
And the old oak hoarsely sighs.

4. In former days, when the battle's din
Was loud amid the land,
In his friendly shadow, few and thin,
Have gathered Freedom's band;
And the stern old oak, how proud was he
To shelter hearts so brave!
But they all are gone,—the bold and free,—
And he moans above their grave.

5. And the aged oak, with his locks of gray,
Is ripe for the sacrifice;
For the worm and decay, no lingering prey,
Shall he tower toward the skies!
He falls, he falls, to become our guard,
The bulwark of the free;

And his bosom of steel is proudly bared
To brave the raging sea!

6. When the battle comes, and the cannon's roar
Booms o'er the shuddering deep,
Then nobly he'll bear the bold hearts o'er
The waves, with bounding leap.
Oh, may those hearts be as firm and true,
When the war-clouds gather dun,
As the glorious oak that proudly grew
Beneath our Southern sun!

Definitions.—1. Gnärled, *knotty.* 1. Mòn̲k, *man who retires from the ordinary temporary concerns of the world, and devotes himself to religion.* 2. Hōar′y, *grayish.* 4. Dĭn, *noise.* 5. Bụl′wark, *means of defense.* 6. Dŭn, *dark.*

LXVIII.—*MOSES AT THE FAIR.*

By Oliver Goldsmith, an English author, born at Pallas, county of Longford, Ireland, 1728, died in London in 1774. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1744, and took his degree of B. A. in 1749. Yielding to the wishes of his uncle, he now prepared to enter the church; but he was rejected by the bishop when he applied for orders. His uncle next gave him money, and sent him to London to study law; but on his way he spent the money, and soon returned home with empty pockets. He was next sent to study medicine at Edinburgh, where he remained two years; after which he spent a year at Leyden, and then set out, "with only one clean shirt, and no money in his pocket," to make the tour of Europe on foot. While in Italy, during his wanderings, he heard of the death of his uncle, and immediately set out for England, where he arrived in 1756. The following passage in the "Vicar of Wakefield," which probably has reference to himself, may explain how he supported himself while traveling. "I had some knowledge of music, and now turned what was once my amusement into a present means of subsistence. Whenever I approached a peasant's house toward nightfall, I played one of my most merry tunes; and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day." He wrote many of his works almost absolutely under the pressure of hunger; and in 1762 he wrote the "Vicar of Wakefield," while under arrest for debt, from which he was released by Dr. Johnson, who obtained from a book-seller £60 for the work. Among his other works are "The Traveler," "The Good-natured Man," "The Deserted Village," "She Stoops to Conquer," and "History of the Earth and Animated Nature." Though Goldsmith's fame rests chiefly on his poems, he merits little less admiration as a prose writer. The rich and delicate humor of some of his essays has perhaps never been excelled.

1. As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home.

2. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

3. As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to intrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters very busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in.

4. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder and lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him *good luck, good luck,* till we could see him no longer.

5. He was scarcely gone, when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying, that he overheard his young master mention our names with great commendation.

6. Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another footman from the same family followed, with a card for my daughters, importing, that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr. Thornhill of us all, that, after a few previous inquiries, they hoped to be perfectly satisfied.

7. "Ay," cried my wife, "I now see it is no easy matter to get into the families of the great; but when one once gets in,

then, as Moses says, one may go to sleep." To this piece of humor, for she intended it for wit, my daughters assented with a loud laugh of pleasure. In short, such was her satisfaction at this message, that she actually put her hand in her pocket, and gave the messenger sevenpence half-penny.

8. This was to be our visiting day. The next that came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a pennyworth of gingerbread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them, and give them by letters at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, patches, or even money, when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weasel-skin purse, as being the most lucky.

9. We had still a regard for Mr. Burchell, though his late rude behavior was in some measure displeasing; nor could we now avoid communicating our happiness to him, and asking his advice: although we seldom followed advice, we were all ready enough to ask it. When he read the note from the two ladies, he shook his head, and observed, that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection.

10. This air of diffidence highly displeased my wife. "I never doubted, sir," cried she, "your readiness to be against my daughters and me. You have more circumspection than is wanted. However, I fancy when we come to ask advice, we will apply to persons who seem to have made use of it themselves."

11. "Whatever my own conduct may have been, madam," replied he, "is not the present question; though as I have made no use of advice myself, I should in conscience give it to those that will."

12. As I was apprehensive this answer might draw on a repartee, making up by abuse what it wanted in wit, I changed the subject, by seeming to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall.

13. "Never mind our son," cried my wife; "depend upon it he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him

sell his hen of a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing. But as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back."

14. As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a peddler.

15. "Welcome, welcome, Moses: well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"

16. "I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser.

17. "Ah, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know; but where is the horse?"

18. "I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and two pence."

19. "Well done, my good boy," returned she; "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and two pence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then."

20. "I have brought back no money," cried Moses again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast: "here they are; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases."

21. "A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of paltry green spectacles!"

22. "Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."

23. "A fig for the silver rims," cried my wife in a passion: "I dare say they won't sell for above half the money, at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."

24. "You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about

selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence; for I perceive they are only copper varnished over."

25. "What," cried my wife, "not silver! the rims not silver!"

26. "No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan."

27. "And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery. The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better."

28. "There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all."

29. "Marry, hang the idiot," returned she, "to bring me such stuff; if I had them I would throw them in the fire."

30. "There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

31. By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretense of having one to sell.

32. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me, and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between."

Definitions.—1. Fâir, *a gathering of buyers and sellers, held at stated times for the transaction of business.* 2. Dis crēet′, *prudent.* 3. Dēal, *wood of the pine or fir.* 4. Pā′çeş, *steps.*

5. Bŭt′ler, *a servant who looks after the plate, etc.* 5. Com men dā′tion, *praise.* 6. Im pōrt′ing, *signifying.* 9. Çĩr cum spĕc′tion, *caution.* 10. Dĭf′fi dençe, *distrust.* 12. Ap pre hĕn′sĭve, *fearful.* 12. Rĕp ar tēē′, *smart reply.* 16. Drĕss′er, *table.* 20. Sha grēen′, *kind of leather.* 21. Pa̤l′try, *worthless.* 27. Mŭr′rain, *fatal disease among cattle.* 27. Trŭmp′er y, *showy, but worthless things.* 27. Im pōşed′ upon, *deceived.* 29. Măr′ry, *indeed, in truth.* 31. Pre tĕnse′, *false show.*

LXIX.—*FAULTS.*

By Henry Ward Beecher, son of Dr. Lyman Beecher, born at Litchfield, Conn., in 1813. He graduated at Amherst College in 1834, and studied theology at Lane Seminary. In 1847, he received a call from the Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn, N. Y. Here, almost from the outset he began to acquire that reputation as a pulpit orator, which has been maintained ever since. He has published a number of works, among which are, "The Plymouth Pulpit," "Lectures to Young Men," "Industry and Idleness," "Life Thoughts," "Life of Christ," and a novel entitled "Norwood." Since 1870, he has been editor of "The Christian Union," a weekly newspaper, published in New York.

1. A MAN has a large emerald, but it is "feathered;" and he knows an expert would say, "What a pity that it has such a feather!" It will not bring a quarter as much as it otherwise would; and he cannot take any satisfaction in it.

2. A man has a diamond, but there is a flaw in it, and it is not the diamond that he wants. A man has an opal, but it is imperfect, and he is dissatisfied with it. An opal is covered with little seams, but they must be the right kind of seams. If it has a crack running clear across, it is marred, no matter how large it is, and no matter how wonderful its reflections are.

3. And this man is worried all the time, because he knows his opal is imperfect; and it would worry him even if he knew that nobody else noticed it.

4. So it is in respect to dispositions, and in respect to character at large. Little cracks, little flaws, little featherings in them, take away their exquisiteness and beauty, and take away that fine finish which makes moral art.

5. How many noble men there are who are diminished, who are almost wasted, in their moral influence! How many men are like the red maple! It is one of the most gorgeous trees, both in spring blossoming, and in autumn, with its crimson foliage. But it stands knee-deep in swamp-water, usually.

6. To get to it, you must wade, or leap from bog to bog, tearing your raiment, and soiling yourself. I see a great many noble men, but they stand in a swamp of faults. They bear fruit that you fain would pluck; but there are briars, and thistles, and thorns all about it; and to get it, you must make your way through all these hindrances.

Definitions.—1. Ĕm′e rald, *precious stone of a rich green color.* 1. Fĕath′ered, *defective.* 2. Dī′a mond, *mineral and gem remarkable for its hardness, as it scratches all other minerals.* 2. Fla̤w, *speck, breach.* 2. Ō′pal, *precious stone which presents a peculiar play of colors of delicate tints.* 2. Märred, *spoiled.* 4. Ĕx′qui şĭte ness, *completeness.* 5. Gôr′ġeoŭs, *showy.* 5. Fō′li aġe, *cluster of leaves, flowers, and branches.* 6. Bŏg, *marsh.* 6. Swa̤mp, *low ground filled with water.* 6. Hĭn′dran çeş, *obstacles.*

LXX.—*THE FISHERMAN.*

By John Greenleaf Whittier, an American poet, born at Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 17, 1807. His parents belonged to the society of Friends, of which he is also a member. He worked on a farm till his 20th year, attended Haverhill Academy two years, and, in 1829, became editor of "The American Manufacturer" in Boston, and in 1830 of the "New England Weekly Review," at Hartford. In 1840, he removed to Amesbury, Mass., where he still resides, and in 1847, became corresponding editor of "The National Era," a newspaper published in Washington. He has never married. His poems have been largely inspired by current events, and their patriotic and humane spirit gives them a strong hold upon the public. He wrote a hymn for the opening of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876.

1. Hurrah! the seaward breezes
   Sweep down the bay amain;
Heave up, my lads, the anchor!
   Run up the sail again!

Leave to the lubber landsman
The rail-car and the steed;
The stars of heaven shall guide us,
The breath of heaven shall speed.

2. From the hill-top looks the steeple,
And the light-house from the sand;
And the scattered pines are waving
Their farewell from the land.
One glance, my lads, behind us,
For the homes we leave, one sigh,
Ere we take the change and chances
Of the ocean and the sky.

3. Now, brothers, for the icebergs
Of frozen Labrador,
Floating spectral in the moonshine,
Along the low black shore!
Where like snow the gannet's feathers
On Brador's rocks are shed,
And the noisy Murre are flying,
Like black scuds, overhead.

4. Where in the mist the rock is hiding,
And the sharp reef lurks below,
And the white squall smites in summer,
And the autumn tempests blow;
Where, through gray and rolling vapor,
From evening unto morn,
A thousand boats are hailing,
Horn answering unto horn.

5. Hurrah for the Red Island,
With the white cross on its crown!
Hurrah for Meccatina,
And its mountains bare and brown!
Where the Caribou's tall antlers
O'er the dwarf-wood freely toss,

And the footstep of the Mickmack
Has no sound upon the moss.

6. There we'll drop our lines and gather
Old ocean's treasures in,
Where'er the mottled mackerel
Turns up a steel dark fin.
The sea's our field of harvest,
Its scaly tribes, our grain;
We'll reap the teeming waters
As at home they reap the plain.

7. Our wet hands spread the carpet,
And light the hearth of home;
From our fish as in the old time,
The silver coin shall come.
As the demon fled the chamber
Where the fish of Tobit lay,
So ours from all our dwellings
Shall frighten want away.

8. Though the mist upon our jackets
In the bitter air congeals,
And our lines wind stiff and slowly
From off the frozen reels;
Though the fog be dark around us,
And the storm blow high and loud,
We will whistle down the wild wind,
And laugh beneath the cloud!

9. In the darkness as in daylight,
On the water as on the land,
God's eye is looking on us,
And beneath us is his hand!
Death will find us soon or later,
On the deck or in the cot;
And we cannot meet him better
Than in working out our lot.

10. Hurrah!—Hurrah!—the west wind
  Comes freshing down the bay,
The rising sails are filling,—
  Give way, my lads, give way!
Leave the coward landsman clinging
  To the dull earth, like a weed.
The stars of heaven shall guide us,
  The breath of heaven shall speed!

Definitions.—1. A māin′, *with sudden force.* 1. Hēave up, *raise from the bottom of the sea.* 1. Lŭb′ber, *clumsy fellow.* 2. Līght′-house, *tower or building, with a powerful light at top, erected at the entrance of a port to serve as a guide to mariners at night.* 3. Spĕȼ′tral, *ghostly.* 3. Găn′net, *sea-fowl, something like a goose.* 3. Mûrre, *birds.* 3. Sȼŭdş, *vapory clouds.* 4. Rēef, *chain of rocks lying at or near the surface of the water.* 4. Squa̤ll, *sudden and violent gust of wind.* 4. Smītes, *strikes.* 5. Dwa̤rf′-wo͞od, *shrubs.* 5. Ȼăr′i bo̤u, *an animal of the reindeer kind.* 6. Mŏt′tled, *spotted.* 8. Ȼon ġēalş′, *freezes, hardens.* 8. Rēelş, *frames turning on an axis, and on which lines are wound.*

Notes.—MICK′MACK, name applied to an Indian.

TŌ′BIT, name of a pious Jew who became blind; but whose sight is said to have been restored by the application to his eyes of the gall of a fish.

LXXI.—*A CANNON LOOSE ON SHIPBOARD.*

By VICTOR MARIE HUGO, a French poet and novelist, born in Besancon, in 1802. In 1811, his father having been made general, and appointed major-domo of Joseph Bonaparte, the new king of Spain, Victor went to Madrid. In 1812 his mother returned to Paris, where Victor's classical education was continued by a clergyman who had previously instructed him. In 1822, he published the first volume of his "Odes and Ballads," which quickly raised him to the first rank among the French poets of his time. His "Les Miserables," a romance which had been announced several years before, appeared in nine different languages at the same time in 1862. Its success equaled that of any of his previous works. He was admitted into the French Academy in 1841, and raised to the rank of a peer in 1845. He gave his cordial adhesion to the republic of 1848, and was elected to the Constituent Assembly by the voters of Paris. In 1849, he joined the party of advanced democrats, of whom he became a leader and distinguished orator. In vehement speeches he denounced the secret policy of President Louis Napoleon. For his opposition to the *coup d'état* of Dec. 2, 1851, which restored the empire, he was banished. During his exile he published several works, including a historical work entitled "Napoleon the Little."

1. A CRY and noise came from the interior of the vessel. The captain and the lieutenant made a rush for the gun-deck, but could not get down. All the gunners were hurrying frantically up. A frightful thing had just happened!

2. One of the cannons of the battery, a twenty-four pounder, had got loose. This is, perhaps, the most formidable of ocean accidents. Nothing more terrible can happen to a vessel in open sea and under full sail.

3. A gun that breaks its moorings becomes suddenly some indescribable supernatural beast. It is a machine which transforms itself into a monster. This mass turns upon its wheels, has the rapid movements of a billiard-ball, rolls with the rolling, pitches with the pitching, goes, comes, pauses, seems to think, resumes its course, rushes along the ship from end to end like an arrow, circles about, springs aside, breaks, kills.

4. Each bound of the liberated gun menaced the destruction of the vessel. A few minutes more and shipwreck would be inevitable. They must perish or put a summary end to the disaster,—a decision must be made,—but how? What an enemy—this cannon! They must check this mad monster. They must seize this flash of lightning. They must overthrow this thunderbolt.

5. All were silent,—the cannon kept up its horrible uproar. The waves beat against the ship; their blows from without responded to the strokes of the cannon. It was like two hammers alternating.

6. Suddenly, into the midst of this scene of tumult, where the escaped cannon leaped and bounded, there sprang a man with an iron bar in his hand. He was the author of this fearful accident, the gunner whose negligence had allowed the gun to break loose. Having been the means of bringing about the accident, he desired to repair it.

7. He had caught up an iron bar in one hand, a rope with a slipping noose in the other, and jumped down into the gun-deck. Then a strange combat began, a titanic strife,—the struggle of the gun against the gunner; a battle between matter and intelligence; a duel between the inanimate and the human.

8. The man was posted in an angle, the bar and rope in his two fists. He waited for the cannon to pass near him. The gunner knew his piece, and it seemed to him that she must recognize her master. He had lived a long time with her. How many times had he thrust his hands between her jaws! It was his tame monster. He began to address it as he might have done his dog.

9. "Come!" said he. Perhaps he loved it. He seemed to wish that it would turn toward him. Then he would be lost. How to avoid its crush? There was the question. All stared in terrified silence. Not a breast respired freely, except perchance that of an old man who alone stood in the deck with the two combatants, a stern second.

10. Beneath them, the blind sea directed the battle. At the instant when, accepting this awful hand-to-hand contest, the gunner approached the cannon, some chance movement of the waves kept it for a moment immovable. "Come on!" the man said to it. It seemed to listen.

11. Suddenly it darted upon him. The gunner avoided the shock. The struggle began—struggle unheard of. The thing of flesh attacking the brazen brute. On the one side blind force, on the other a soul.

12. A soul—strange thing; but you would have said the cannon had one also,—a soul filled with rage and hatred. The blindness appeared to have eyes. The monster had the air of watching the man. There was—one might have fancied so at least—cunning in the mass. It also chose its moment. It became some gigantic insect of metal, having, or seeming to have, the will of a demon.

13. Sometimes this colossal grasshopper would strike the low ceiling of the gun-deck, then fall back on its four wheels

like a tiger upon its four paws, and dart anew on the man. But he would glide away like a snake from the reach of these lightning-like movements. He avoided the encounters; but the blows which he escaped fell upon the vessel, and continued the havoc.

14. Three cannons gave way under the blows of the gun; then, as if blind and no longer conscious of what it was doing, it turned its back on the man, rolled from the stern to the bow, making a breach in the planking of the prow. The gunner had taken refuge at the foot of the stairs, a few steps from the old man who was watching.

15. The gunner held his handspike in rest. The cannon seemed to perceive him, and, without taking the trouble to turn itself, backed upon him with the quickness of an ax-stroke. The gunner, if driven back against the side, was lost. The crew uttered a cry of dread.

16. But the old man, until now immovable, made a spring more rapid than all those wild whirls. He seized a bale of paper, and, at the risk of being crushed, succeeded in flinging it between the wheels of the cannon.

17. The bale had the effect of a plug. A pebble may stop a log, a tree-branch turn an avalanche. The gun stumbled. The gunner, in his turn, seizing the terrible chance, plunged his iron bar between the spokes of one of the hind wheels. The cannon was stopped. It staggered. The man, using the bar as a lever, rocked it to and fro. The heavy mass turned over with a clang like a falling bell, and the gunner, dripping with sweat, rushed forward headlong and passed the slipping noose of the rope about the bronze neck of the overthrown monster.

18. It was ended. The man had conquered. The ant had subdued the mastodon; the pigmy had taken the thunderbolt prisoner. The marines and the sailors clapped their hands. The whole crew hurried down with cables and chains, and in an instant the cannon was securely lashed. The gunner saluted the old man. "Sir," he said to him, "you have saved my life."

Definitions.—1. Lieū tĕn′ant, *military officer next in rank below a captain.* 1. Gŭn′-dĕck, *lower deck of a vessel where the gun-room is.* 2. Fôr′mi da ble, *dreadful.* 3. Mōōr′ings̱, *fastenings.* 3. Sū per năt′ū ral, *miraculous.* 3. Mŏn′ster, *anything horrible from size.* 4. Sŭm′ma ry, *brief.* 5. Ăl′ter nā ting, *striking by turns.* 6. Tū′mult, *uproar.* 7. Tī tăn′ic, *giant.* 7. Dū′el, *contest between two.* 7. In ăn′i mate, *lifeless.* 9. Re-spīred′, *breathed.* 9. Per chânçe′, *perhaps.* 9. Ꞓŏm′bat ants, *fighters.* 9. Sĕꞓ′ond, *backer, assistant.* 11. Brā′zen, *made of brass.* 13. Ꞓo lŏs′sal, *gigantic.* 13. Hăv′oc, *general destruction.* 14. Stẽrn, *hind part of a ship.* 14. Prow, *front part of a ship.* 15. Hănd′spīke, *iron bar.* 16. Bāle, *bundle.* 17. Lē′ver, *a bar of metal or wood used to exert a pressure.* 18. Măs′to don, *giant animal.* 18. Pĭg′my, *dwarf.*

LXXII.—*THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.*

1. On the 4th of July, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was signed in the Old State House in Philadelphia. This famous document set forth in explicit terms the usurpations of the English government, and proclaimed the independence of the United States of America.

2. This event is a memorable one in the history of the world, and especially interesting to us as Americans. To properly celebrate it, the great Centennial Exhibition was held in Philadelphia in 1876. To that great birthday party, came the representatives of nearly all nations, laden with the products of their soil, their labor, and their skill.

3. On the outskirts of Philadelphia, is the magnificent Fairmount Park, which contains about three thousand acres of land. There are meadows and grassy hills, and beautiful groves, and smooth, wide roads, and lovely, shady walks, and through it runs the placid Schuylkill River. More than two hundred acres of this park were appropriated for the Centennial buildings, and for the general purposes of the Exhibition.

4. On these grounds there were erected five principal build-

ings and many smaller ones. The Main Exhibition Building was an immense structure of iron and glass, and embraced in its limits many miles of walks and promenades. It was 1876 feet long—more than one-third of a mile—and 464 feet wide; and, therefore, covered twenty acres.

5. This great hall was divided into sections for the various nations, and the representatives of each arranged the exhibit according to their own tastes and judgment. This immense space was crowded with the goods and manufactures of every possible kind, from all quarters of the globe.

6. Here was seen whatever was most curious, beautiful, and useful that man's ingenuity had taught him to make or adapt to his needs. The hundreds of gay banners and flags, the thousands of busy sight-seers, the tens of thousands of rare and beautiful articles, and the vast roof of glass sparkling under the bright rays of the sun, combined to form a scene of splendor and magnificence which surpassed the wonders of romance or fairy tale.

7. A short distance from the Main Building, was Machinery Hall, which covered fourteen acres. In this were exhibited all kinds of machines, the greater part of which were in full operation, so that visitors could see what work they were intended to do and how they did it.

8. Here were seen the printing of papers, the binding of books, the weaving of many fine fabrics, and grinding, sawing, rolling, stamping, pounding, with the buzz and the clash and the clatter of thousands of wheels and belts. The power which moved all these acres of machinery came from a single steam-engine.

9. This engine was an object of the greatest interest to all classes of people, and probably excited more admiration than any other single object in that great collection of wonders. People knew very well that each movement it would make, would be precisely like the previous one, still they stood and looked as if they were charmed at the display of its great power and the beautiful regularity of its motion.

10. The Main Building and Machinery Hall were both plain and simple in their style of architecture; but Memorial Hall, or the Art Gallery is an imposing and ornate structure of granite. It covers an acre and a half of ground, and is built entirely of stone and iron, so that it is absolutely fireproof. This building cost a million and a half dollars, and remains as a memento of the Great Exhibition, serving as a permanent art gallery.

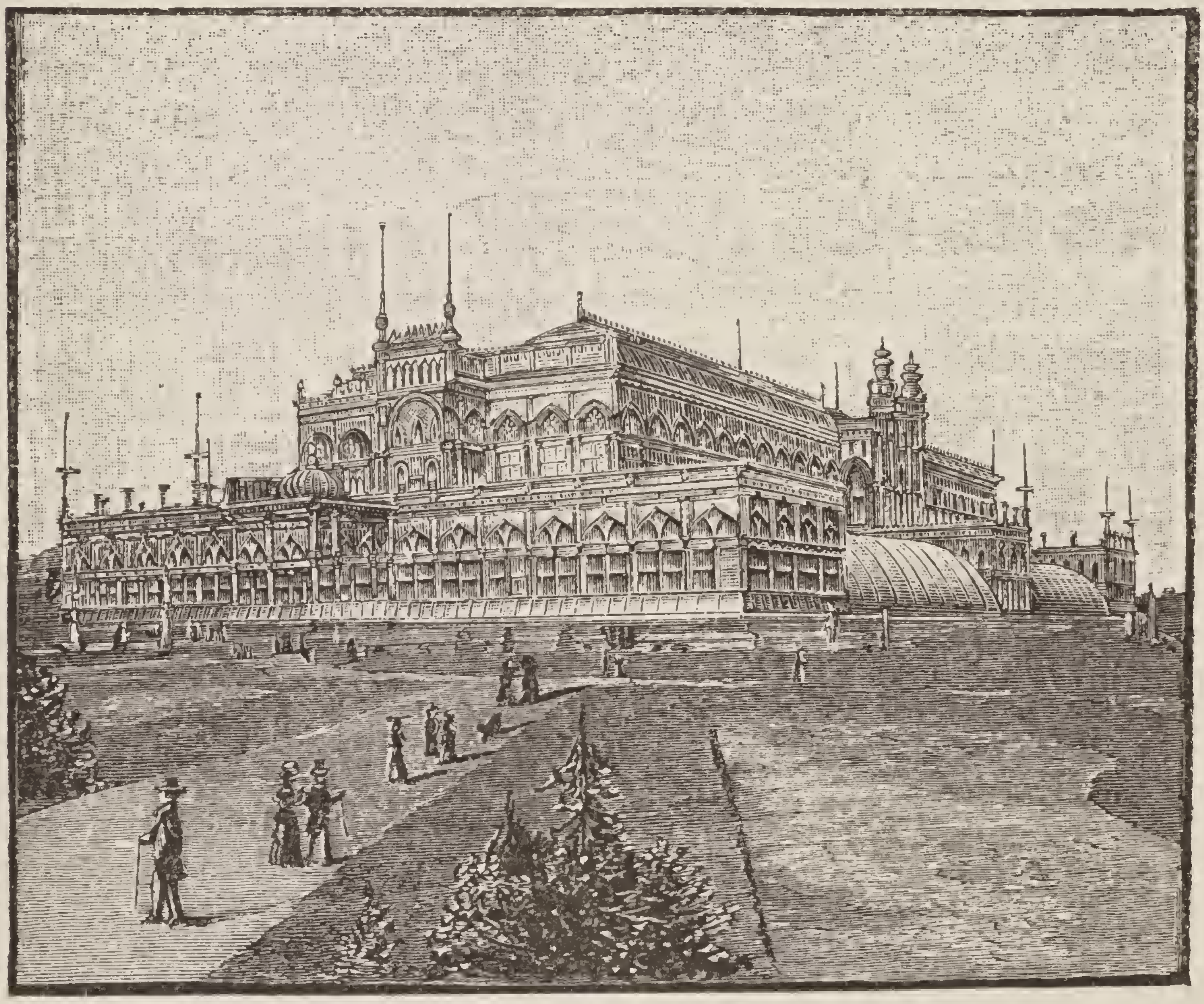
11. Here were collected thousands of the finest pictures and statues that the artists of the world had produced; but so many fine works of art were sent to the Exhibition that this immense gallery would not hold them; and it was found necessary to erect a great extension, which was more commodious than the permanent building.

12. The three buildings already mentioned were devoted to the exhibition of the products of human ingenuity and skill; in the other principal buildings were presented the wonders of nature. One of these, Agricultural Hall, covered ten acres of ground, and was filled with everything that related to farmers' work in every part of the world.

13. Horticultural Hall, which is shown on the following page, is a peculiar edifice, and presents a striking and beautiful appearance. It is built of iron, marble, and glass, and is a permanent ornament to the beautiful park. Here are seen many kinds of plants, flowers, and trees, intended for the adornment of house and grounds. Growing in a climate as soft and mild as that of their native land, may be seen oranges, lemons, palms, and all sorts of luxuriant tropical plants; while, in parts of the great building, are seen the most delicious and lovely fruits and flowers, filling the air with their fragrance.

14. Besides these five principal buildings, there were many others, large and imposing in themselves, though inferior in size and appearance to those already mentioned. Buildings were erected by several foreign countries for the use of their Commissioners; and many of our States had separate houses for the accommodation of their officers and citizens.

15. The United States Government erected a building which covered more than an acre of ground, in which were exhibited a great many interesting things appertaining to our National Government. Here were found the natural productions of our country, specimens of all sorts of marine and land animals, and a very large collection of the materials of war.



16. One of the most curious edifices on the ground was the one erected by Japan. This was built entirely by Japanese workmen, and in its construction not a nail or a screw was used. The boards and timbers were all fitted together in such a way that they did not require nails to make the building neat, firm, and strong.

17. On the 10th of May, 1876, the Exhibition was formally opened by the President of the United States, assisted by the representatives of many foreign nations. For six months it was open to the public. During this time nine millions of

people passed through its gates, and viewed the many objects of interest and wonder which abounded on every side. The Centennial Exhibition was a great credit to the American people, and was the most complete exposition of human energy, ingenuity, and skill that the world has ever seen.

Definitions.—1. Ū sur pā'tionş, *arbitrary uses of power.* 2. Çen tĕn'ni al, *happening once in a hundred years.* 3. Out'-skĩrts, *suburbs.* 3. Plăç'id, *unruffled.* 3. Ap prō'pri ā ted, *set apart.* 4. Prŏm e nādeş', *walks for amusement or exercise.* 5. Ex̱ hĭb'it, *display.* 6. Mag nĭf'i çençe, *grandeur of appearance.* 6. Ro mănçe', *fable.* 8. Făb'rics, *manufactured cloths.* 9. Ăd mi rā'tion, *wonder.* 10. Är'chi tĕct ūre, *plan of construction.* 10. Im pōş'ing, *impressive.* 10. Ôr'nate, *adorned.* 10. Me mĕn'to, *that which awakens memory.* 11. Ex tĕn'sion, *addition.* 11. €om mō'di oŭs, *suitable.* 13. Ĕd'i fĭçe, *building.* 13. Lux̱ ū'ri ant, *rich in growth.* 15. Ăp per tāin'ing, *belonging.* 17. Ĕx po şĭ'tion, *public exhibition or show.*

LXXIII.—*WHEN EACH SHALL BE TO EACH A BROTHER.*

By M. H. Cobb, born at Colebrook, Conn., in 1828, and at present Cashier of the United States Mint in Philadelphia. He was of the original staff of the "New York World," and later was employed upon the "Philadelphia Day." He is the author of a number of poems, some of which have been much admired.

1. There is an untold wealth of bliss
In hating little, loving much,
Until the heart that throbs amiss
Shall thrill at sorrow's every touch.
We love too little here below;
We know too little of each other;
But in the prime /
Of a coming time,
Each man shall be to each a brother.

2. Ambition, envy, greed, and pride,
The soul of man too much consume; /

Too few seek out life's darker side
With love its darkness to illume.
Too few are great in doing good,
As guides and helps to one another;
Few gaze away
To the coming day
When each shall be to each a brother.

3. We do not hear the angel feet
That fall beside us in Life's path;
Nor do we feel the hearts that beat
So near to ours. Existence hath
So much to share with greedy Self,
We grow oblivious of each other;
And thus delay
The coming day,
When each shall be to each a brother.

4. Kind words bear healing. Christ-like deeds
Are prayers, embodied forth to view.
Oh, speak! and heal the heart that bleeds!
Act! and the earth may bloom anew!
If earth hath *lost* one Eden-time,
Through love it yet may *win* another,
When man shall be
Unselfish, free,
And each shall be to each a brother.

Definitions.—1. Prīme, *earliest stage.* 2. Ȼon sūme′, *destroy* 2. Il lūme′, *brighten.* 3. Ob lĭv′i oŭs, *forgetful.*

COMMIT TO MEMORY.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons imparadise the night;
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land—*thy country*, and that spot—*thy home!*

LXXIV.—*NOBILITY.*

By Alice Cary, an American authoress, born near Cincinnati, Ohio, about 1820, died in New York in 1871. She first attracted attention by some sketches of rural life published in the "National Era" under the signature "Patty Lee." The "Poems of Alice and Phœbe Cary," of which about one-third were written by the latter, appeared in Philadelphia in 1849. The poems of Alice Cary are characterized by a rare naturalness and grace, while her prose is remarkable for its realistic character and beautiful descriptions of domestic life.

1. True worth is in being, not seeming,—
 In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in the dreaming
 Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in blindness,
 And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
 And nothing so royal as truth.

2. We get back our mete as we measure—
 We cannot do wrong and feel right;
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
 For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
 The bush for the robin and wren;
But alway the path that is narrow
 And straight, for the children of men.

3. 'T is not in the pages of story
 The heart of its ills to beguile,
Though he who makes courtship to Glory
 Gives all that he hath for her smile.
For when from her heights he has won her,
 Alas! it is only to prove
That nothing's so sacred as honor,
 And nothing so loyal as love!

4. We cannot make bargains for blisses,
 Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
And sometimes the thing our life misses,
 Helps more than the thing which it gets.

For good lieth not in pursuing,
Nor gaining of great nor of small,
But just in the doing; and doing
As we would be done by, is all.

5. Through envy, through malice, through hating,
Against the world early and late,
No jot of our courage abating—
Our part is to work and to wait.
And slight is the sting of his trouble
Whose winnings are less than his worth;
For he who is honest is noble,
Whatever his fortunes or birth.

Definitions.—2. Mēte, *measure.* 3. Be gūile′, *deceive.*

LXXV.—*WESTMINSTER ABBEY.*

By JOSEPH ADDISON, an English author, born at Milston, Wiltshire, 1672; died in Holland House, Kensington, 1719. He was educated at the Charter-House School, and at Queen's and Magdalen Colleges, Oxford; and was early noted for his elegant scholarship. His father, the Rev. Launcelot Addison, desired him to take orders in the church; but the age was one of too earnest political warfare to permit him to keep aloof from party strife. Through the friendship of Lord Somers, he obtained in 1699, a traveling pension of £300, by means of which he was enabled to visit France, Germany, and Italy. The death of William III. having removed his friends from power, he lost his pension, and returned to England in 1703. His sudden appearance in "The Tatler," started by his school friend Steele, in 1709, and its successor "The Spectator," as the most brilliant essayist of his time, was by no means a surprise to his friends. Upon his contributions to "The Spectator," his fame now chiefly rests. The death of Queen Anne having restored his friends to power, he again held office.

1. WHEN I am in a serious humor, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey, where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable.

2. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the churchyard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tomb-

stones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person but that he was born upon one day and died upon another,—the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances, that are common to all mankind.

3. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons; who had left no other memorial of themselves but that they were born, and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the battles of heroic poems, who have sounding names given them for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head.

4. Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave, and saw in every shovelful of it that was thrown up the fragment of a bone or skull, intermixed with a kind of fresh mouldering earth that some time or other had a place in the composition of a human body.

5. Upon this I began to consider with myself what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled among one another, and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

6. After having thus surveyed the great magazine of mortality, as it were, in the lump, I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs, that, if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him.

7. There are others so excessively modest that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew;

and by that means are not understood once in a twelve-month. In the poetical quarter, I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets. I observed, indeed, that the present war has filled the church with many of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were, perhaps, buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean.

8. I could not but be very much delighted with several modern epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and, therefore, do honor to the living as well as the dead. As a foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or politeness of a nation from the turn of their public monuments and inscriptions, they should be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius before they are put in execution.

9. But to return to our subject. I have left the repository of our English kings for the contemplation of another day, when I shall find my mind disposed for so serious an amusement. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations; but, for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy, and can, therefore, take a view of Nature in her deep and solemn scenes with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones.

10. By this means I can improve myself with those objects which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies within me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow.

11. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them; when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several

dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

Definitions.—1. Mĕl'an ȼhŏl y, *gloom of mind.* 2. Ȼlois'terş, *places for retirement from the world for religious duties.* 2. In scrĭp'tionş, *writings.* 3. Săt'īre, *ridicule.* 3. Me mō'ri al, *record.* 4. Ĭn ter mĭxed', *mixed together.* 4. Mōuld'er ing, *crumbling.* 5. Ȼa thē'dral, *principal church in which the bishop has his official chair or throne.* 5. Prĕb'end a rieş, *clergymen attached to a cathedral.* 5. Ŭn dis tĭn̲'guished, *unknown.* 5. Pro mĭs'ȼū oŭs, *confused.* 6. Măg a zïne', *receptacle in which anything is stored.* 6. Mor tăl'i ty, *death.* 6. Ex trăv'a gant, *wild.* 6. Ĕp'i tăph, *inscription on a monument.* 8. Fŏr'eign er, *person belonging to a foreign country.* 9. Re pŏş'i to ry, *place where the dead are deposited.* 11. De pōşed', *dethroned.* 11. Ȼŏm pe tĭ'tionş, *contests.* 11. Ȼon tĕm'po ra rieş, *persons appearing at the same time.*

LXXVI.—*THE DUEL BETWEEN HAMILTON AND BURR.*

By JAMES PARTON, born at Canterbury, England, Feb. 9, 1822, was brought to New York in early childhood; he was educated at the Academy of White Plains, where he became a teacher at the age of nineteen; afterwards he taught in Philadelphia and New York. His first literary employment was on the staff of the "Home Journal," New York, with which he was connected about three years. He married, in 1856, the well-known authoress, Fanny Fern. Among his works are biographies of "Horace Greeley" (1854), "Aaron Burr" (1857), "Andrew Jackson" (1860), "Famous Americans" (1870). From his "Life of Aaron Burr," we take the following.

1. FEW of the present generation have stood upon the spot which was formerly one of the places that strangers were sure to visit on coming to the city, and which the events of this day rendered forever memorable. Two miles and a half above the city of Hoboken, the heights of Weehawken rise, in the picturesque form so familiar to New Yorkers, to an elevation of a hundred and fifty feet above the Hudson.

2. These heights are rocky, very steep, and covered with

small trees and tangled bushes. Under the heights, at a point half a mile from where they begin, there is, twenty feet above the water, a grassy ledge or shelf, about six feet wide, and eleven paces long. This was the fatal spot.

3. Except that it is slightly encumbered with underbrush, it is, at this hour, precisely what it was on the 11th of July, 1804. There is an old cedar-tree at the side, a little out of range, which must have looked then very much as it does now. The large rocks which partly hem in the place are, of course, unchanged, except that they are decorated with the initials of former visitors. One large rock, breast-high, narrows the hollow in which Hamilton stood to four feet or less.

4. A short distance above the ground, lived a fine-hearted old Captain, who, if he got scent of a duel, would rush to the place, throw himself between the combatants, and never give over persuading and threatening till he had established a peace or a truce between them. He was the owner of the ground, and spoke with authority. He never ceased to think that, if, on this fatal morning, he had observed the approach of the boats, he could have prevented the subsequent catastrophe.

5. But for the very purpose of preventing suspicion, it had been arranged that Colonel Burr's boat should arrive some time before the other. About half-past six, Burr and Van Ness landed, and leaving their boat a few yards down the river, ascended over the rocks to the appointed place. It was a warm, bright, July morning.

6. The sun looks down, directly after rising, upon the Weehawken heights, and it was for that reason that the two men removed their coats before the arrival of the other party. There they stood carelessly breaking away the branches of the underwood, and looking out upon as fair, as various, as animated, as beautiful a scene, as mortal eyes in this beautiful world ever beheld.

7. The haze-crowned city; the bright, broad, flashing, tranquil river; the long reach of waters, twelve miles or more, down to the Narrows; the vessels at anchor in the harbor;

misty, blue Staten Island, swelling up in superb contour from the lower bay; the verdant flowery heights around; the opposite shore of the river, then dark with forest, or bright with sloping lawn; and, to complete the picture, that remarkably picturesque promontory called Castle Point, that bends out far into the stream, a mile below Weehawken, and adds a peculiar beauty to the foreground;—all these combine to form a view, one glance at which *ought* to have sent shame and horror to the duelist's heart, that so much as the thought of closing a human being's eyes forever on so much loveliness, had ever lived a moment in his bosom.

8. Hamilton's boat was seen to approach. A few minutes before seven it touched the rocks, and Hamilton and his second ascended. The principals and seconds exchanged the usual salutations, and the seconds proceeded immediately to make the usual preparations. They measured ten full paces; then cast lots for the choice of position, and to decide who should give the word.

9. The lot, in both cases, fell to General Hamilton's second, who chose the *upper* end of the ledge for his principal, which at that hour of the day, could not have been the best, for the reason that the morning sun and the flashing of the river would both interfere with the sight. The pistols were then loaded and the principals placed, Hamilton looking over the river toward the city, and Burr turned toward the heights, under which they stood. As Pendleton gave Hamilton his pistol, he asked,

10. "Will you have the hair-spring set?"

11. "*Not this time,*" was the quiet reply.

12. Pendleton then explained to both principals the rules which had been agreed upon with regard to the firing; after the word *present*, they were to fire as soon as they pleased. The seconds then withdrew to the usual distance.

13. "Are you ready?" said Pendleton.

14. Both answered in the affirmative. A moment's pause ensued. The word was given. Burr raised his pistol, took

aim, and fired. Hamilton sprang upon his toes with a convulsive movement, reeled a little toward the heights, at which moment he involuntarily discharged his pistol, and then fell forward headlong upon his face, and remained motionless on the ground. His ball rustled among the branches, seven feet above the head of his antagonist, and four feet wide of him.

15. Burr heard it, looked up, and saw where it had severed a twig. Looking at Hamilton, he beheld him falling, and sprang toward him with an expression of pain upon his face. But at the report of the pistols, Dr. Hosack, Mr. Davis, and the boatman hurried anxiously up the rocks to the scene of the duel; and Van Ness, with presence of mind, seized Burr, shielded him from observation with an umbrella, and urged him down the steep to the boat.

Definitions.—1. Mĕm'o ra ble, *worthy to be remembered.* 1. Pĭȼt ūr ĕsque', *fitted to form a pleasing picture.* 3. En ȼŭm'-bered, *loaded, grown over.* 3. In ĭ'tialş, *first letters of names.* 4. Sçĕnt, *knowledge.* 4. Tr̤uçe, *temporary cessation.* 4. Sŭb'-se quent, *succeeding.* 4. Ȼa tăs'tro phe, *calamity.* 7. Hāze'-ȼrowned, *covered with vapor.* 7. Su pẽrb', *grand.* 7. Ȼon-to̤ur', *outline.* 7. Prŏm'on to ry, *high point of land projecting into the sea.* 10. Hâir'-sprĭng, *delicate spring.* 14. Ȼon vŭl'-sĭve, *spasmodic.* 14. In vŏl'un ta ri ly, *not from choice.* 14. An tăg'o nĭst, *opponent.*

Notes.—Alexander Hamilton, an illustrious American statesman, born Jan. 11, 1757, died in New York, July 12, 1804. He was the intimate friend of Gen. Washington during the Revolutionary War; and, when Washington assumed the Presidency in 1789, he appointed Hamilton Secretary of the Treasury. His untimely death was profoundly and very generally lamented. Talleyrand once said that he had known nearly all the marked men of his time, but had never known one, on the whole, equal to Hamilton.

Aaron Burr, an American politician, born in 1756, died in 1836. In 1804, he presented himself as a candidate for the office of Governor of New York; but was defeated, partly by the agency of General Hamilton, whom with slight provocation he challenged and killed in a duel in July, 1804. This act excited such a storm of popular indignation that he found it expedient to absent himself from the State. In 1808, he went to Europe, where he passed several years in poverty; and in 1812, returned and resumed the practice of law in New York, but he could never recover his former standing.

LXXVII.—*THE FAIREST LAND.*

BY JOEL BENTON.

1. "Traveler, by the camel's side,
You who wander far and wide,
Tell me,—since you yearly go
Where the sweetest roses blow,
And, through vales of corn and vine,
Where the softest rivers shine,—
Tell me on what silver strand
You have found the fairest land."

2. He replied: "'Tis near and far,
'Tis where love and friendship are;
Though a desert on its face,
Though it be of little space,
Where our friends and loved ones stand,
That I call the fairest land."

LXXVIII.—*A CHILD TIRED OF PLAY.*

By Nathaniel P. Willis, an American poet and miscellaneous writer, born at Portland, Maine, in 1806, died at Idlewild, N. Y., in 1867. He graduated at Yale College in 1827, and was soon after employed by S. G. Goodrich, since widely known as "Peter Parley," to edit the "Legendary" and the "Token." About 1831, he visited various parts of Europe, as one of the attachés of Mr. Rives, American Minister at Paris. He published in England "Pencillings by the Way" (1835), and "Inklings of Adventure" (1836), both republished in the United States. These works were followed by "Loiterings of Travel," "Letters from under a Bridge," "Dashes at Life with a Free Pencil," and "Famous Persons and Places." In 1846, he associated himself with G. P. Morris as editor of the "Home Journal" published in New York.

1. Tired of play! Tired of play!
What hast thou done this livelong day?
The birds are silent, and so is the bee;
The sun is creeping up steeple and tree;
The doves have flown to the sheltering eaves,
And the nests are dark with the drooping leaves;

Twilight gathers, and day is done—
How hast thou spent it,—restless one?

2. Playing? But what hast thou done beside
To tell thy mother at eventide?
What promise of morn is left unbroken?
What kind word to thy playmate spoken?
Whom hast thou pitied, and whom forgiven?
How with thy faults has duty striven?
What hast thou learn'd by field and hill,
By greenwood path, and by singing rill?

3. There will come an eve to a longer day,
That will find thee tired—but not of play!
And thou wilt lean, as thou leanest now,
With drooping limbs and aching brow,
And wish the shadows would faster creep,
And long to go to thy quiet sleep.
Well were it then if thine aching brow
Were as free from sin and shame as now!
Well for thee, if thy lip could tell
A tale like this, of a day spent well.

4. If thine open hand hath relieved distress—
If thy pity hath sprung to wretchedness—
If thou hast forgiven the sore offence,
And humbled thy heart with penitence—
If Nature's voices have spoken to thee
With her holy meanings eloquently—
If every creature hath won thy love,
From the creeping worm to the brooding dove—
If never a sad, low spoken word
Hath plead with thy human heart unheard—
Then, when the night steals on, as now,
It will bring relief to thine aching brow;
And, with joy and peace at the thought of rest,
Thou wilt sink to sleep on thy mother's breast.

Definitions.—1. Lĭve'lŏng, *lasting.* 2. Strĭv'en, *struggled.* 4. Re liēved', *eased.* 4. Wrĕtch'ed ness, *extreme misery.* 4. Pĕn'i tençe, *repentance.* 4. Ĕl'o quent ly, *in a manner to please.*

LXXIX.—*BOYISH SCENES AND RECOLLECTIONS.*

By William Cobbett, an English political writer, born at Farnham, in Surrey, 1762, died near Farnham in 1835. By his "Rural Rides," "Cottage Economy," "Advice to Young Men and Women," "The Emigrant's Guide," his "Political Register," and other works, he is justly entitled to be remembered among the miscellaneous writers of England. He served as a soldier in British America, and rose to be sergeant-major. In 1832, he was elected to Parliament for the borough of Oldham; but he was not successful as a public speaker. As an author he stands very high. Southey declared that there never was a better or more forcible English writer.

1. I went to-day to see the house I formerly occupied. How small! It is always thus; the words large and small are carried about with us in our minds, and we forget real dimensions. The idea, such as it was received, remains during our absence from the object.

2. When I returned to England in 1800, after an absence of sixteen years from the country parts of it, the trees, the hedges, even the parks and woods, seemed so small! It made me laugh to hear little gutters that I could jump over called rivers! The Thames was but a "creek!" But when, in about a month after my arrival in London, I went to Farnham, the place of my birth, what was my surprise! Everything had become so pitifully small!

3. I had to cross in my post-chaise, the long and dreary heath of Bagshot; then, at the end of it, to mount a hill called Hungry Hill; and from that hill I knew that I should look down into the beautiful and fertile vale of Farnham. My heart fluttered with impatience, mixed with a sort of fear, to see all the scenes of my childhood; for I had learned before of the death of my father and mother.

4. There is a hill not far from the town, called Crooksbury Hill, which rises up out of a flat, in the form of a cone, and is planted with Scotch fir-trees Here I used to take the eggs

and the young ones of crows and magpies. This hill was a famous object in the neighborhood. It served as the superlative degree of height. "As high as Crooksbury Hill," meant with us the utmost degree of height.

5. Therefore the first object that my eyes sought was this hill. I could not believe my eyes! Literally speaking, I, for a moment, thought the famous hill removed, and a little heap put in its stead; for I had seen in New Brunswick a single rock, or hill of solid rock, ten times as big, and four or five times as high!

6. The post-boy, going down-hill and not a bad road, whisked me in a few minutes to the Bush Inn, from the garden of which I could see the prodigious sand-hill where I had begun my gardening works. What a nothing! But now came rushing into my mind all at once my pretty little garden, my little blue smock-frock, my little nailed shoes, my pretty pigeons that I used to feed out of my hands, the last kind words and tears of my gentle, tender-hearted, and affectionate mother!

7. I hastened back into the room. If I had looked a moment longer, I should have dropped. When I came to reflect, what a change! I looked down at my dress. What a change! What scenes I had gone through! How altered my state! I had dined the day before at a secretary of state's in company with Mr. Pitt, and had been waited upon by men in gaudy liveries!

8. I had had nobody to assist me in the world; no teachers of any sort. Nobody to shelter me from the consequence of bad, and no one to counsel me to good behavior. I felt proud. The distinctions of rank, birth, and wealth all became nothing in my eyes; and from that moment—less than a month after my arrival in England—I resolved never to bend before them.

Definitions.—2. Hĕdġ′eş, *fences of thorn-bụshes.* 3. Pōst′-çhāişe, (shāz,) *four-wheeled carriage.* 3. Hēath, *place over-*

grown with heath (shrub used in Great Britain for brooms, thatch, beds for the poor, and for heating ovens). 4. Ȼōne, *solid body having a circular base, and its top terminating in a point.* 4. Măg′pīeş, *birds common in Europe.* 4. Su pẽr′la tĭve, *supreme.* 6. Whĭsked, *moved swiftly.* 6. Pro dĭġ′ioŭs, *huge.* 6. Smŏck′-frŏck, *coarse, linen frock or shirt, worn over the coat by farm laborers.* 7. Lĭv′er ieş, *gowns worn by livery-men in London.* 8. Ȼŏn′se quen çeş, *results.*

Note.—WILLIAM PITT, Earl of Chatham, an illustrious English statesman, born in 1708, died in 1778.

LXXX.—*A BUFFALO HUNT.*

By WASHINGTON IRVING, a distinguished American author, born in New York, 1783, died at Sunnyside, near Tarrytown, N. Y., Nov., 1859. He left school in his 16th year, and began the study of law. But his passion was for literature; and, in 1802, he commenced in the "Morning Chronicle" a series of papers on dramatic and social subjects and local occurrences, under the signature of "Jonathan Oldstyle." In 1807, with his brother William and James K. Paulding, he started a serial entitled "Salmagundi." Its local allusions, personal hits, and constant vein of humor gave it immediate success. In 1809, he published "Knickerbocker's History of New York." In 1815, he sailed for Europe, where he remained for a number of years, during which time he wrote many of his works. For an easy elegance of style, he has no superior, perhaps no equal, among the prose writers of America. He was never married.

1. To one unaccustomed to it, there is something inexpressibly lonely in the solitude of a prairie. The loneliness of a forest seems nothing to it. There the view is shut in by trees, and the imagination is left free to picture some livelier scene beyond.

2. But here we have an immense extent of landscape without a sign of human existence. We have the consciousness of being far beyond the bounds of human habitation; we feel as if moving in the midst of a desert world. As my horse lagged slowly back over the scenes of our late scamper, and the delirium of the chase had passed away, I was peculiarly sensible to these circumstances.

3. The silence of the waste was now and then broken by the cry of a distant flock of pelicans, stalking like specters about

a shallow pool; sometimes by the sinister croaking of a raven in the air; while occasionally a scoundrel wolf would scour off from before me, and, having attained a safe distance, would sit down, and howl and whine with tones that gave a dreariness to the surrounding solitude.

4. We determined not to seek the camp until we had made one more effort. Casting our eyes about the surrounding waste, we descried a herd of buffalo about two miles distant, scattered apart, and quietly grazing near a small strip of trees and bushes. It required only a little stretch of fancy to picture them so many cattle grazing on the edge of a common, and that the grove might shelter some lowly farm-house.

5. We now formed our plan to circumvent the herd, and by getting on the other side of them, to hunt them in the direction where we knew our camp to be situated; otherwise the pursuit might take us to such a distance as to render it impossible to find our way back before nightfall.

6. Taking a wide circuit therefore, we moved slowly and cautiously, pausing occasionally when we saw any of the herd desist from grazing. The wind fortunately set from them; otherwise they might have scented us and have taken alarm.

7. In this way we succeeded in getting round the herd without disturbing it. It consisted of about forty head. Separating to some distance from each other, we now approached slowly in a parallel line, hoping by degrees to steal near without exciting attention.

8. They began, however, to move off quietly, stopping at every step or two to graze. We were still at a considerable distance, but the game had taken the alarm. We quickened our pace; they broke into a gallop; and now commenced a full chase.

9. As the ground was level, they shouldered along with great speed, following each other in a line. There is a mixture of the awful and the comic in the look of these animals, as they bear their great bulk forwards, with an up and down motion of the unwieldy head and shoulders; the end of their tails

whisking about in a fierce yet whimsical style, and their eyes glaring venomously with an expression of fright and fury.

10. For some time I kept parallel with the line, without being able to force my horse within pistol-shot, so much had he been alarmed by the assault of the buffalo in a preceding chase. At length I succeeded, but was again balked by my pistol's missing fire.

11. My companions, whose horses were less fleet and more wayworn, could not overtake the herd; at length Mr. L., who was in the rear of the line, and losing ground, leveled his double-barreled gun and fired a long raking shot. It struck a buffalo just above the loins, broke its backbone, and brought it to the ground.

12. He stopped and alighted to dispatch his prey, when, borrowing his gun, which had yet a charge remaining in it, I put my horse to his speed, again overtook the herd which was thundering along pursued by the Count.

13. With my present weapon there was no need of urging my horse to such close quarters; galloping along parallel therefore, I singled out a buffalo, and, by a fortunate shot, brought it down on the spot. The ball had struck a vital part; it could not move from the place where it fell, but lay there struggling in mortal agony, while the rest of the herd kept on their headlong career across the prairie.

14. Dismounting, I now fettered my horse to prevent his straying, and advanced to contemplate my victim. I am nothing of a sportsman. I had been prompted to this unwonted exploit by the magnitude of the game, and the excitement of an adventurous chase. Now that the excitement was over, I could not but look with commiseration upon the poor animal that lay struggling and bleeding at my feet.

15. His very size and importance, which had before inspired me with eagerness, now increased my compunction. It seemed that I had inflicted pain in proportion to the bulk of my victim; and as if there were a hundred-fold greater waste of life than there would have been in the destruction of an animal of inferior size.

Definitions.—1. Ĭn ex prĕss′i bly, *unspeakably.* 2. Lănd′-sꞓāpe, *portion of land which the eye can comprehend at one view.* 2. Sꞓăm′per, *hasty flight.* 2. De lĭr′i ŭm, *strong excitement.* 2. Pe ꞓūl′iar ly, *unusually.* 3. Pĕl′i ꞓanş, *web-footed water fowls, larger than swans.* 3. Spĕc′terş, *ghosts.* 3. Sꞓour, *run with haste.* 3. Sŏl′i tūde, *loneliness.* 4. De sꞓrīed′, *recognized.* 4. Grāz′ing, *eating grass.* 5. Çĩr ꞓum vĕnt′, *surround.* 9. Shōul′-dered, *crowded, pushed.* 9. Whĭm′şi ꞓal, *freakish.* 9. Vĕn′-om oŭs ly, *spitefully.* 10. Ba̤lked, *baffled.* 11. Rāk′ing, *in the direction of the length of the herd.* 14. Fĕt′tered, *confined with a chain to the feet.* 14. Ꞓom mĭş er ā′tion, *sympathy.* 15. Ꞓom-pŭn̲c′tion, remorse.

Note.—BUFFALO, more properly called Bison, a wild animal resembling somewhat the ox. It roams over the prairies of the far West.

LXXXI.—*A MAY-TIME WISH.*

By **Edward Capern**, originally a postman at Biddeford, England. His charming lyrics obtained for him—not so soon as they should have done—some small recognition in the shape of a Government pension; and he has since been enabled to relinquish the severe daily labor, in which his ardent love of nature must have been a support and consolation.

1. I would the world could see thee as I behold thee, May,
With eyes like sapphires gleaming through the orchards by the way;
With the campion and the crowfoot on thy daisy-jewel'd vest,
And a wreath of apple-blossoms dropping down upon thy breast.

2. I would all eyes could see thee as I behold thee now,
With the woodruff, and the bluebell, and the lily on thy brow;
With thy kirtle richly purpled with the gorse's golden boss,
And the orchis and the violet, the primrose and the moss.

3. I would all ears could listen to thy merry-making, May,—
Could listen as I listen to thy happy roundelay;
Then a louder song would greet us from thy orchestra of leaves,
For fewer birds would break their hearts because of little thieves.

4. A form of life and beauty, I see thee, lovely May,
Breathing balm upon the meadows from each sweetly-scented spray;
From the lilac and the hawthorn, and the furze upon the down,
And the wall-flower by the wayside in its dress of cottage brown.

5. Would you see her as I see her, you must be where I have been,
Where the oak-tree, and the elm-tree, and the beechen-tree, are seen;

Where the bright and silver poplars in their leafy beauty
shine,
And the bees are quaffing deeply from their chalices of
wine.

6. You must linger, as I linger, in the shadow of each nook,
You must listen, as I listen, to the prattle of the brook;
You must woo her, as I woo her, with a bosom full of love,
And the maid will stand before you like a vision from
above.

Definitions.—1. C̶ăm'pi on, *plant bearing poisonous berries.* 1. C̶rōw'fo͝ot, *flowering plant.* 2. Wo͝od'rŭff, *kind of plant.* 2. Blūe'bĕll, *plant bearing blue, bell-shaped flowers.* 2. Kĩr'tle, *mantle.* 2. Gôrse, *thick, prickly shrub, bearing yellow flowers in winter.* 2. Bŏss, *tuft, bunch.* 2. Ôr'c̶his, *kind of plant bearing flowers which are usually fragrant, of great beauty and singular in form.* 2. Prĭm'rōs̱e, *early flowering plant, closely allied to the cowslip, of several varieties, as the white, the red, the yellow-flowered.* 3. Round'e lāy, *sort of ancient poem, song.* 3. Ôr'c̶hes trȧ, *band of musicians.* 4. Sprāy, *small branch.* 4. Lī'lac̶, *sort of shrub, bearing fragrant, purple or white flowers.* 4. Ha̤w'thôrn, *shrub or tree having deeply-lobed, shining leaves, small, rose-like, fragrant flowers, and a fruit called* haw. *It is much used in Europe for hedges.* 4. Fûrze, *thorny evergreen shrub with beautiful yellow flowers, very common upon the plains and hills of Great Britain.* 4. Down, *hill.* 5. Quȧff'ing, *drinking.* 5. Chăl'i çe̱s, *cups.* 6. No͞ok, *secluded place.*

LXXXII.—*CAPTURE OF THE INCA.*

By William Hickling Prescott, an eminent American historian, born at Salem, Mass., 1796, died in Boston, 1859. He graduated at Harvard College in 1814. In the last year of his student life, a classmate playfully threw at him a crust of bread, which struck one of his eyes, inflicting an injury which deprived the eye of sight, except so much as enabled him to distinguish light from darkness. Excessive use of the other eye brought on a severe inflammation, which deprived him entirely of sight for some weeks, and left the eye too weak and irritable to be employed in reading for several years. In 1815, he went on a visit to Europe, and traveled in England, France, and Italy. On his return to Boston after an absence of two years, he married and settled for life in his father's family. In 1821, he commenced a systematic course of reading, (by the ear,) which was to embrace the works of the best English prose writers, and, afterwards, the best productions of the literature of France and Italy. In 1826, he decided to write the "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," which eleven years later, was published simultaneously in Boston and London. Among his subsequent works are "Conquest of Mexico," "Conquest of Peru," and "History of the Reign of Philip II. of Spain." As a historian Mr. Prescott's merits are of the very highest order.

1. PIZARRO saw that the hour had come. He waved a white scarf in the air, the appointed signal. The fatal gun was fired from the fortress. Then springing into the square, the Spanish captain and his followers shouted the old war-cry of "St. Jago and at them!"

2. It was answered by the battle-cry of every Spaniard in the city, as, rushing from the avenues of the great halls in which they were concealed, they poured into the plaza, horse and foot, each in his own dark column, and threw themselves into the midst of the Indian crowd.

3. The latter, taken by surprise, stunned by the report of artillery and muskets, the echoes of which reverberated like thunder from the surrounding buildings, and blinded by the smoke which rolled in sulphurous volumes along the square, were seized with a panic.

4. They knew not whither to fly for refuge from the coming ruin. Nobles and commoners—all were trampled down under the fierce charge of the cavalry, who dealt their blows right and left, without sparing; while their swords, flashing through the thick gloom, carried dismay into the hearts of the wretched natives, who now, for the first time, saw the horse and his rider in all their terrors. They made no resistance—as, indeed, they had no weapons with which to make it.

5. Every avenue to escape was closed, for the entrance to the square was choked up with the dead bodies of men who had perished in vain efforts to fly; and such was the agony of the survivors under the terrible pressure of their assailants, that a large body of Indians, by their convulsive struggles,

burst through the wall of stone and dried clay which formed part of the boundary of the plaza!

6. It fell, leaving an opening of more than a hundred paces, through which multitudes now found their way into the country, still hotly pursued by the cavalry, who, leaping the fallen rubbish, hung on the rear of the fugitives, striking them down in all directions.

7. Meanwhile the fight, or rather massacre, continued hot around the Inca, whose person was the great object of the assault. His faithful nobles, rallying about him, threw themselves in the way of the assailants, and strove, by tearing them from their saddles, or, at least, by offering their own bosoms as a mark for their vengeance, to shield their beloved master.

8. It is said by some authorities that they carried weapons concealed under their clothes. If so, it availed them little, as it is not pretended that they used them. But the most timid animal will defend itself when at bay. That they did not do so in the present instance is proof that they had no weapons to use. Yet they still continued to force back the cavaliers, clinging to their horses with dying grasp, and as one was cut down, another taking the place of his fallen comrade with a loyalty truly affecting.

9. The Indian monarch, stunned and bewildered, saw his faithful subjects falling round him without hardly comprehending his situation. The litter on which he rode heaved to and fro, as the mighty press swayed backwards and forwards; and he gazed on the overwhelming ruin, like some forlorn mariner, who, tossed about in his bark by the furious elements, sees the lightning's flash, and hears the thunder bursting around him, with the consciousness that he can do nothing to avert his fate.

10. At length, weary with the work of destruction, the Spaniards, as the shades of evening grew deeper, felt afraid that the royal prize might, after all, elude them; and some of the cavaliers made a desperate attempt to end the affray at once by taking Atahuallpa's (ä tä hwäl'pä) life. But Pizarro,

who was nearest his person, called out with stentorian voice, "Let no one who values his life strike at the Inca;" and, stretching out his arm to shield him, received a wound on the hand from one of his own men,—the only wound received by a Spaniard in the action.

11. The struggle now became fiercer than ever round the royal litter. It reeled more and more, and, at length, several of the nobles who supported it having been slain, it was overturned, and the Indian prince would have come with violence to the ground, had not his fall been broken by the efforts of Pizarro and some other of the cavaliers, who caught him in their arms.

12. All attempt at resistance now ceased. The fate of the Inca soon spread over town and country. The charm which might have held the Peruvians together was dissolved. Every man thought only of his own safety. Even the soldiery encamped on the adjacent fields took the alarm, and, learning the fatal tidings, were seen flying in every direction before their pursuers, who, in the heat of triumph, showed no touch of mercy. At length night, more pitiful than man, threw her friendly mantle over the fugitives, and the scattered troops of Pizarro rallied once more at the sound of the trumpet in the bloody square of Caxamalca.

Definitions.—1. Fôr′tress, *fort.* 2. Plä′za (thä), *public square.* 3. Ar tĭl′ler y, *cannon.* 3. Re vẽr′ber ā ted, *resounded.* 3. Sŭl′phur oŭs, *having the qualities of sulphur.* 3. Păn′ic, *sudden fright.* 4. Ȼăv′al ry, *troops on horseback.* 5. As sāil′ants, *those attacking.* 6. Fū′ġi tĭveş, *those fleeing from danger.* 7. Măs′sa ȼre, *slaughter.* 8. Ȼăv a liērş′, *men on horseback.* 9. Lĭt′ter, *couch, bed.* 9. Ō ver whĕlm′ing, *crushing.* 10. E lūde′, *baffle.* 10. Sten tō′ri ȧn, *extremely loud.*

Notes.—PIZARRO, the conqueror of Peru, was born in Spain, about 1475, and was assassinated at Lima, Peru, in 1541. "His name," says Prescott, "became a by-word of perfidy."

ATAHUALLPA, the last Inca, or king of Peru, died in 1533. He had opened negotiations with Pizarro, and an interview was arranged which Atahuallpa attended. It was at this interview he was seized, and afterwards imprisoned, then condemned and put to death by order of Pizarro. See Prescott's "Conquest of Peru," Vol. I.

LXXXIII.—*PARK'S ILL-TREATMENT BY THE MOORS.*

1. "ALL this," says Park, "was like a stroke of thunder to me, for I dreaded nothing so much as confinement again among the Moors." He resolved to set off at once, and tried, but without success, to persuade Johnson to accompany him. In the night he got ready his clothes, which consisted of two shirts, two pairs of trousers, two pocket-handkerchiefs, an upper and under waistcoat, and a pair of half-boots.

2. At daybreak, Johnson, who had been listening to the Moors all night, came and whispered to him that they were all asleep. "The awful crisis," he says, "had now arrived when I was again either to taste the blessing of freedom or languish out my days in captivity. A cold sweat moistened my forehead as I thought on the dreadful alternative, and reflected that, one way or the other, my fate must be decided in the course of the ensuing day. But to deliberate was to lose the only chance of escaping.

3. "So, taking up my bundle, I stepped gently over the negroes, who were sleeping in the open air, and, having mounted my horse, I bade Johnson farewell, desiring him to take particular care of the papers I had intrusted to him, and inform my friends in Gambia that he had left me in good health on my way to Bambarra."

4. At a short distance from the town he heard somebody halloo behind him, and, looking back, he saw three Moors coming after him at full speed. Knowing escape to be impossible, he turned to meet them, and received the dreaded intimation that he must go back to Ali. Despair had almost benumbed his faculties, and he followed his captors with apparent unconcern.

5. After riding some distance, he was ordered to untie his bundle and show the contents; there was nothing worth taking but his cloak, which one of the marauders wrapped about himself. This cloak, however, was greatly needed by our un-

fortunate traveler, to shelter him from the rains by day, and the mosquitoes by night; and he earnestly begged to have it returned. But the Moors then rode off, telling him that he must proceed no farther with them; a pleasing injunction even in such distress.

6. Congratulating himself upon having escaped with his life, Park turned his horse's head once more toward the east, and, soon regaining the path from which he had been taken, entered upon the desolate wilderness. "It is impossible," he says, "to describe the joy that arose in my mind when I looked around, and concluded that I was out of danger.

7. "I felt like one recovered from sickness; I breathed freer; I found unusual lightness in my limbs; even the desert looked pleasant; and I dreaded nothing so much as falling in with some wandering parties of Moors, who might convey me back to the land of thieves and murderers from which I had just escaped."

8. But he soon became sensible that his situation was in reality deplorable; not a single bead, nor any other article of value, wherewith he might purchase food, remained in his possession, and he was crossing a sandy wilderness without water, under an African sun in July. A little after noon he became faint with thirst, and climbed a tree in the hope of descrying some sign of a human habitation; but all around him were hillocks of white sand and thick under-wood.

9. In the afternoon he came upon a large herd of goats, tended by two Moorish boys, who showed him their empty skins, and told him they could find no water. His thirst now became insufferable; his mouth and throat were parched and inflamed; to relieve the burning pain he chewed the leaves of different shrubs, but found them all bitter and of no service to him. A little before sunset he climbed a high tree, and cast a melancholy look over the barren wilderness; the same dismal uniformity of shrubs and sand everywhere presented itself, and the horizon was as level and uninterrupted as that of the sea.

10. "Descending from the tree," he says, "I found my horse devouring the stubble and brush-wood with great avidity; and as I was now too faint to attempt walking, and my horse too fatigued to carry me, I thought it but an act of humanity, and perhaps the last I should have it in my power to perform, to take off his bridle and let him shift for himself; in doing which, I was suddenly affected with sickness and giddiness, and, falling upon the sand, felt as if the hour of death was fast approaching.

11. "'Here then,' thought I, 'after a short but ineffectual struggle, terminate all my hopes of being useful in my day and generation. Here must my short span of life come to an end.' I cast (as I believed) a last look on the surrounding scene, and while I reflected on the awful change that was about to take place, this world and its enjoyments seemed to vanish from my recollection. Nature, however, at length resumed its functions; and on recovering my senses, I found myself stretched upon the sand, with the bridle still in my hand, and the sun just sinking behind the trees. I now summoned all my resolution, and determined to make another effort to prolong my existence."

12. The evening was cool; and in about an hour he perceived lightning in the northeast; "a delightful sign, for it promised rain." In less than another hour he heard the wind roaring among the bushes, and had already opened his mouth to receive the refreshing drops which he expected, when a cloud of sand was driven forcibly against him, and he was obliged to mount his horse and stop under a bush to avoid being suffocated.

13. Resuming his journey, he beheld, about ten o'clock, some very vivid flashes of lightning, which were followed by a few heavy drops of rain; in a little time the sand ceased to fly, and alighting, he spread out all his clean clothes. For more than an hour it rained plentifully, "and I quenched my thirst," he says, "by wringing and sucking my clothes."

14. The night was very dark; but, till past midnight, the

flashes of lightning enabled him to direct his course by the compass. He was then under the necessity of groping along, "to the no small danger of his hands and eyes." About two o'clock his horse started, and, looking round, he saw a light at a short distance among the trees. Advancing cautiously, he heard, by the lowing of the cattle, and the clamorous tongues of the herdsmen, that it was a watering-place, belonging most likely to the Moors.

15. "Delightful," he says, "as the sound of the human voice was to me, I resolved once more to strike into the woods, and rather run the risk of perishing of hunger than trust myself again in their hands; but, being still thirsty, and dreading the approach of the burning day, I thought it prudent to search for the wells, which I expected to find at no great distance. In this pursuit, I inadvertently approached so near to one of the tents as to be perceived by a woman, who immediately screamed out. Two people came running to her assistance from some of the neighboring tents, and passed so very near to me that I thought I was discovered, and hastened again into the woods."

16. A mile farther on, he heard a loud and confused noise on his right; it proved to be the croaking of frogs, "heavenly music," as he styles it, to his ears. Following the sound, he reached, at daybreak, some shallow muddy pools, so full of frogs that it was difficult to discern the water; to keep the reptiles quiet till his horse had drunk, he was obliged to beat the water with a branch. When he had quenched his thirst he climbed a tree, and saw a pillar of smoke about twelve or fourteen miles distant, in the direction of his journey. Proceeding toward it, he reached, about eleven o'clock, a village belonging to his dreaded oppressor Ali. He rode up to a house, and was refused both shelter and food.

17. "Knowing that in Africa, as well as in Europe, hospitality does not always prefer the highest dwellings," he went toward some low, scattered huts without the walls. At the door of one of these humble dwellings sat an old, motherly-

looking woman spinning cotton. "I made signs to her," says Park, "that I was hungry, and inquired if she had any victuals with her in the hut. She immediately laid down her distaff, and desired me, in Arabic, to come in.

18. "When I had seated myself upon the floor, she set before me a dish of victuals that had been left the preceding night, of which I made a tolerable meal; and, in return for this kindness, I gave her one of my pocket-handkerchiefs, begging, at the same time, a little corn for my horse, which she readily brought me. Overcome with joy at this unexpected deliverance, I lifted my eyes to heaven, and, while my heart swelled with gratitude, I returned thanks to that gracious and bountiful Being whose power had supported me through so many dangers, and now had spread for me a table in the wilderness."

Definitions.—2. Al tẽr′na tĭve, *choice of two things.* 2. Re-flĕct′ed, *considered.* 5. Ma ra̤ud′ẽrş, *plunderers.* 5. In jŭn̲c′tion, *command.* 8. De plōr′a ble, *wretched.* 8. De scrȳ′ing, *seeing.* 9. Skĭnş, *vessels made of the skins of animals for holding water.* 9. In sŭf′fer a ble, *not to be endured.* 9. Mĕl′an-ȼhŏl y, *gloomy.* 10. A vĭd′i ty, *eagerness.* 11. Ĭn ef fĕct′ū al, *weak.* 11. Fŭn̲c′tions, *powers.* 12. Sŭf′fo ȼā ted, *choked.* 14. Lōw′ing, *bellowing noise.* 15. Ĭn ad vẽrt′ent ly, *carelessly.* 17. Hŏs pi tăl′i ty, *kind treatment of strangers.*

Notes.—MOORS, inhabitants of a kingdom in western Africa, on the borders of the Sahara.

JOHNSON, an African negro who accompanied Mungo Park as an interpreter.

MUNGO PARK was born in Scotland in 1771, and was killed in Africa, probably, in the early part of 1806. He sailed from Portsmouth, England, on his first voyage for the exploration of the river Niger in May, 1795, and after a long series of sufferings and robberies, landed at Falmouth in Dec. 1797. In 1805, he undertook a second journey to the Niger, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Mr. Anderson, thirty-four soldiers, two sailors, and four carpenters. Before they reached the Niger, twenty-eight of the soldiers and three of the carpenters had died. Park and his few remaining companions were killed by the natives, while floating down the Niger in a canoe.

ALI, a title applied to the governor or chief ruler of the Moors.

LXXXIV.—*SONG OF A FELLOW-WORKER.*

BY ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

1. I FOUND a fellow-worker when I deemed I toiled alone;
My toil was fashioning thought and sound, and his was hewing stone;
I worked in the palace of my brain, he in the common street,
And it seemed his toil was great and hard, while mine was great and sweet.

2. I said, "O fellow-worker, yea, for I am a worker too,
The heart nigh fails me many a day, but how is it with you?
For while I toil great tears of joy will sometimes fill my eyes,
And when I form my perfect work it lives and never dies.

3. "I carve the marble of pure thought until the thought takes form,
Until it gleams before my soul and makes the world grow warm;
Until there comes the glorious voice and words that seem divine,
And the music reaches all men's hearts and draws them into mine.

4. "And yet for days it seems my heart shall blossom never more,
And the burden of my loneliness lies on me very sore:
Therefore, O hewer of the stones that pave base human ways,
How canst thou bear the years till death, made of such thankless days?"

5. Then he replied: "Ere sunrise, when the pale lips of the day
Sent forth an earnest thrill of breath at warmth of the first ray,
A great thought rose within me, how, while men asleep had lain,
The thousand labors of the world had grown up once again.

6. "The sun grew on the world, and on my soul the thought grew too,—
A great appalling sun, to light my soul the long day through.
I felt the world's whole burden for a moment, then began
With man's gigantic strength to do the labor of one man.

7. "I went forth hastily, and lo! I met a hundred men,
The worker with the chisel and the worker with the pen,—
The restless toilers after good, who sow and never reap,
And one who maketh music for their souls that may not sleep.

8. "Each passed me with a dauntless look, and my undaunted eyes
Were almost softened as they passed with tears that strove to rise
At sight of all those labors, and because that every one,
Ay, the greatest, would be greater if my little were undone.

9. "They passed me, having faith in me, and in our several ways,
Together we began to-day as on the other days.
I felt their mighty hands at work, and as the day wore through,
Perhaps they felt that even I was helping somewhat, too.

10. "Perhaps they felt, as with those hands they lifted mightily
The burden once more laid upon the world so heavily,
That while they nobly held it as each man can do and bear,
It did not wholly fall my side, as though no man were there.

11. "And so we toil together many a day, from morn till night,
I in the lower depths of life, they on the lovely height;
For though the common stones are mine, and they have lofty cares,
Their work begins where this leaves off, and mine is part of theirs.

12. "And 't is not wholly mine or theirs I think of through the day,
But the great eternal thing we make together, I and they;
Far in the sunset I behold a city that man owns,
Made fair with all their nobler toil, built of my common stones.

13. "Then noonward, as the task grows light with all the labor done,
The single thought of all the day becomes a joyous one;
For, rising in my heart at last, where it has lain so long,
It thrills up seeking for a voice, and grows almost a song.

14. "But when the evening comes, indeed, the words have taken wing,
The thought sings in me still, but I am all too tired to sing;
Therefore, O you, my friend, who serve the world with minstrelsy,
Among our fellow-workers' songs make that one song for me."

LXXXV.—*THE ESQUIMAUX FAMILY.*

By Louis Figuier, a French writer on scientific subjects, born in 1819. He studied chemistry under his uncle, Pierre Oscar Figuier, became a physician in Paris in 1842, professor of pharmacy in Montpellier in 1846, and in Paris in 1853. Among his many works are the following: "The World before the Deluge," "The Vegetable World," "The Ocean World," "The Insect World," "Birds and Reptiles," "Primitive Man," and "The Human Race." The following extract is taken from the last named work. His works are copiously illustrated, and have been widely circulated in the United States.

1. Greenland and most of the islands adjacent to this portion of the American continent are inhabited by a people that have received the common name of Esquimaux, and who constitute a numerous family.

2. The principal and the most numerous tribes of the Esquimaux family belong to the American continent. But they are quite distinct from the other inhabitants of this continent, and they have a much greater resemblance to the people of Northern Asia and to the Mongols.

3. The head of the Esquimau has a more nearly pyramidal shape than that of the Mongols of Upper Asia. This is owing to the narrowing of the skull. Such an outward sign of degradation reveals at once the moral and social inferiority of these poor people.

4. Their eyes are black, small, and wild, but show no vivacity. Their nose is very flat, and they have a small mouth, with the lower lip much thicker than the upper one. Their hair is usually black, but occasionally fair, and always long, coarse, and unkempt. Their complexion is clear. They are thick-set, have a decided tendency to obesity, and are seldom more than five feet in height.

5. During a journey undertaken by Dr. Kane of New York to the 82nd degree of northern latitude, this bold explorer spent more than a year amongst the Esquimaux who live at Etah, the nearest human abode to the North Pole. Men, women, and children lay in heaps in a hut, huddled together in a kind of basket. A lamp, with a flame sixteen inches long, produced

by burning seal-oil, warmed and lighted the place. Bits of seal's flesh, from whence issued a most horrible odor, lay upon the floor of this den.

6. The seals provide the Esquimaux with food during the greater part of the year. The winter begins to cease when the sun reappears. January and February are the months of hardship; during the latter part of March the spring fisheries recommence, and with them movement and life begin anew. The poor wretched dens covered with snow are then the scenes of great activity. The masses of accumulated provisions are then brought out and piled up on the frozen ground; the women prepare the skins to make shoes, and the men make a reserve store of harpoons for the winter.

7. The Esquimaux are not lazy. They hunt with a good deal of pluck, and are often forced to hide their game in ex-

cavations that the wild beasts may not get at it. Their consumption of food is very great. They are large eaters, not from greediness, but of necessity, on account of the extreme cold of these high latitudes.

8. The Esquimaux style of dress seemed, to the learned traveler, pretty much the same for both sexes; a pair of boots, stockings, mittens, trousers, a waistcoat, and an overcoat. The father-in-law of one of his traveling companions wore boots of bearskin coming up to the knee, whilst those of his wife were similar, and were made of seal leather. Their trousers were made of sealskin, their stockings of dogskin, their mittens of sealskin, and their waistcoat of kidskin, with the fur inside.

9. The overcoat, made of the skin of the blue fox, does not open in front. It ends in a hood covering the head like the cowl of a monk. The women cut their coat to a point, in order to confine their hair, which they gather together on the top of the head, and tie up in a knot as close and hard as a stone, by means of untanned straps of sealskin.

10. Seal-hunting is the chief occupation of the Esquimaux. The seal is a providential animal to the wild inhabitants of the Frozen Ocean of America, as the reindeer is the godsend of the Laplanders, inhabitants of the shores of the same seas in the north of Europe. The eggs of the sea-birds, particularly of the penguin, are a second source of food to these people. The Esquimaux run all sorts of risks to gather the eggs of these birds on the steep and giddy cliffs where their nests are found.

11. The Esquimaux can only count up to ten, the number of their fingers. They have no system of notation, and can assign no date to past events. They have no annals of any kind or sort, and do not even know their own age.

Definitions.—2. Re şĕm′blançe, *likeness.* 3. Py răm′i dal, *tapering to a point.* 3. Dĕg ra dā′tion, *baseness.* 3. In fē ri ŏr′i ty, *lower state or condition.* 4. Vī văç′i ty, *life.* 4. Unkĕmpt′, *not combed.* 4. O bĕs′i ty, *fatness.* 6. Ac cū′mu lā ted, *collected.* 7. Ĕx ca vā′tions, *hollows, cavities.* 9. Cowl, *hood.* 10. Pĕn′guin, *web-footed marine bird, covered with close-set short feathers, and having wings destitute of quills. It is unable to fly.* 11. Ăn′nals, *history.*

LXXXVI.—*IDLE HANDS.*

By TIMOTHY S. ARTHUR, an American writer of fiction, born near Newburg, Orange Co., New York, in 1809. He was educated in Baltimore, and became a clerk or agent of a banking company. Since 1841, he has resided in Philadelphia. He has written many popular tales, illustrative of domestic life and designed to promote morality. Among his works are, "Lights and Shadows of Real Life," "Tales for Rich and Poor," and "The Good Time Coming."

MR. THORNTON; MRS. THORNTON; EFFIE, their daughter.

SCENE, a room in a dwelling-house. Mrs. Thornton, sitting at a sewing-machine.

Mrs. Thornton (letting her foot rest on the treadle, and straightening herself up).—Oh, dear! This pain in my side is almost beyond endurance.

Mr. Thornton (entering unperceived).—Then why do you sit killing yourself there?

Mrs. T.—What is the matter? Why do you look so serious?

Mr. T.—Because I feel serious.

Mrs. T.—Has anything gone wrong?

Mr. T. (with some impatience).—Things are wrong all the time.

EFFIE *enters unobserved.*

Mrs. T.—In your business?

Mr. T.—No, nothing especially out of the way there; but it is all wrong here at home.

Mrs. T.—I do not understand you, Harvey. What is wrong at home, pray?

Mr. T.—Wrong for you to sit in pain and exhaustion over that sewing-machine, while an idle daughter lounges over a novel in the parlor. That is what I wished to say.

Mrs. T.—It is not Effie's fault. She often asks to help me. But I can't see the child put down to household drudgery. Her time will come soon enough. Let her have a little ease and comfort while she may.

Mr. T.—If we said that of our sons, and acted on the word, what efficient men they would make for the world's work, how admirably furnished they would be for life's trials and duties! You are wrong in this,—all wrong. If Effie is a right-minded girl, she will have more true enjoyment in the consciousness that she is lightening her mother's burdens, than it is possible to obtain from the finest novel ever written. It is a poor compliment to Effie to suppose that she can be content to sit with idle hands while her mother is worn down with toil beyond her strength. Hester, it must not be!

Effie (with a quick and firm voice, at which Mr. and Mrs. T. start).—And it shall not be! It shall not be, father. It is not all my fault. I have asked mother a great many times to let me help her, but she always puts me off, and says it is easier to do a thing herself than to show another. Perhaps I am a little dull. But every one has to learn, you know. Mother did not get her hand in fairly with that sewing-machine for two or three weeks, and I am certain it would not take me any longer. If she would only teach me how to use it, I could help her a great deal. And, indeed, father, I am willing!

Mr. T.—Spoken in the right spirit, my daughter. Depend upon it, Effie, an idle girlhood is not the way to a cheerful womanhood. Learn and do, now, the very things that will be required of you in after years, and then you will have acquired facility. Habit and skill will make easy what might come hard, and be felt as very burdensome.

Mrs. T.—And you would have her abandon all self-improvement? Give up music, reading, society—

Mr. T.—There are some fifteen or sixteen hours of each day in which mind or hands should be rightly employed. Now, let us see how Effie is spending these long and ever-recurring periods of time. Come, my daughter, sit down. We have this subject fairly before us. It is one of life-long importance to you, and should be well considered. How is it in regard to the employment of your time? Take yesterday for instance. How was it spent? You rose at seven, I think.

Effie.—Yes, sir; I came down just as the breakfast-bell rang.

Mr. T.—And your mother was up at half-past five, I know, and complained of feeling so weak that she could hardly dress herself. But, for all this, she was at work till breakfast-time. Now if you had risen at six, and shared your mother's work until seven, you would have taken an hour from her day's burdens, and certainly lost nothing from your music, self-improvement, or social intercourse. How was it after breakfast? How was the morning spent?

Effie.—I practiced on the piano an hour after breakfast.

Mr. T.—So far, so good. What then?

Effie.—I read "The Cavalier" until eleven o'clock.

Mr. T. (*shaking his head*).—After eleven, how was the time spent?

Effie.—I dressed myself, and went out.

Mr. T.—At what time did you go out?

Effie.—A little after twelve o'clock.

Mr. T.—An hour was spent in dressing?

Effie.—Yes, sir.

Mr. T.—Where did you go?

Effie.—I called for Helen Boyd, and we took a walk down Broadway.

Mr. T.—And came home just in time for dinner? I think I met you at the door.

Effie.—Yes, sir.

Mr. T.—How was it after dinner?

Effie.—I slept from three till five, and then took a bath and dressed myself. From six until tea-time, I sat at the parlor window.

Mr. T.—And after tea?

Effie.—Read "The Cavalier" until I went to bed.

Mr. T.—At what hour?

Effie.—Eleven o'clock.

Mr. T.—Now we can make up the account. You rose at seven, and retired at eleven,—sixteen hours. And from your own account of the day, but a single hour was spent in anything useful,—that was the hour at your piano. Now, your mother was up at half-past five, and went to bed, from sheer inability to sit at her work any longer, at half-past nine,—sixteen hours for her, also. How much reading did you do in that time? (*To Mrs. T.*)

Mrs. T.—Reading! Don't talk to me of reading! I have no time to read!

Mr. T.—And yet you were always fond of reading; and I can remember the time when no day went by without an hour or two passed at your books. Did you lie down after dinner?

Mrs. T.—Of course not.

Mr. T.—Nor take a pleasant walk down Broadway? Nor sit at the parlor window with Effie? Now, the case is a very plain one. You spend from fourteen to sixteen hours every day in hard work, while Effie, taking yesterday as a sample, spends about the same time in what is little better than idleness. Suppose a new adjustment were to take place, and Effie were to be usefully employed in helping you eight hours of each day, she would still have eight hours left for self-improvement and recreation; and you, relieved from your present over-tasked condition, might get back a portion of the health and spirits of which these too heavy household duties have robbed you.

Effie.—Father, I never saw things in this light. Why have you not talked to me before? I have often felt as if I would like to help mother. But she never gives me anything to do; and if I offer to help her, she says, "You can't do it;" or, "I would rather do it myself." Indeed, it is not all my fault!

Mr. T.—It may not have been in the past, Effie, but it certainly will be in the future, unless there is a new arrangement of things. It is a false social sentiment that lets daughters become idlers, while mothers, fathers, and sons take up the daily burden of work, and bear it through all the busy hours.

Effie.—I see that you are right, father. And I already begin to feel a new self-respect at the thought of being useful to mother, to you, and to myself.

Definitions.—En dūr'ançe, *sufferance.* Ex̱ ha̤ust'ion, *state of being deprived of strength or spirits.* Loun'ġeș, *spends time lazily.* Drŭdġ'er y, *hard labor.* Ef fĭ'cient, *able, competent.* Ꞓŏm'pli ment, *flattery.* Fa çĭl'i ty, *ease in performance.* Bûr'den sȯme, *oppressive.* A băn'don, *forsake entirely.* Re ꞓûr'ring, *coming back.* Ĭn a bĭl'i ty, *weakness.* Ad jŭst'ment, *regulation.* Rĕꞓ re ā'tion, *amusement.* Sĕn'ti ment, *notion.*

LXXXVII.—*THE BURIAL OF LOVE.*

By William Cullen Bryant, an eminent American poet, born at Cummington, Hampshire Co., Mass., 1794, and died in New York, 1878. About the age of 13, he wrote two poems, "The Embargo," a political satire, and "The Spanish Revolution," which were printed in 1808. He entered Williams College in 1810, distinguished himself by his proficiency in the languages, and became a student of law about 1812. In his 19th year he wrote "Thanatopsis," which still holds its place in general estimation as one of the most impressive poems in our language. He was admitted to the bar in 1815, and continued to practice law for several years. He removed to New York in 1825, and, in 1826, became one of the editors of the "Evening Post," a newspaper under the editorial control of William Coleman. A complete collection of his poems was published in 1832, and republished soon after in England. He visited Europe in 1834, and again in 1845 and 1849. "No poet," says Griswold, "has described with more fidelity the beauties of the creation, nor sung in nobler song the greatness of the Creator. He is the translator of the silent language of the universe to the world."

1. Two dark-eyed maids, at shut of day,
Sat where a river rolled away,
With calm, sad brows, and raven hair;
And one was pale, and both were fair.

2. Bring flowers, they sang, bring flowers unblown;
Bring forest blooms of name unknown;
Bring budding sprays from wood and wild,
To strew the bier of Love the child.

3. Close softly, fondly, while ye weep,
His eyes, that death may seem like sleep;
And fold his hands in sign of rest,
His waxen hands across his breast.

4. And make his grave where violets hide,
Where star-flowers strew the rivulet's side,
And bluebirds, in the misty spring,
Of cloudless skies and summer sing.

5. Place near him, as ye lay him low,
His idle shafts, his loosened bow,
The silken fillet that around
His waggish eyes in sport he wound.

6. But we shall mourn him long, and miss
His ready smile, his ready kiss,
The patter of his little feet,
Sweet frowns, and stammered phrases sweet;

7. And graver looks, serene and high,
A light of heaven in that young eye:
All these shall haunt us till the heart
Shall ache and ache,—and tears will start.

8. The bow, the band, shall fall to dust;
The shining arrows waste with rust;
And all of Love that earth can claim
Be but a memory and a name.

9. Not thus his nobler part shall dwell,
A prisoner in this narrow cell;
But he, whom now we hide from men
In the dark ground, shall live again,—

10. Shall break these clods, a form of light,
With nobler mien and purer sight,
And in the eternal glory stand
Highest and nearest God's right hand.

Definitions.—2. Biēr, *carriage or frame of wood for conveying dead human bodies to the grave.* 3. Wăx'en, *soft.* 4. Rĭv'ū let, *streamlet.* 5. Shȧfts, *arrows.* 5. Fĭl'let, *little band.* 6. Phrā'ṣeṣ, *short expressions.* 10. Miēn, *look.*

LXXXVIII.—*THE CRUSADER AND THE SARACEN.*

By Sir Walter Scott, a Scottish author, born at Edinburgh, 1771, died at Abbotsford, 1832. When he was about eighteen months old, he was attacked with a fever, which left him, after a few days, with a lameness that proved incurable. In 1792, he was called to the Scottish bar, and followed the practice of law for a brief period. His earliest publications were poetical translations. The "Lay of the Last Minstrel" appeared in 1805; "Marmion, A Tale of Flodden Field," in 1808, and "The Lady of the Lake," in 1810. In 1814 was published "Waverley, or 'T is Sixty Years Since," the first of that marvelous series of novels which were destined to form a new era in the history of romance. Other novels followed in rapid succession. In 1811, he had purchased an estate near the Tweed, to which he gave the name Abbotsford. In his desire to enlarge and beautify this place, and to maintain his style of living, he spent large sums of money which he had received from his publications. This expense together with the failure of his publishers in 1826, involved him seriously in a debt amounting to more than $700,000. He refused the composition offered him by his creditors, and, having procured an extension of time, at the age of 55, set about the task of paying them by his literary labors. He had paid at the time of his death about $500,000 of his debts. As has been said,—"In his writings there is no private scandal, no personal satire, no bribe to human frailty, no libel upon human nature. His morality is woven through the very texture of his works." The following extract is from "The Talisman."

1. Nature had her demands for refreshment and repose, even on the iron frame and patient disposition of the Knight of the Sleeping Leopard; and at noon, when the Dead Sea lay at some distance on his right, he joyfully hailed the sight of two or three palm-trees, which arose beside the well which was assigned for his mid-day station.

2. His good horse, too, which had plodded forward with the steady endurance of his master, now lifted his head, expanded his nostrils, and quickened his pace, as if he snuffed afar off the living waters which marked the place of repose and refreshment. But labor and danger were doomed to intervene ere the horse or horseman reached the desired spot.

3. As the Knight of the Leopard continued to fix his eyes

attentively on the yet distant cluster of palm-trees, it seemed to him as if some object was moving among them. The distant form separated itself from the trees, which partly hid its motions, and advanced toward the knight with a speed which soon showed a mounted horseman, whom his turban, long spear, and green caftan floating in the wind, showed, on his nearer approach, to be a Saracen cavalier.

4. "In the desert," saith an Eastern proverb, "no man meets a friend." The Crusader was totally indifferent whether the infidel, who now approached on his gallant barb as if borne on the wings of an eagle, came as friend or foe;—perhaps, as an avowed champion of the Cross, he might rather have preferred the latter. He disengaged his lance from his saddle, seized it with the right hand, placed it in rest with its point half elevated, gathered up the reins in the left, waked his

horse's mettle with the spur, and prepared to encounter the stranger with the calm self-confidence belonging to the victor in many contests.

5. The Saracen came on at the speedy gallop of an Arab horseman, managing his steed more by his limbs and the inflection of his body, than by any use of the reins which hung loose in his left hand; so that he was enabled to wield the light round buckler of the skin of the rhinoceros, ornamented with silver loops, which he wore on his arm, swinging it as if he meant to oppose its slender circle to the formidable thrust of the western lance. His own long spear was not couched or leveled like that of his antagonist, but grasped by the middle with his right hand, and brandished at arm's length above his head.

6. As the cavalier approached his enemy at full career, he seemed to expect that the Knight of the Leopard should put his horse to the gallop to encounter him. But the Christian knight, well acquainted with the customs of Eastern warriors, did not mean to exhaust his good horse by any unnecessary exertion; and, on the contrary, made a dead halt, confident that, if the enemy advanced to the actual shock, his own weight and that of his powerful charger would give him sufficient advantage, without the additional momentum of rapid motion.

7. Equally sensible and apprehensive of such a probable result, the Saracen cavalier, when he had approached toward the Christian within twice the length of his lance, wheeled his steed to the left with inimitable dexterity, and rode twice round his antagonist, who, turning without quitting his ground, and presenting his front constantly to his enemy, frustrated his attempts to attack him on an unguarded point; so that the Saracen, wheeling his horse, was fain to retreat to the distance of a hundred yards.

8. A second time, like a hawk attacking a heron, the Heathen renewed the charge, and a second time was fain to retreat without coming to a close struggle. A third time he approached

in the same manner, when the Christian knight, desirous to terminate this elusory warfare, in which he might at length have been worn out by the activity of his foeman, suddenly seized the mace which hung at his saddle-bow, and, with a strong hand and unerring aim, hurled it against the head of the Emir, for such and not less his enemy appeared.

9. The Saracen was just aware of the formidable missile in time to interpose his light buckler betwixt the mace and his head; but the violence of the blow forced the buckler down on his turban; and, though that defence also contributed to deaden its violence, the Saracen was beaten from his horse. Ere the Christian could avail himself of this mishap, his nimble foeman sprung from the ground, and calling on his horse, which instantly returned to his side, he leaped into his seat without touching the stirrup, and regained all the advantage of which the Knight of the Leopard hoped to deprive him.

10. But the latter had in the meanwhile recovered his mace; and the Eastern cavalier, who remembered the strength and dexterity with which his antagonist had aimed it, seemed to keep cautiously out of reach of that weapon, of which he had so lately felt the force, while he showed his purpose of waging a distant warfare with missile weapons of his own.

11. Planting his long spear in the sand, at a distance from the scene of combat, he strung, with great address, a short bow which he carried at his back, and putting his horse to the gallop, once more described two or three circles of a wider extent than formerly, in the course of which he discharged six arrows at the Christian with such unerring skill that the goodness of his harness alone saved him from being wounded in as many places.

12. The seventh shaft apparently found a less perfect part of the armor, and the Christian dropped heavily from his horse. But what was the surprise of the Saracen, when, dismounting to examine the condition of his prostrate enemy, he found himself suddenly within the grasp of the European, who had

had recourse to this artifice to bring his enemy within his reach!

13. Even in this deadly grapple, the Saracen was saved by his agility and presence of mind. He unloosed the sword-belt, in which the Knight of the Leopard had fixed his hold, and thus eluding his fatal grasp, mounted his horse, which seemed to watch his motions with the intelligence of a human being, and again rode off.

14. But in the last encounter, the Saracen had lost his sword and his quiver of arrows, both of which were attached to the girdle which he was obliged to abandon. He had also lost his turban in the struggle. These disadvantages seemed to incline the Moslem to a truce. He approached the Christian with his right hand extended, but no longer in a menacing attitude.

15. "There is truce betwixt our nations," he said in the language commonly used for the purpose of communication with the Crusaders; "wherefore should there be war betwixt thee and me?—Let there be peace betwixt us."

16. "I am well contented," answered he of the Leopard; "but what security dost thou offer that thou wilt observe the truce?"

17. "The word of a follower of the Prophet was never broken," answered the Emir. "It is thou, brave Nazarene, from whom I should demand security, did I not know that treason seldom dwells with courage."

18. The Crusader felt that the confidence of the Moslem made him ashamed of his own doubts. "By the cross of my sword," he said, laying his hand on the weapon as he spoke, "I will be true companion to thee, Saracen, while our fortune wills that we remain in company together."

19. "By Mohammed," replied his late foeman, "there is not treachery in my heart toward thee. And now wend we to yonder fountain, for the hour of rest is at hand, and the stream had hardly touched my lip when I was called to battle by thy approach."

20. The Knight of the Leopard yielded a ready and courteous

assent; and the late foes, without an angry look or gesture of doubt, rode side by side to the little cluster of palm-trees.

Definitions.—3. Tûr′ban, *head-dress.* 3. Ꞓăf′tan, *Turkish vest.* 4. Ĭn′fi del, *disbeliever.* 4. Bärb, *horse.* 4. Lȧnçe, *spear.* 4. Mĕt′tle, *spirit.* 5. Rhī nŏç′e rŏs, *large animal having two very strong horns on the nose.* 5. Fôr′mi da ble, *dreadful.* 5. Thrŭst, *assault.* 5. Ꞓouched, *placed.* 5. Brăn′dished, *waved.* 6. Shŏck, *sudden striking against.* 6. Chär′ġer, *horse used in battle.* 7. In ĭm′i ta ble, *surpassingly excellent.* 7. Dex tĕr′i ty, *skill.* 7. Frŭs′trā ted, *baffled.* 7. Fāin, *glad.* 8. Hĕr′on, *wading bird with long legs and neck, and having the claw of the middle toe toothed.* 8. E lū′so ry, *evasive.* 8. Māçe, *heavy staff or club of metal, used as a weapon in the days of chivalry.* 9. Mĭs′sĭle, *weapon thrown.* 12. Är′mor, *covering worn to protect one's person in battle.* 12. Är′ti fĭçe, *artful device.* 14. Mĕn′a çing, *threatening.*

Notes.—CRUSADER, a person engaged in the Crusade, or military expedition undertaken by Christian powers in the 11th, 12th, and 13th centuries, for the recovery of the Holy Land from the Mohammedans.

SARACEN, an adherent or follower of Mohammed.

EMIR, an Arabian prince, military commander, and governor of a conquered province.

MOSLEM, a true believer in the Mohammedan faith.

MOHAMMED, a celebrated religious teacher and pretended prophet, the founder of one of the most widely diffused religions of the globe, born at Mecca about 570 A. D., died in 632 A. D.

LXXXIX.—*REVERIES OF A BACHELOR.*

By DONALD GRANT MITCHELL, an American author, born at Norwich, Conn., 1822. He graduated at Yale College in 1841, and in 1844 visited Europe. In 1847, he published, under the *assumed name* of "Ik Marvel," "Fresh Gleanings, or a New Sheaf from the Old Fields of Continental Europe." In 1849, he published "The Battle Summer," and this work was followed by "The Reveries of a Bachelor" (1850), and by "Dream Life" (1851). In 1853, he became United States Consul at Venice, in 1855, returned, and has since resided on his farm of "Edgewood" near New Haven. Among his later works are "Fudge Doings," "My Farm of Edgewood," and "Rural Studies." The following selection is from one of his most popular works,—"The Reveries of a Bachelor."

1. ISABEL and I,—she is my cousin, and is seven years old, and I am ten,—are sitting together on the bank of the stream,

under an oak-tree that leans half-way over to the water. I am much stronger than she, and taller by a head. I hold in my hands a little alder rod, with which I am fishing for the roach and minnows that play in the pool below us.

2. She is watching the cork tossing on the water, or playing with the captured fish that lie upon the bank. She has auburn ringlets, that fall down upon her shoulders; and her straw hat lies back upon them, held only by the strip of ribbon that passes under her chin. But the sun does not shine upon her head; for the oak-tree above us is full of leaves; and only here and there a dimple of the sunlight plays upon the pool where I am fishing.

3. Her eye is hazel and bright; and now and then she turns it on me with a look of girlish curiosity, as I lift up my rod,—and again in playful menace, as she grasps in her little fingers one of the dead fish, and threatens to throw it back upon the stream. Her little feet hang over the edge of the bank; and from time to time she reaches down to dip her toe into the water, and laughs a girlish laugh of defiance, as I scold her for frightening away the fishes.

4. "Bella," I say, "what if you should tumble into the river?"

5. "But I will not."

6. "Yes, but if you should?"

7. "Why, then you would pull me out."

8. "But if I would not pull you out?"

9. "But I know you would; would n't you, Paul?"

10. "What makes you think so, Bella?"

11. "Because you love Bella."

12. "How do you know I love Bella?"

13. "Because once you told me so; and because you pick flowers for me that I cannot reach; and because you let me take your rod, when you have a fish upon it."

14. "But that 's no reason, Bella."

15. "Then what is, Paul?"

16. "I am sure I don't know, Bella."

17. A little fish has been nibbling for a long time at the bait; the cork has been bobbing up and down;—and now he is fairly hooked, and pulls away toward the bank, and you cannot see the cork.

18. "Here, Bella, quick!"—and she springs eagerly to clasp her little hands around the rod. But the fish has dragged it away on the other side of me; and as she reaches farther and farther, she slips, cries—"Oh, Paul!"—and falls into the water.

19. The stream, they told us, when we came, was over a man's head;—it is surely over little Isabel's. I fling down the rod, and thrusting one hand into the roots that support the overhanging bank, I grasp at her hat, as she comes up; but the ribbons give way, and I see the terribly earnest look upon her face as she goes down again. "Oh, my mother!"—thought I,—"if you were only here!"

20. But she rises again; this time, I thrust my hand into her dress, and struggling hard, keep her at the top, until I can place my foot down upon a projecting root; and so bracing myself, I drag her to the bank, and having climbed up, take hold of her belt firmly with both hands, and drag her out; and poor Isabel, choked, chilled, and wet, is lying upon the grass.

21. I commence crying aloud. The workmen in the fields hear me, and come down. One takes Isabel in his arms, and I follow on foot to our uncle's home upon the hill.

22. "Oh, my children!" says my mother, and she takes Isabel in her arms; and presently, with dry clothes and blazing wood-fire, little Bella smiles again. I am at my mother's knee.

23. "I told you so, Paul," says Isabel. "Aunty, does n't Paul love me?"

24. "I hope so, Bella," said my mother.

25. "I know so," said I; and kissed her cheek.

26. And how did I know it? The boy does not ask; the man does. Oh, the freshness, the honesty, the vigor of a boy's heart!—how the memory of it refreshes like the first gush of spring, or the break of an April shower!

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XC.—*THE SEA.*

By **Bryan Waller Procter**, an English poet, born about 1790, died in 1874. He was educated at Harrow, where he was the school-fellow of Byron and Peel. He studied law, and was called to the bar in 1831. In 1819, appeared his "Dramatic Scenes and other Poems," and in 1821, his "Mirandola, a Tragedy." He wrote under the assumed name of "Barry Cornwall." He is best known by his songs, some of which are well adapted to music, and are refined in sentiment and diction.

1. The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.

2. I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go.
If a stôrm should come, and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

3. I love, oh, how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'-west blasts do blow!

4. I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea!

5. The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;

And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean child!

6. I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
But never have sought nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild unbounded sea!

Definitions.—4. Bĭl′lōw y, *wavy.* 5. Pôr′poise, *fish called by some nations hog-fish, and by others sea-hog. It is about six feet in length, of a bluish-black color on the back, and white beneath.* 5. Dŏl′phin, *fish of about five feet in length, celebrated for its surprising changes of color when dying.* 6. Rānge, *wander.*

XCI.—*BLENNERHASSETT.*

By William Wirt, an eloquent American lawyer and author, born at Bladensburg, Maryland, in 1772, died in Washington, 1834. He studied law, was admitted to the bar in 1792, and married a Miss Gilmer of Virginia, about 1795. He practiced law for twenty-five years in Virginia, where he aided in the prosecution of Aaron Burr for treason in 1807. He was Attorney-General of the United States from 1817 to 1829. In 1803 he published "Letters of a British Spy," which obtained great popularity, and in 1817, the "Life of Patrick Henry," which was highly esteemed. He was noted for the finished and elaborate character of his legal arguments and for the rhetorical quality of his style. The following extract is from the trial of Aaron Burr for treason.

1. Who is Blennerhassett? A native of Ireland, a man of letters, who fled from the storms of his own country to find quiet in ours. His history shows that war is not the natural element of his mind. If it had been, he would never have exchanged Ireland for America. So far is an army from furnishing the society, natural and proper to Mr. Blennerhassett's character, that, on his arrival in America, he retired even from the population of the Atlantic States, and sought quiet and solitude in the bosom of our western forests.

2. But he carried with him taste, and science, and wealth; and, lo, the desert smiled! Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery, that Shenstone might have envied, blooms around him. Music, that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs, is his. An extensive library spreads its treasures before him. A philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secret mysteries of nature.

3. Peace, tranquillity, and innocence shed their mingled delights around him. And to crown the enchantment of the scene a wife, who is said to be lovely even beyond her sex, and graced with every accomplishment that can render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love and made him the father of several children. The evidence would convince you that this is but a faint picture of the real life.

4. In the midst of all this peace, this innocent simplicity, and this tranquillity, this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart, the destroyer comes; he comes to change this paradise into a hell. Yet the flowers do not wither at his approach. No monitory shuddering through the bosom of their unfortunate possessor warns him of the ruin that is coming upon him.

5. A stranger presents himself. Introduced to their civilities by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts by the dignity and elegance of his demeanor, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address. The conquest was not difficult. Innocence is ever simple and credulous.

6. Conscious of no design itself, it suspects none in others. It wears no guard before its breast. Every door and portal and avenue of the heart is thrown open, and all who choose it enter. Such was the state of Eden when the serpent entered its bowers. The prisoner, in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpracticed heart of the unfortu-

nate Blennerhassett, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart and the object of its affection.

7. By degrees he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition. He breathes into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and desperate thirst for glory; an ardor panting for great enterprises, for all the storm, and bustle, and hurricane of life. In a short time the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delight is relinquished.

8. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene; it has become flat and insipid to his taste. His books are abandoned. His retort and crucible are thrown aside. His shrubbery blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain; he likes it not. His ear no longer drinks the rich melody of music; it longs for the trumpet's clangor and the cannon's roar.

9. Even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstasy so unspeakable, is now unseen and unfelt. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul. His imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, of stars and garters, and titles of nobility.

10. He has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the names of great heroes and conquerors. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse into a wilderness; and in a few months we find the beautiful and tender partner of his bosom, whom he lately "permitted not the winds of" summer "to visit too roughly," we find her shivering at midnight on the winter banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the torrents that froze as they fell.

11. Yet this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and his happiness, thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace, thus confounded in the toils that were deliberately spread for him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another—this man, thus ruined and undone, and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason, this man is to be called the principal offender,

while he, by whom he was thus plunged in misery is comparatively innocent, a mere accessory!

12. Is this treason? Is it law? Is it humanity? Sir, neither the human heart nor the human understanding will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd! so shocking to the soul! so revolting to reason! Let Aaron Burr, then, not shrink from the high destination which he has courted, and having already ruined Blennerhassett in fortune, character, and happiness forever, let him not attempt to finish the tragedy by thrusting that ill-fated man between himself and punishment.

Definitions.—2. Em bĕl'lish ment, *decoration.* 2. Nȳmphs, *goddesses of the mountains, forests, meadows, and waters.* 2. Ăp pa rā'tus, *set of implements for performing scientific experiments or operations.* 4. Tran quĭl'li ty, *quietness.* 4. Păr'a-dīse, *place of delight.* 4. Mŏn'i to ry, *warning.* 5. Çi vĭl'i tieş, *courtesies.* 5. De mēan'or, *conduct.* 5. Ꞓrĕd'ū loŭs, *unsuspecting.* 7. Hŭr'ri ꞓāne, *violent storm.* 7. Re lĭn̠'quished, *given up.* 8. In sĭp'id, *lifeless.* 8. Re tôrt', *vessel used by chemists.* 8. Ꞓrṳ'çi ble, *chemical vessel or melting pot, used for melting ores or metals.* 9. Ĕꞓ'sta sy, *great joy.* 9. Dī'a demş, *crowns.* 9. Gär'terş, *badges of the highest order of knighthood in Great Britain, called the Order of the Garter.* 10. En chȧnt'ed, *charmed.* 10. Re lăpse', *fall back.* 11. Sub ôr'di nate, *one who stands in order or rank below another.*

Notes.—SHENSTONE, an English pastoral poet, born about 1714, and died in 1763.

CALYPSO, nymph or demi-goddess of Greek mythology.

COMMIT TO MEMORY.

DARE to be right! dare to be true!
You have a work that no other can do;
Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
Angels will hasten the story to tell.
Dare to be right! dare to be true!
The failings of others can never save you;
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith,
Stand like a hero, and battle till death.

XCII.—*LETTER TO HIS CHILDREN.*

By Sir Matthew Hale, an eminent English judge, born in 1609, died in 1676. He was educated at Oxford; and was admitted to the bar a few years before the commencement of the civil war. After the execution of Charles I., he accepted from Cromwell, in 1653, the post of judge of the common bench, the duties of which he performed with great fidelity, ability, and honor. In 1660, Charles II. appointed him chief Baron of the Exchequer, and Lord Chief Justice of England in 1671. He is regarded as one of the greatest, wisest, and best judges that ever attained this dignity. "He was," says Richard Baxter, "precisely just; insomuch that I believe he would have lost all he had in the world rather than do an unjust act."

1. Dear Children:—I thank God I came well to Farrington this day about five o'clock. And as I have some leisure time at my inn, I cannot spend it more to my own satisfaction and your benefit, than, by a letter, to give you some good counsel. The subject shall be concerning your speech; because much of the good or evil that befalls persons arises from the well or ill managing of their conversation. When I have leisure and opportunity, I shall give you my directions on other subjects.

2. Never speak anything for a truth which you know or believe to be false. Lying is a great sin against God, who gave us a tongue to speak the truth, and not falsehood. It is a great offense against humanity itself; for, where there is no regard to truth, there can be no safe society between man and man.

3. And it is an injury to the speaker; for, besides the disgrace which it brings upon him, it occasions so much baseness of mind that he can scarcely tell truth, or avoid lying, even when he has no color of necessity for it; and, in time, he comes to such a pass that as other people cannot believe he speaks truth, so he himself scarcely knows when he tells a falsehood.

4. As you must be careful not to lie, so you must avoid coming near it. You must not equivocate, nor speak anything positively for which you have no authority but report or conjecture or opinion.

5. Let your words be few, especially when your superiors or strangers are present, lest you betray your own weakness, and

rob yourselves of the opportunity, which you might have otherwise had, to gain knowledge, wisdom, and experience, by hearing those whom you silence by your impertinent talking.

6. Be not too earnest, loud, or violent in your conversation. Silence your opponent with reason, not with noise. Be careful not to interrupt another when he is speaking; hear him out, and you will understand him the better, and be able to give him the better answer.

7. Consider before you speak, especially when the business is of moment; weigh the sense of what you mean to utter, and the expressions you intend to use, that they may be significant, pertinent, and inoffensive. Inconsiderate people do not think till they speak; or they speak, and then think.

8. Some men excel in husbandry, some in gardening, some in mathematics. In conversation, learn, as nearly as you can, where the skill or excellence of any person lies; put him upon talking on that subject, observe what he says, and keep it in your memory. By these means you will glean the worth and knowledge of everybody with whom you converse, and, at an easy rate, acquire what may be of use to you on many occasions.

9. When you are in company with light, vain, impertinent persons, let the observing of their failings make you the more cautious both in your conversation with them and in your general behavior, that you may avoid their errors.

10. If any one, whom you do not know to be a person of truth and sobriety, relates strange stories, be not too ready to believe or report them; and yet (unless he is one of your familiar acquaintance) be not too forward to contradict him. If the occasion requires you to declare an opinion, do it modestly and gently, not bluntly nor coarsely; thus you will avoid giving offense, or being abused for too much credulity.

11. If a man whose integrity you do not very well know, makes you extraordinary professions, do not give much credit to him. Probably you will find that he aims at something besides kindness to you, and that when he has served his turn, or been disappointed, his regard for you will grow cool.

12. Beware also of him who flatters you, and commends you to your face, or to one who, he thinks, will tell you of it; most probably he has either deceived or abused you, or means to do so. Remember the fable of the fox commending the singing of the crow, who had something in her mouth which the fox wanted.

13. Be careful that you do not commend yourselves. It is a sign that your reputation is small and sinking, if your own tongue must praise you; and it is fulsome and unpleasing to others to hear such commendations.

14. Speak well of the absent whenever you have a suitable opportunity. Never speak ill of them or of anybody, unless you are sure they deserve it, and unless it is necessary for their amendment, or for the safety and benefit of others.

15. Avoid, in your ordinary communications, not only oaths, but all imprecations and earnest protestations. Forbear scoffing or jesting at the condition or natural defects of any person. Such offences leave a deep impression, and they often cost a man dearly.

16. Be very careful that you give no reproachful, menacing, or spiteful words to any person. Good words make friends; bad words make enemies. It is great prudence to gain as many friends as we honestly can, especially when it may be done at so easy a rate as a good word; and it is great folly to make an enemy by ill words, which are of no advantage to the party who uses them.

17. When faults are committed, they may, and by a superior they must, be reproved; but let it be done without reproach or bitterness; otherwise it will lose its due end and use, and, instead of reforming the offense, it will exasperate the offender, and lay the reprover justly open to reproof. If a person be passionate, and give you ill language, rather pity him than be moved to anger.

18. You will find that silence or very gentle words are the most exquisite revenge for reproaches; they will either cure the distemper in the angry man, and make him sorry for his

passion, or they will be a severe reproof and punishment to him. But, at any rate, they will preserve your innocence, give you the deserved reputation of wisdom and moderation, and keep up the serenity and composure of your mind. Passion and anger make a man unfit for everything that becomes him as a man or as a Christian.

Definitions.—4. E quĭv′o cāte, *use doubtful expressions with a view to mislead.* 4. Con jĕct′ūre, *guess.* 5. Im pẽr′ti nent, *rude.* 7. Mō′ment, *importance.* 7. Sig nĭf′i cant, *designed to signify or make known something.* 7. Pẽr′ti nent, *suitable.* 8. Hŭs̱′band ry, *business of a farmer.* 9. Ĕr′rors̱, *mistakes.* 10. So brī′e ty, *calmness, moderation.* 10. Cŏn tra dĭct′, *deny.* 10. Cre dū′li ty, *easiness of belief.* 11. In tĕg′ri ty, *moral soundness.* 13. Rĕp ū tā′tion, *estimation in which one is held by those knowing him.* 13. Fŭl′sȯme, *excessive, nauseous.* 14. A mĕnd′ment, *correction of faults.* 15. Ĭm pre cā′tions̱, *curses.* 17. Ex̱ ăs′per āte, *provoke.*

XCIII.—*MAIDENHOOD.*

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, an eminent American poet and scholar, born at Portland, Me., in Feb. 1807, died in March, 1882. His father, Stephen Longfellow, was a celebrated lawyer in that city. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825, and soon after was appointed professor of modern languages and literature in that institution. He left home in 1826, and spent four years abroad, chiefly in France, Spain, Italy, and Germany. In 1835, he succeeded Mr. George Ticknor in the chair of modern languages and belles-lettres in Harvard College. This position he resigned in 1854, since which time he has resided in Cambridge, Mass. Among his leading works are,—"Ballads and other Poems," "Evangeline," and "The Song of Hiawatha." As a poet, Longfellow is characterized by tenderness, purity, and depth of feeling. Many of his poems, and especially his "Hiawatha," have been read and admired in every part of Europe.

1. Maiden! with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!

2. Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

3. Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

4. Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!

5. Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

6. Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

7. Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

8. Hearest thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

9. Oh, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands,—Life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!

10. Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

11. Childhood is the bough, where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered;—
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

12. Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

13. Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

14. Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

15. Oh! that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

16. And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

Definitions.—1. Ôrbş, *eyes.* 3. Re lŭc̶'tant, *unwilling.* 6. Ĭn de çiş'ion, *wavering of mind.* 6. E lȳ̆ş'i an, *exceedingly delightful.* 7. Fa̤l'c̶on, *bird having a short hooked beak, powerful claws, and great destructive powers.* 9. Quĭck'săndş, *sands easily moved or readily yielding to pressure, and very dangerous from their being unable to support a person.* 9. Snâreş, *traps.* 14. Rṳth, *misery.* 15. Sēal, *c̶lose.*

XCIV.—*GLASS.* ✓

1. In our times glass has become one of the most common of manufactured articles. It is used in the most costly buildings, and the humblest cabin is seldom without a few panes of this transparent substance.

2. The early history of this useful and beautiful article is doubtful and uncertain. According to one account, some merchants in ancient times stopped by the sea-shore for rest and refreshment. They gathered drift-wood and some dry sea-weed, and lighted a fire on the sand. When the wood and sea-weed had burned to ashes, the merchants noticed that a hard transparent substance had been formed.

3. Whether or not this is the correct account of the first

discovery of glass, it is now impossible to tell. But it is true that the sand of the sea-shore and the ashes of the sea-weed would furnish the chief materials used in the making of glass.

4. Glass beads have been found in the tombs of Egypt, thus proving that glass was made in very ancient times. The old Romans were so skillful in blowing and cutting glass, that no better models can be found by modern manufacturers than their old vases and goblets.

5. In the fourteenth century, Venice excelled all other places in glass-work. That city had a monopoly of the manufacture, and guarded it with great care. The workmen were gathered on a little island by themselves, and were closely watched lest any work should be carried to other countries, or the secret of its manufacture become known.

6. But Venice could not always hold this monopoly. Germany and other countries of Europe came into the market with many kinds of fine glass. By and by the process of making glass became generally known, and now it is no longer a secret.

7. The variety of articles made of glass is very great, and the materials and method employed in its manufacture depend somewhat on the use to which it is to be put. Since its use in windows has become almost universal, a short description will be given of the process of making a pane of common window-glass.

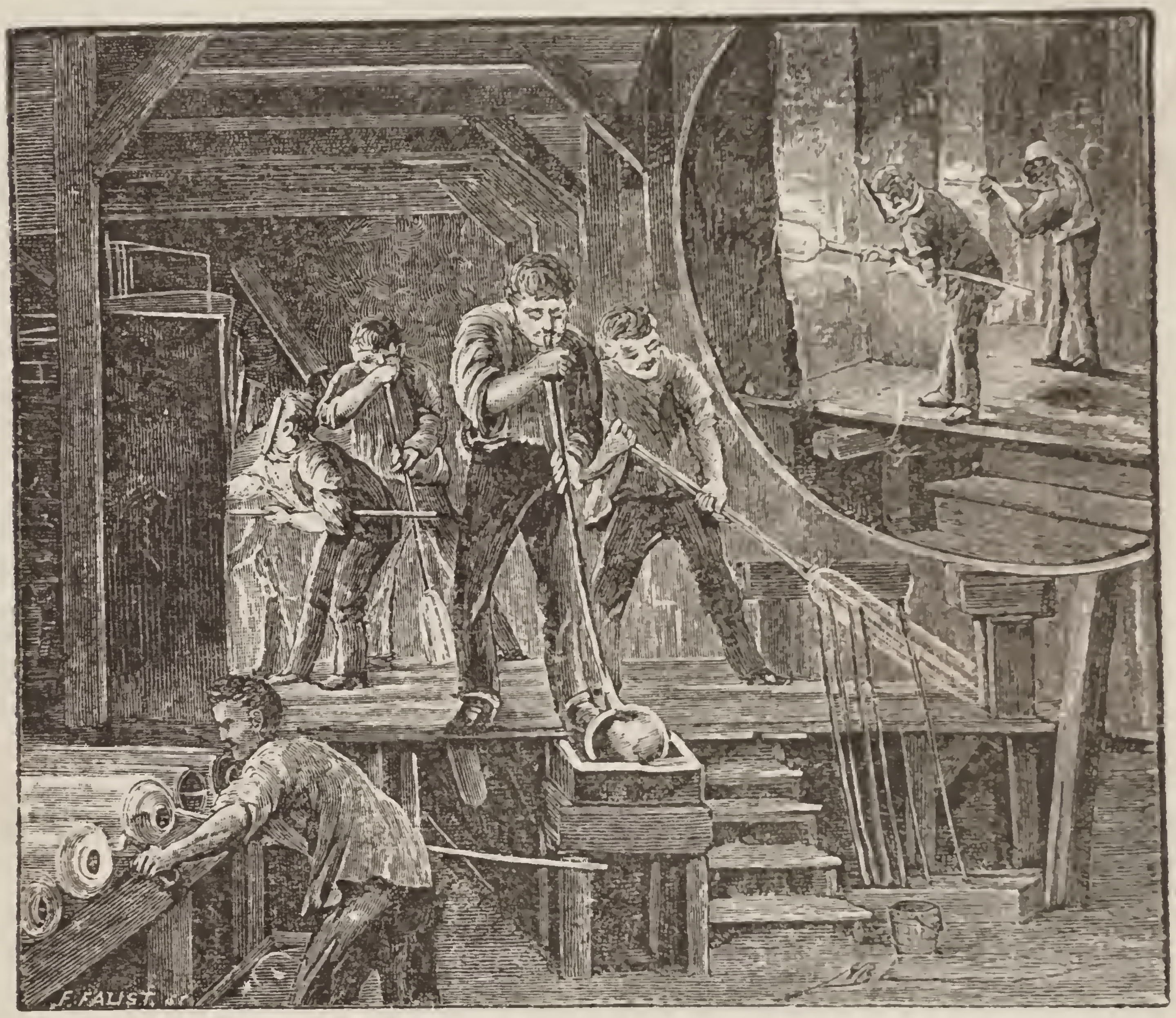
8. The materials used in its manufacture are sand, an alkali, lime, arsenic, and charcoal. When they are all reduced to powder, and mixed in due proportions, they form what the glass-makers call "batch."

9. Pots, made of fire-clay, and able to resist a high degree of heat, are placed in the furnace. As they are liable to break, great care is exercised in raising them to the high temperature required; and they are not allowed to become cold for months, if they should last so long.

10. Into these glowing pots is put the "batch" which has been made ready. A hot fire is kept up in the furnace until the "batch" is melted, and becomes liquid glass. It is al-

lowed to cool somewhat, and then it is ready for the blowers. This process usually requires about twenty hours.

11. Among the many inventions for saving labor which have been made, no important one has been applied to the work of blowing glass. It is a labor requiring the greatest skill, judgment, and experience; and the methods now employed are nearly the same as those employed a hundred years ago.



12. A quantity of the soft glass in the pots is collected on the end of a blow-pipe, which is about five feet long. Into its end the workman blows, and thus expands the mass of glass into the form of a globe. He then moves the blow-pipe in such a way that the globe becomes pear-shaped.

13. The workman then steps upon a plank over a pit, and by blowing into the pipe and skillfully swinging it from side to side, as seen in the picture, he changes the form into that of a cylinder with rounded or spherical ends.

14. The blower then places his thumb on the end of the pipe, and holds the rounded end of the cylinder in the mouth of the furnace. The glass softens at the heated end, and the expanding air makes an opening. Each end is made smooth and regular; and thus a perfect, hollow cylinder is formed. The work of the blower is completed when he has applied a heated iron to the inside of the cylinder, so as to produce a crack along its entire length.

15. The next step is to change this cylinder to a sheet. For this purpose it is placed in a flattening-oven, which has a smooth stone floor. This floor is movable, and is heated by a fire below it. As the cylinder advances in the oven, it becomes so hot that it can be bent without breaking.

16. At the proper time a workman opens out the cylinder, and rubs it on the stone floor until it forms a flat sheet. It is then allowed to cool slowly, so as to render it less brittle. It is then carried to the cutter, who, by the use of a diamond, cuts the large sheet into any shape and size required.

17. Such in brief is the method of changing a few raw materials into a beautiful article, which is totally different from any of its elements in form or appearance. This is but one of the many proofs that human skill and energy can equal, and even exceed, the most wonderful fairy tales ever written or told in any part of the world.

Definitions.—1. Trans pâr′ent, *clear.* 5. Mo nŏp′o ly, *exclusive possession.* 8. Ăl′ka lĭ, *ashes of the plant called glasswort. This plant when burned yields soda, which is used in the manufacture of glass.* 8. Är′se nic, *metal of a steel gray color and brilliant luster, though usually dull from tarnish.* 8. Chär′cōal, *coal made by charring wood under turf, or in other circumstances to exclude air.* 9. Fīre′-clāy, *kind of clay capable of sustaining intense heat.* 13. Çy̆l′in der, *solid of a roller-like form, with circular ends.* 13. Sphĕr′ic al, *like a sphere, globular.* 16. Brĭt′tle, *easily broken.*

XCV.—DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII.

By Sir Edward George Bulwer-Lytton, a distinguished British novelist, born in Norfolk in 1805, died in London in 1873. Gen. Bulwer, his father, died while this son was young, and the child was brought up by his mother, who died in 1844. He graduated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, in 1826. In 1844, he had succeeded to the Knebworth estates, and assumed the surname of Lytton from his mother's family. While at school, he occupied his vacations by pedestrian tours through England and Scotland, and by a jaunt on horseback over most of France. Among his works are "Eugene Aram," "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes," "The Last of the Barons," "The Lady of Lyons," and "Richelieu." The last two named are dramas which have been very successful, and still hold the stage. His works have been translated into several European languages, and are extensively read throughout the civilized world. He is perhaps, after Scott, the most universally popular of all the British novelists.

1. The cloud, which had scattered so deep a murkiness over the day, had now settled into a solid and impenetrable mass. It resembled less even the thickest gloom of a night in the open air than the close and blind darkness of some narrow room. But in proportion as the blackness gathered, did the lightnings around Vesuvius increase in their vivid and scorching glare.

2. Nor was their horrible beauty confined to the usual hues of fire; no rainbow ever rivaled their varied and prodigal dyes. Now brightly blue as the most azure depth of a southern sky;—now of a livid and snake-like green, darting restlessly to and fro as the folds of an enormous serpent;—now of a lurid and intolerable crimson, gushing forth through the columns of smoke, far and wide, and lighting up the whole city from arch to arch;—then suddenly dying into a sickly paleness, like the ghost of their own life!

3. In the pauses of the showers, you heard the rumbling of the earth beneath, and the groaning waves of the tortured; or, lower still and audible but to the watch of intensest fear, the grinding and hissing murmur of the escaping gases through the chasms of the distant mountain.

4. Sometimes the cloud appeared to break from its solid mass, and, by the lightning, to assume quaint and vast mimic-

ries of human or of monster shapes, striding across the gloom, hurtling one upon the other, and vanishing swiftly into the turbulent abyss of shade; so that, to the eyes and fancies of the affrighted wanderers, the unsubstantial vapors were as the bodily forms of gigantic foes,—the agents of terror and of death.

5. The ashes in many places were already knee-deep; and the boiling showers which came from the steaming breath of the volcano forced their way into the houses, bearing with them a strong and suffocating vapor. In some places, immense fragments of rock, hurled upon the house-roofs, bore down along the streets masses of confused ruin, which yet more and more, with every hour, obstructed the way; and, as the day advanced, the motion of the earth was more sensibly felt,—the footing seemed to slide and creep,—nor could chariot or litter be kept steady, even on the most level ground.

6. Sometimes the huger stones, striking against each other as they fell, broke into countless fragments, emitting sparks of fire, which caught whatever was combustible within their reach; and along the plains beyond the city, the darkness was now terribly relieved; for several houses and even vineyards had been set on flames; and at various intervals, the fires rose sullenly and fiercely against the solid gloom.

7. To add to this partial relief of the darkness, the citizens had, here and there, in the more public places, such as the porticoes of temples and the entrances to the forum, endeavored to place rows of torches; but these rarely continued long; the showers and the winds extinguished them, and the sudden darkness into which their fitful light was converted had something in it, doubly terrible and doubly impressive on the impotence of human hopes, the lesson of despair.

8. Frequently, by the momentary light of these torches, parties of fugitives encountered one another, some hurrying toward the sea, others flying from the sea back to the land; for the ocean had retreated rapidly from the shore;—an utter darkness lay over it, and, upon its groaning and tossing waves,

the storm of cinders and rocks fell without the protection which the streets and roofs afforded to the land.

9. Wild,—haggard,—ghastly, with supernatural fears, these groups encountered one another, but without the leisure to speak, to consult, to advise; for the showers fell now frequently, though not continuously, extinguishing the lights, which showed to each band the death-like faces of the other, and hurrying all to seek refuge beneath the nearest shelter.

10. The whole elements of civilization were broken up. Ever and anon, by the flickering lights, you saw the thief hastening by the most solemn authorities of the law, laden with, and fearfully chuckling over, the produce of his sudden gains. If in the darkness wife was separated from husband, or parent from child, vain was the hope of reunion. Each hurried blindly and confusedly on. Nothing in all the various and complicated machinery of social life was left save the primal law of self-preservation!

Definitions.—1. Mûrk′i ness, *gloominess.* 2. Prŏd′i gal, *lavish.* 2. Lū′rid, *dismal.* 3. Ȼhăs̱ms̱, *deep openings.* 4. Quāint, *odd.* 4. Hûr′tling, *whirling.* 4. Tûr′bu lent, *agitated.* 6. E mĭt′ting, *sending forth.* 7. Fō′rum, *public place where causes were judicially tried, and orations delivered to the people.* 7. Ĭm′po tençe, *weakness.* 10. Prī′mal, *first.*

Note.—POMPEII, an ancient city of southern Italy, 12 mi. S.E. of Naples, and at the foot of Mt. Vesuvius. About A. D. 63, it was partly destroyed by two earthquakes, occurring at an interval of a few months; and it was overwhelmed by the eruption of Vesuvius, Aug. 24, A. D. 79, which involved it, with Herculaneum and Stabiæ, in a common destruction.

COMMIT TO MEMORY.

"A PLACE in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play;
The Past and the Future are nothing
In the face of the stern To-day."

ADELAIDE PROCTER.

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XCVI.—*TO THE FLYING-FISH.*

By **Thomas Moore**, an Irish poet, born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1779, died in 1852. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and studied law at Middle Temple, London. He published in 1801, his translation of the "Odes of Anacreon," which proved very successful. In 1804, he visited the United States, and in 1806 published his "Odes and Epistles," which presented a series of poetical notes of his progress, and comments upon American institutions and literature. This volume was severely criticised by Jeffrey in the "Edinburgh Review." In 1817, he published "Lalla Rookh," a series of four Eastern stories, connected by a thread of prose. This poem has passed through many editions, and has been translated into the Persian.

1. When I have seen thy snowy wing
O'er the blue wave at evening spring,
And give those scales of silver white,
So gayly to the eye of light,
As if thy frame were formed to rise,
And live amid the glorious skies;
Oh! it has made me proudly feel,
How like thy wing's impatient zeal
Is the pure soul, that scorns to rest
Upon the world's ignoble breast,
But takes the plume that God has given,
And rises into light and heaven!

2. But when I see that wing so bright,
Grow languid with a moment's flight,
Attempt the paths of air in vain,
And sink into the waves again;
Alas! the flattering pride is o'er;
Like thee, awhile, the soul may soar,
But erring man must blush to think,
Like thee, again, the soul may sink!

3. Oh, virtue! when thy clime I seek,
Let not my spirit's flight be weak;
Let me not, like this feeble thing,
With brine still dropping from its wing,
Just sparkle in the solar glow,
And plunge again to depths below;

But when I leave the grosser throng,
With whom my soul hath dwelt so long,
Let me, in that aspiring day,
Cast every lingering stain away,
And, panting for thy purer air,
Fly up at once and fix me there!

Definitions.—1. Ig nō'ble, *mean.* 2. Lăn̲'guid, *feeble.* 3. Clīme, *region.* 3. Brīne, *water saturated with salt, salt-water.* 3. Sō'lar, *proceeding from the sun.* 3. Grōss'er, *rougher, coarser.* 3. Thrŏng, *multitude.* 3. As pīr'ing, *soaring.* 3. Lĭn̲'ḡer ing, *delaying.*

XCVII.—*A VISIT TO THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.*

By Horace Greeley, an American journalist, born in Amherst, New Hampshire, 1811, died in New York, 1872. In boyhood, he worked on his father's farm, and attended the district school a few months in the winter. At a very early age he exhibited a great fondness for reading. In the "Life of Horace Greeley," Parton says, "He read whatever he could get: but his preference was for history, poetry, and newspapers. He had read the whole Bible before he was six years old." When fifteen years of age he entered a newspaper office in Vermont, and soon learned to set type. In 1831, he found his way to New York city, where he sought employment at his trade. He started a number of papers which proved financial failures; and finally, in 1841, issued the first copy of "The Tribune." Until his death, he was identified with this paper, and under his editorship it became one of the most widely circulated and influential newspapers in the country. In the summer of 1859, Mr. Greeley made a journey across the Plains to California, during which he visited the Yosemite Valley.

1. The night was clear and bright, as all summer nights in this region are; the atmosphere cool, but not really cold; the moon had risen before seven o'clock, and was shedding so much light as to bother us in our forest path, where the shadow of a standing pine looked exceedingly like the substance of a fallen one, and many semblances were unreal and misleading. The safest course was to give your horse a full rein, and trust to his sagacity or self-love for keeping the trail.

2. As we descended by zigzags the north face of the all but perpendicular mountain, our moonlight soon left us, or was present only by reflection from the opposite cliff. Soon the trail became at once so steep, so rough, so tortuous, that we all

dismounted. By steady effort we descended the three miles (four thousand feet perpendicular) in two hours, and stood at midnight by the rushing, roaring waters of the Merced.

3. That first full, deliberate gaze up the opposite height! can I ever forget it? The valley here is scarcely half a mile wide, while its northern wall of mainly naked, perpendicular granite is at least four thousand feet high, probably more. But the little moonlight that fell into this awful gorge gave to that precipice a vagueness of outline, an indefinite vastness, a ghostly and weird spirituality. Had the mountain spoken to me in audible voice, or begun to lean over with the purpose of burying me beneath its crushing mass, I should hardly have been surprised.

4. We discussed the propriety of camping directly at the foot of the pass; but decided against it, because of the insufficiency of the grass at this point for our tired and hungry beasts; and resolved to push on to the nearest of the two houses in the valley, which was said to be four miles distant. To my dying day I shall remember that weary and almost endless ride up the valley.

5. How many times our heavy eyes—I mean those of my San Francisco friend and myself—were lighted up by visions of that intensely desired cabin, visions which seemed distinct and clear, but which, alas! a nearer view proved to be made up of moonlight and shadow, rock and tree, into which they faded one after another.

6. At length the *real* cabin—one made of posts, beams, and boards, instead of rock, and shadow, and moonshine—was reached; and we eagerly dismounted, turning out our weary steeds into abundant grass, and stirring up the astonished landlord, who had never before received guests at that unseemly hour.

7. The *Fall* of the Yosemite, so called, is a humbug. It is not the Merced River that makes this fall, but a mere tributary trout-brook, which pitches in from the north by a barely once broken descent of twenty-six hundred feet, while the Merced enters the valley at its eastern extremity, over falls of six hundred and two hundred and fifty feet. But a river thrice as large as the Merced at this season would be utterly dwarfed by all the other accessories of this immense chasm. Only a Mississippi or a Niagara could be adequate to their demands.

8. I readily grant that a hundred times the present amount of water may roll down the Yosemite fall in the months of May and June, when the snows are melting from the central ranges of the Sierra Nevada, which bound this abyss on the east; but this would not add a fraction to the wonder of this vivid exhibition of the Divine power and majesty.

9. At present, the little stream that leaps down the Yosemite,

and is all but shattered to mist by the amazing descent, looks more like a tape-line let down from the cloud-capped height to measure the depth of the abyss. The Yosemite Valley is the most unique and majestic of Nature's marvels; but the Yosemite *Fall* is of little account. Were it absent, the valley would not be notably less worthy of a toilsome visit.

10. "The Dome" is a high, round, naked peak, which rises between the Merced and its little tributary from the inmost recesses of the Sierra Nevada already noted, and which towers to a height of over five thousand feet above the waters at its base. Picture to yourself a perpendicular wall of bare granite nearly or quite one mile high!

11. Yet there are some dozen or score of peaks in all, ranging from three thousand to five thousand feet above the valley, and a biscuit tossed from any of them would strike very near its base, and its fragments go bounding and falling still farther. I certainly miss here the glaciers of Chamouni; but I know no other single wonder of Nature on earth which can claim a superiority over Yosemite.

12. Just dream yourself for one hour in a chasm nearly ten miles long, with egress for birds and water at either extremity, and none elsewhere save at three points, up the face of a precipice from three thousand to four thousand feet high, the chasm scarcely more than a mile wide at any point, and tapering to a mere gorge or cañon at either end, with walls of mainly naked and perpendicular white granite from three thousand to five thousand feet high, so that looking up to the sky from it is like looking out of an unfathomable profound, and you will have some conception of the Yosemite.

Definitions.—1. Sĕm′blan çeş, *appearances.* 1. Trāil, *narrow track.* 2. Pẽr pen dĭȼ′ū lar, *exactly upright.* 2. Zĭg′zăgş, *short turns.* 2. Tôrt′ū oŭs, *winding.* 3. Gôrġe, *narrow pass.* 3. Vāgue′ness, *uncertainty.* 3. Wēird, *unearthly, wild.* 3. Vȧst′ness, *immense bulk.* 4. Pro prī′e ty, *fitness.* 7. Dwa̤rfed, *stunted.* 7. Aȼ çĕs′so rieş, *accompaniments.* 7. Ăd′e quāte, *fully* *sufficient.* 9. U nïque′, *unequaled.* 9. Ma jĕs′tiȼ, *grand.* 9. Mär′velş, *wonders.* 10. Re çĕss′eş, *retreats.* 10. Tow′erş, *rises high.* 12. Ē′gress, *place of going out.* 12. Cañon (kan yŭn′), *deep gorge, ravine, or gulch, between high and steep banks, worn by water-courses.* 12. Pro found′, *abyss.* 12. Ȼon çĕp′tion, *idea or notion.*

Note.—CHAMOUNI (shä moo nēe), a picturesque Alpine valley of France. The glaciers which descend into the valley from Mont Blanc are the grandest in the Alps.

YOSEMITE VALLEY, (yo sem′e te) through which winds the Merced River, is about 155 miles south-east of San Francisco.

XCVIII.—*THE EXILES OF FRANCE.*

BY VICTOR HUGO.

1. THE exiles are scattered; destiny has blasts that scatter men as a hand scatters ashes. Some are in Belgium, some in Piedmont, some in Switzerland, where they have no liberty; others are in London, where they have no roof.

2. This one a peasant has been torn from his native enclosure; this one a soldier has no longer anything but the handle of his sword, for his sword they have broken; this one a workman does not know the language of the country; he is without clothes and without shoes; he does not know whether he will eat to-morrow.

3. This one has left a wife and children, beloved group, the object for which he labors, the joy of his life; this one has an old mother, with white hair, who is weeping for him; that one has an old father who will die without having seen him again; this other loved; he has left behind him an adored being who will forget him; they raise their heads, they stretch out their hands to each other, they smile; there are no people who do not step aside with respect when they pass, and who do not view with profound tenderness, as one of the most beautiful sights which fortune can give to men, all these peaceful consciences, all these broken hearts.

4. They suffer, they are silent; in them the citizen has

sacrificed the man; they look fixedly at adversity; they do not even cry under the pitiless rod of misfortune; but in the evening, when one thinks, when all in the strange city puts on sadness, for what seems cold by day becomes funereal by twilight; in the night when one does not sleep, souls the most stoical open to grief and dejection. Where are the little children? Who will give them bread? Who will give them their father's kiss? Where is the wife? Where is the mother? Where is the brother? Where are they all? And those songs that one used to hear in the evening in their native language, where are they?

5. Where is the wood, the tree, the path, the roof full of nests, the bell surrounded by tombs? Where is the street, where is the faubourg, the lamp lighted before your door, the friends, the workshop, the trade, the accustomed work? And the furniture sold at public notice, the auction invading the domestic sanctuary!

6. Oh, what farewells forever! destroyed, dead, thrown to the four winds, that moral being which they call the hearth of a family, and which is not only composed of prattlings, tendernesses, and of embraces, but also of hours and habits, of the visits of friends, of the laughter of one, of the pressure of another's hand, of the view that one saw from such a window, of the place where a familiar object stood, of the arm-chair where your grandfather sat, of the carpet on which your first-born has played!

7. Flown away are all those objects on which your life was imprinted! Vanished the visible form of recollections! There are in grief, inward and obscure, sides where the boldest courage bends. The orator of Rome bent his head without growing pale to the knife of the centurion Lenas; but he wept when he thought that his house would be destroyed by Clodius.

8. The proscribed are silent; or, if they mourn, it is only among themselves. As they know each other, and know that they are doubly brothers, having the same country and the same proscription, they relate to each other their miseries.

He who has money divides with those who have none; he who has firmness gives it to those who lack it. They exchange reminiscences, aspirations, hopes. They turn, with their arms stretched out into the shadow, toward what they have left behind them. Ah! how happy they are down there, those who think no longer of us! Each one suffers, and, at moments, becomes impassioned.

9. They engrave on all memories the names of all the hangmen. Each one has something that he curses. But there is one thing that they bless all and with one accord; it is thou, France! Oh! a complaint, a word against thee, France! No, no, no! One has never more of country in his heart than when he is in exile. They will do their whole duty with a tranquil forehead and an unshaken perseverance. Never to see thee again, that is their sorrow; never to forget thee, that is their joy.

Definitions.—1. Dĕs'ti ny, *fixed order of things.* 3. A dōred', *loved in the highest degree.* 4. Fĭx'ed ly, *steadfastly.* 4. Ad vẽr'si ty, *misfortune.* 4. Fu nē're al, *dismal.* 4. Stō'ic al, *unfeeling.* 4. De jĕc'tion, *melancholy.* 5. Faubourg (fō'bo͞org), *suburb in French cities.* 7. Çen tū'ri on, *military officer who commanded a company of infantry comprising a hundred men, answering to the captain of modern times.* 8. Pro scrībed', *denounced and condemned as dangerous, and not worthy of reception.* 8. Pro scrĭp'tion, *act of proscribing or dooming to death or exile.* 8. Rĕm i nĭs'çen çeş, *remembrances.*

Notes.—CLODIUS, a Roman demagogue, killed in 52 B. C. He became a violent enemy of Cicero, called in the lesson, the orator of Rome, and caused him to be driven into exile in 58 B. C.

CICERO, MARCUS TULLIUS, a celebrated orator, born B. C. 106. He was educated at Rome under the best masters of the time. After serving one campaign under Strabo, he devoted six years to the studies necessary to raise himself to distinction as a lawyer and an orator. In B. C. 79 he visited Athens, made a tour of Asia Minor, resumed his studies at Rhodes, and after an absence of two years he returned to Rome, and speedily placed himself at the head of the Roman bar. During his consulship he discovered, exposed, and defeated Catiline's conspiracy, and was the recipient of great honors from citizens and Senate. By the order of Antony, Cicero's name was placed on the list of the proscribed; and after an unsuccessful attempt to escape, he stretched forward his head to his executioners, and called upon them to strike, (B. C. 43.)

XCIX.—*THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.*

By **Theodore O'Hara**, born in Kentucky about 1820. He served in the Mexican War; and when the remains of the Kentucky soldiers who fell at Buena Vista (February 22-23, 1847) were removed to their native state, he wrote for the occasion this famous poem. He died in 1867 on a plantation in Alabama, and in accordance with a resolution of the Kentucky Legislature, his remains were conveyed to that state and buried by the side of those he had commemorated.

1. The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground,
Their silent tents are spread;
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

2. No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn or screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

3. Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed,
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud;—
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow;
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

4. The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,

The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are passed;—
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

5. Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Comes down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watch-word of that day
Was victory or death.

6. Full many a mother's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its mouldered slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone now wake each solemn height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

7. Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air;
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war its richest spoil,—
The ashes of her brave.

8. Thus, 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield.

The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here;
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulcher.

9. Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave,
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave.
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

10. Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

Definitions.—1. Tat too̅′, *beat of drum at night, giving notice to soldiers to retreat, or to repair to their quarters in garrison, or to their tents in camp.* 3. Mär′tial, *military.* 3. Shroud, *dress of the dead.* 5. Plä teau′ (plä tō′), *elevated plain.* 5. Sĕr′ried, *pressed together.* 5. Frāy, *contest.* 7. He rō′ic, *illustrious.* 7. Spoil, *booty.* 8. Tûrf, *sod.* 8. Sĕp′ul cher, *grave.* 9. Em bälmed′, *perpetuated in grateful remembrance.* 10. Re môrse′less, *cruel.*

Notes.—ANGOSTURA'S PLAIN. In the vicinity of Buena Vista, Mexico, there is a narrow defile which is called Angostura's pass. The battle-field which was near this pass, the poet refers to as Angostura's plain.

DARK AND BLOODY GROUND, an expression often used in allusion to Kentucky, of which name it is said to be the translation. The name originated in the fact that this was the grand battle-ground between the northern and southern Indians.

C.—*INDOLENCE AND INDUSTRY.*

By JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND, an American author, born in Massachusetts, in 1819, died in New York, in 1881. Having studied medicine, he practiced for three years, and afterwards edited a literary journal for a few months in Springfield, Mass. In May, 1849, he became associate editor of the "Springfield Republican," and two years later one of the proprietors of that journal, in which connection he remained till 1866. From 1870, until his death, he was conductor of "Scribner's Monthly" in New York. He wrote, under the assumed name of "Timothy Titcomb," a number of works, among which are the following: "Letters to the Young," "Gold Foil," "Lessons in Life," "Letters to the Joneses." In 1873, a complete edition of his poems was published in New York, under the title of "Garnered Sheaves."

1. IDLENESS is the sepulcher of a living man. A man whose will refuses to direct the vitality within him into regular channels of labor,—who simply feeds and sleeps, or nurses his passions and his appetites,—whose highest satisfaction comes from sense,—is as good as dead and buried. Of what use is such a man in the world, to himself or to others? If he will not work, he is a burden upon society, even if he prey upon a pile of inherited wealth. That wealth, if he were out of the way, would pass into better hands; and the world has need of it for its workers.

2. No man has a right to be idle, if he can get work to do, even if he be as rich as Crœsus, simply because he cannot be an idle man without injury to himself and to society. He destroys his own happiness, buries his own powers of usefulness, and furnishes to the world a pestilent example.

3. If any rich young man read these words, I have something of importance to say to him. Your father, either by business enterprise or family inheritance, is rich. You know the amount of his wealth, and you know there is enough of it to support you while you live, without labor. Here is a great temptation.

4. As I have said before, humanity is constitutionally lazy; and when you see how severely the prizes of life are to be struggled for, you naturally shrink from the sharp, and, what seems to be, the unnecessary competition. There is also, perhaps, in your mind, a prejudice against labor. It may not

appear to you a very genteel thing to tie yourself to a daily round of duties. You like to be independent, and to show that you are so.

5. Now be very careful here, or you will make the great mistake of your life,—a mistake which some day you will be willing to give all your wealth to recall. I know that you cannot be happy without fulfilling the end of your being, and so do you. I know that you cannot fulfill the end of your being without the thorough development of your powers by the regular, systematic expenditure of your vitality in labor. I know that unless you do this, time will be left upon your hands, to be dreamed away alone, or inflicted as a bore upon others who have something to do, or to be filled up by ministry to appetites which will degrade you.

6. So I say to you, never dream, for a moment, of a life of idleness. Such a life will curse you and injure others. Such a life is as unmanly as it is ungodly. It has no redeeming feature and no apology. Have a profession or a calling of some kind, which shall make a regular tax upon your powers. Only in this way can you be reasonably safe from low temptations, acquire self-respect, secure the esteem of men, and place yourself in sympathy with this working world.

7. I know that there are many who are obliged to work too hard,—whose vitality is taxed beyond measure and beyond the profit of the organs and faculties by which it is expended. While this fact is partly owing to the multiplicity and extravagance of artificial wants, it might be greatly modified by a more nearly universal adoption of the habit of labor. The burdens of the world are unequally borne. A great multitude live without labor; they are drones in the hive.

8. A still greater multitude live by their wits; and over all this country,—never more than at the present time,—is there a disposition to gain wealth out of the regular channels of business. The real "English" of this mode of acquiring wealth is to get it without earning it,—a way of legally gaining possession of what others have earned by the sweat of their

brows. Nearly all the popular modes and means of speculation are modes and means of legal gambling.

9. Not a dollar is produced in the world that is not either taken from the ground, or pulled from the sea by somebody; and it is a shameful fact, that the popular means of winning wealth contemplate its acquisition without a particle of labor bestowed upon its production. I do not believe that wealth won in this way is won in the right way. There is a legitimate business of mediation between producers and consumers, and a legitimate line of service to both; but further than this, all those who seek for wealth without adding a grain to the general stock, are leeches, sponges, nuisances.

10. There is a more honorable way. There are legitimate offices of service to the world, for which the world will pay well; and, in one of these at least, every man should have a place, and there do the work of his life, winning competence as he will, and wealth if he may. Wealth, legitimately acquired, is valuable; and it is only valuable when thus acquired. Honest labor for the world is the only true basis of wealth, and the grand prerequisite for its enjoyment.

11. I have said that everybody looks forward to the time when he can retire from business. There may be something in this beyond the natural laziness of men or their desire for ease. It may be that some intuition of the soul overleaps its earthly life, and, seeing the heavenly goal but dimly, plants its reward of labor on this side the river, when it should be placed among the gardens upon the other bank. Be that as it may, retiring from business has most commonly proved a disastrous operation.

12. There are old men and old women whose work of life is really done, and who may, in peace and content, sit down and wait their mysterious transit. We love these weary workers, and bid them be happy. But a man who retires from business before the work of life is done, in the full possession of his powers, retires from happiness and health. His stock of vitality is unexpended; and uneasy and discontented must his life

be, unless that vitality find an outlet through legitimate channels.

13. A life of active business carves deep channels, and it is very hard to change them. Better far to die in the old harness than to try to put on another. But all may look forward to an age of leisure, lying in the unknown land, where powers, trained to ease of action by labor, will find themselves fed by a vitality immortal as that in which abide the springs of all power.

Definitions.—2. Pĕs′ti lent, *mischievous.* 4. Ꞓŏn sti tū′tion-al ly, *naturally.* 4. Prĕj′ū dĭçe, *opinion or decision of mind formed without due examination.* 5. De vĕl′op ment, *unfolding.* 5. Ex pĕnd′i tūre, *outlay.* 5. Bōre, *anything that wearies by ceaseless repetition or dullness.* 5. De grāde′, *debase.* 7. Är ti-fĭ′cial, *cultivated.* 9. Aꞓ qui şĭ′tion, *attainment.* 9. Le ġĭt′i-mate, *genuine, real.* 9. Spȯn′ġeş, *persons who live upon others.* 10. Ꞓŏm′pe tençe, *sufficiency.* 10. Pre rĕq′ui şite, *something that is previously required, or necessary to an end proposed.* 11. Diş ăs′troŭs, *unfortunate.* 12. Trăns′it, *passage through or over.*

Note.—Crœsus, a king of Lydia, proverbial for his great wealth, born about 590 B. C. He ascended the throne about 568 B. C.; he was heir to untold treasures; success crowned all his early efforts, and he subdued all the Greek cities on the coast of Asia Minor. He was taken prisoner by Cyrus of Persia about 546 B. C., and was condemned to be burned alive, but was finally spared, and became the confidential adviser of his conqueror, the King of Persia.

CI.—*ORATION ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BOSTON MASSACRE.*

By Joseph Warren, an American patriot, born in Roxbury, Mass., in 1741, killed in the battle of Bunker Hill, in 1775. He graduated at Harvard College in 1759, studied medicine, and at the age of 23 commenced practice in Boston. On March 2, 1772, he delivered an address on the second anniversary of the Boston Massacre, and acquitted himself with great ability. In 1775, he delivered the address, from which the following extract is taken. On June 14, 1775, the Massachusetts Congress commissioned him as major-general. When it was decided to fortify Bunker Hill, he resolved to take part in the contest. When warned against the hazard of exposing himself, he replied, "I know that I may fall, but where is the man who does not think it glorious to die for his country?" The Congress of Massachusetts, proclaimed to the world their veneration for him, whose memory is endeared to his countrymen, and to the worthy in every part and age of the world, so long as virtue and valor shall be esteemed among men.

1. OUR streets are again filled with armed men, our harbor is crowded with ships of war; but these cannot intimidate us; our liberty must be preserved; it is far dearer than life; we hold it even dear as our allegiance; we cannot suffer even Britons to tear it from us. Should America be brought into vassalage, Britain must lose her freedom also; her liberty, as well as ours, will eventually be preserved by the virtue of America.

2. The attempt of Parliament to raise a revenue from America, and our denial of their right to do it, have excited an almost universal inquiry into the rights of British subjects and of mankind. The malice of the Boston port-bill has been defeated in a very considerable degree, by benefactions in this and our sister colonies; and the sympathetic feelings for a brother in distress, and the grateful emotions of him who finds relief, must forever endear each to the other, and form those indissoluble bonds of friendship and affections on which the preservation of our rights so evidently depends.

3. The mutilation of our charter has made every other colony jealous for its own. Even the sending troops to put these acts into execution is not without advantages to us. The exactness and beauty of their discipline inspire our youth with ardor in the pursuit of military knowledge. Charles the Invincible taught Peter the Great the art of war; the battle of Pultowa convinced Charles of the proficiency Peter had made.

4. Our country is in danger. Our enemies are numerous and powerful; but we have many friends, determining to be free; and Heaven and earth will aid the resolution. You are to decide the important question, on which rests the happiness and liberty of millions unborn.

5. Act worthy of yourselves. The faltering tongue of hoary age calls on you to support your country. The lisping infant raises its suppliant hands, imploring defence against the monster slavery. Your fathers look from their celestial seats with smiling approbation on their sons, who boldly stand forth in the cause of virtue.

6. My fellow-citizens, I know you want not zeal or fortitude. You will maintain your rights, or perish in the generous struggle. However difficult the combat, you will never decline it, when freedom is the prize. An independence of Great Britain is not our aim. No, our wish is, that Britain and the colonies may, like the oak and the ivy, grow and increase together. But if these pacific measures are ineffectual, and it appears that the only way to safety is through fields of blood, I know that you will not turn your faces from your foes, but will undauntedly press forward until tyranny is trodden under foot.

Definitions.—1. In tĭm′i dāte, *frighten.* 1. Al lē′ġiançe, *duty or fidelity to a king, government, or state.* 1. Văs′sal aġe, *political servitude.* 1. E vĕnt′ū al ly, *finally.* 2. Pär′lia ment, *assembly in Great Britain, which enacts and repeals laws, and corresponding in powers to our Congress.* 2. Rĕv′e nūe, *annual produce of taxes, duties, etc.* 2. In dĭs′so lu ble, *firm, not to be broken.* 2. Prĕş er vā′tion, *security.* 3. Chär′ter, *instrument in writing from the king, bestowing rights and privileges.* 3. Ĕx e ȼū′tion, *performance.* 3. Ex̧ ăȼt′ness, *regularity.* 3. Dĭs′çi plĭne, *drill.* 3. Pro fĭ′cien çy, *improvement.* 5. Çe lĕs′tial, *heavenly.* 6. Fôr′ti tūde, *courage.* 6. Pa çĭf′iȼ, *peace-making.* 6. Un däunt′ed ly, *boldly.*

Notes.—Boston Port-Bill, a bill passed by Parliament, and designed to punish Boston. It provided that after June 18, 1775, no person should load or unload any ship in Boston harbor.

Charles the Invincible (Charles XII.), King of Sweden, a celebrated conqueror, born at Stockholm, in 1682, was killed by a ball at the siege of Frederikshald, Norway, Dec. 11, 1718. He was defeated by Peter the Great in the decisive battle of Pultowa, Russia, July 8, 1709, with a loss of 9000 killed and 6000 prisoners.

Peter I., or Peter the Great, Czar of Russia, born at Moscow in 1672, died at Saint Petersburg in 1725. Having in 1721 fortunately ended a war of twenty years by a treaty of peace with the King of Sweden, he assumed, at the request of the senate, the titles of "Peter the Great, Emperor of all the Russias, and Father of his Country," He founded Saint Petersburg in 1703.

Boston Massacre. On the night of March 5, 1770, there was an encounter between the British troops stationed in Boston and the people. Several persons were killed, and others were wounded. This encounter is known in history as the Boston Massacre.

CII.—*ROCK ME TO SLEEP.*

By **Elizabeth Akers Allen**, born at Strong, Franklin Co., Me., 1832. Mrs. Allen's early poems appeared under the assumed name of "Florence Percy." Her first volume, entitled, "Forest Buds from the Woods of Maine," appeared in 1856. Her beautiful and deservedly popular poem, "Rock Me to Sleep," has had many claimants who would fain rob the rightful author of her merited honor.

1. Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

2. Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears,
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain;
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,—
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

3. Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between;
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence, so long and so deep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

4. Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures—
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours;

None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

5. Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again, as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more,
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

6. Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song;
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Definitions.—1. Yōre, *long ago.* 2. Rĕc′om pĕnse, *reward.* 3. Yẽarn′ing, *longing.* 5. Hăp′ly, *perhaps.*

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CIII.—*CLAY'S FAREWELL TO THE SENATE.*

By HENRY CLAY, an eminent American statesman and orator, born near Richmond, Va., April 12, 1777, and died in Washington, June 29, 1852. His father, who was a Baptist preacher, died in 1782, leaving a small property to his widow. Having studied law, Henry was admitted to the bar in 1797, after which he removed to Lexington, Ky., where he opened an office, and soon achieved decided success. In 1804, he was elected to the Kentucky Legislature, and in 1806 was chosen to fill a vacancy in the United States Senate caused by the resignation of Gen. John Adair. At the session of 1809-'10, he again appeared in the United States Senate, having been elected to fill a vacancy for two years, created by the resignation of Mr. Thurston. His first speech at this session was in favor of the policy of protection. In 1811, he was elected a representative in Congress, and on the day of his first appearance in the representatives' hall, as a member, he was chosen Speaker, a distinction without a parallel since the meeting of the first Congress. On Jan. 19, 1814, he resigned the speakership and his seat in Congress, in order to sail for Europe as a peacemaker, at the close of the war of 1812. During his absence he had been re-elected to Congress, and on the meeting of that body in Dec. 1815, he was once more chosen Speaker of the House. In 1824, he was one of the four candidates for the presidency of the United States, and March 4, 1825, was appointed Secretary of State by President Adams. He was again elected to the Senate in 1831, and in 1832 was an unsuccessful candidate for the presidency against Andrew Jackson. "Take him for all in all," says Parton, "we must regard him as the first of American orators; but posterity will not assign him that rank, because posterity will not hear that matchless voice, will not see those large gestures, those striking attitudes which gave to second-rate composition first-rate effect." "As a leader in a deliberative body," said a political opponent in the Senate, "Mr. Clay had no equal in America. In him, intellect, person, reason, eloquence, and courage united to form a character fit to command. He fired with his own enthusiasm and controlled by his amazing will, individuals and masses."

1. FROM the year 1806, the period of my entrance upon this noble theatre of my public service, with but short intervals, down to the present time, I have been engaged in the service of my country. Of the nature and value of that which I may have rendered during my long career of public life, it does not become me to speak.

2. History, if she deigns to notice me, and posterity,—if a recollection of any humble service which I may have rendered shall be transmitted to posterity,—will be the best, truest, and most impartial judges; and to them I defer for a decision upon their value.

3. But upon one subject I may be allowed to speak. As to my public acts and public conduct, they are subjects for the judgment of my fellow-citizens; but my private motives of action,—that which prompted me to take the part which I have done, upon great measures during their progress in the national councils, can be known only to the Great Searcher of the human heart and myself; and I trust I shall be pardoned for repeating again a declaration which I made thirty years ago:—

4. That whatever error I may have committed,—and doubtless I have committed many during my public service,—I may appeal to the Divine Searcher of hearts for the truth of the declaration which I now make, with pride and confidence, that I have been actuated by no personal motives,—that I have sought no personal aggrandizement,—no promotion from the advocacy of those various measures on which I have been called to act,—that I have had an eye, a single eye, a heart, a

single heart, ever devoted to what appeared to be the best interests of the country.

5. But I have not been unsustained during this long course of public service. Everywhere on this widespread continent have I enjoyed the benefit of possessing warm-hearted, enthusiastic, and devoted friends,—friends who knew me, and appreciated justly the motives by which I have been actuated. To them, if I had language to make suitable acknowledgments, I would now take leave to present them, as being all the offering that I can make for their long-continued, persevering, and devoted friendship.

6. But, sir, if I have a difficulty in giving utterance to an expression of the feelings of gratitude which fill my heart toward my friends, dispersed throughout this continent, what shall I say—what can I say—at all commensurate with my feelings of gratitude toward that State whose humble servitor I am?

7. I migrated to the State of Kentucky nearly forty-five years ago. I went there as an orphan, who had not yet attained his majority,—who had never recognized a father's smile,—poor, penniless, without the favor of the great,—with an imperfect and inadequate education, limited to the means applicable to such a boy.

8. But scarcely had I set foot upon that generous soil, before I was caressed with parental fondness,—patronized with bountiful munificence,—and I may add that her choicest honors, often unsolicited, have been freely showered upon me; and when I stood, as it were, in the darkest moments of human existence,—abandoned by the world, calumniated by a large portion of my own countrymen—she threw around me her impenetrable shield, bore me aloft, and repelled the attacks of malignity and calumny by which I was assailed.

9. Sir, it is to me an unspeakable pleasure that I am shortly to return to her friendly limits; and that I shall finally deposit (and it will not be long before that day arrives) my last remains under her generous soil, with the remains of her gallant and patriotic sons who have preceded me.

10. And now, allow me to submit the motion which is the

object which induced me to arise on this occasion. It is to present the credentials of my friend and successor, who is present to take my place. If, Mr. President, any void could be created by my withdrawal from the Senate of the United States, it will be filled to overflowing by my worthy successor, whose urbanity, gallant bearing, steady adherence to principle, rare and uncommon powers of debate, are well known already in advance to the whole Senate. I move that the credentials be received, and, at the proper moment, that the oath required be administered.

11. And now, in retiring, as I am about to do from the Senate, I beg leave to deposit with it my fervent wishes, that all the great and patriotic objects for which it was instituted, may be accomplished,—that the destiny designed for it by the framers of the constitution may be fulfilled,—that the deliberations, now and hereafter, in which it may engage for the good of our common country, may eventuate in the restoration of her prosperity, and in the preservation and maintenance of her honor abroad, and her best interests at home.

12. May the blessings of Heaven rest upon the heads of the whole Senate, and every member of it; and may every member of it advance still more in fame; and, when they shall retire to the bosoms of their respective constituencies, may they all meet there that most joyous and grateful of all human rewards, the exclamation of their countrymen, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." Mr. President and Senators, I bid you, one and all, a long, a last, a friendly farewell.

Definitions.—2. De̱ignş, *condescends.* 2. Trans mĭt′ted, *passed from one to another.* 2. De fẽr′, *put off.* 4. Ăg grăn′dĭze ment, *exaltation.* 4. Ăd′vo ꞓa çy, *defense.* 5. Aꞓ knŏwl′edġ ment, *avowals.* 6. Dis pẽrsed′, *scattered here and there.* 6. Ꞓom mĕn′su rate, *equal in measure.* 6. Sẽrv′i tor, *servant.* 7. In ăd′e quạte, *incomplete.* 7. Ăp′pli ꞓa ble, *fit to be applied.* 8. Păt′ron ĭzed, *supported.* 8. Mu nĭf′i çençe, *liberality.* 8. Ꞓa lŭm′ni ā ted, *slandered.* 8. Ma lĭg′ni ty, *malice.* 10. Ꞓredĕn'tialş, *certificates showing that a person has authority for official powers.* 10. Ur băn'i ty, *politeness.* 11. E vĕnt'ū āte, *terminate.* 11. Māin'te nanç̧e, *support.* 12. Ͼon stĭt'ū en çieş, *people who make choice of representatives.*

CIV.—*SELECTIONS FROM THE BIBLE.*

1. LORD, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God. Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, "Return, ye children of men." For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night. Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down and withereth.

2. For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled. So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

3. Return, O Lord, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants. Oh, satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice, and be glad all our days. Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil. Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands, establish thou it.

* * * * * *

4. Judge not, and ye shall not be judged; condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned; forgive, and ye shall be forgiven: Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again.

* * * *

5. Consider the ravens; for they neither sow nor reap; which neither have store-house nor barn; and God feedeth them; how much more are ye better than the fowls? And which of you with taking thought can add to his stature one cubit? If ye then be not able to do that thing which is least, why take ye thought for the rest? Consider the lilies how they grow; they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. If then God so clothe the grass, which is to-day in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven; how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith? * * * *

6. Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

7. Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part; but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

CV.—*A COURT OF JUSTICE IN VENICE.*

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, the greatest dramatic genius that ever lived, born at Stratford-upon-Avon, England, in 1564, and died in 1616. His father, John Shakespeare, was a glover. His mother's maiden name was Mary Arden. Of his childhood and early youth very little is known. It is certain, however, that he was married in his 19th year to Anne Hathaway, who was eight years his senior. He appears soon after his marriage to have gone to London, where he followed the profession of an actor; and, if Aubrey's statement may be trusted, he "did act exceedingly well." In his dedication of "Venus and Adonis," which appeared in 1593, he calls his poem the first heir of his invention, which would seem to indicate that it was his first production. From this time it is reasonable to suppose that, although he may have continued to act occasionally, his attention was principally directed to the composition of his dramas. His "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Comedy of Errors," "Love's Labor's Lost," "Midsummer-Night's Dream," "Merchant of Venice," "Richard II.," "Richard III.," "Henry IV.," "King John," and "Romeo and Juliet," appeared before the end of 1598. From this date to 1610, appeared his "Hamlet," "Othello," "King Lear," "Macbeth," "Julius Cæsar," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Coriolanus," and several other works. At a later date appeared, "The Winter's Tale," "The Tempest," and "King Henry VIII." The great dramatist appears to have enjoyed a large measure of the favor of Queen Elizabeth and King James I. "He was," says Dryden, "the man who, of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul; all the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them, not laboriously, but luckily; when he describes anything, you more than see it,—you feel it, too. He was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature,—he looked inwards and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; but he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him."

CHARACTERS.—Duke, the chief magistrate of Venice. Antonio, a merchant of Venice. Shylock, here represented as a Jew who had loaned Antonio three thousand ducats, and taken from him a bond, by which he was entitled to one pound of the merchant's flesh, nearest his heart, in case the payment was not made at the specified time. Bassanio, Salano, and Gratiano, the friends of Antonio. Portia, here acting as a Doctor of Laws. Antonio, having forfeited his bond. This extract, from the drama entitled the "Merchant of Venice," represents his trial before the Duke.

(*Enter* PORTIA, *dressed like a Doctor of Laws.*)

Duke.—Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

Por.—I did, my lord.

Duke.—You are welcome; take your place. Are you acquainted with the cause in question?

Por.—I am informed thoroughly of the case. Which is the merchant here, and which, the Jew?

Duke.—Antonio and Shylock, both stand forth.
Por. (*To Shylock.*)—Is your name Shylock?
Shy.—Shylock is my name.
Por. (*To Ant.*)—You are obnoxious to him; are you not?
Ant.—Ay; so he says.
Por.—Do you confess the bond?
Ant.—I do.
Por.—Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shy.—On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.
Por.—The quality of mercy is not strained.
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
'T is mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown,—
Itself enthroned in the hearts of kings.
It is the loveliest attribute of Deity;
And earthly power shows likest to divine,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.
Shy.—My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,—
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Por.—Is he not able to discharge the money?
Bass.—Yes; here I tender it for him, in the court;
Yea, twice the sum; if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority,
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel monster of his will.

Por.—It must not be. There is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established;
'T will be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state; it can not be.
Shy.—A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!—
Oh, wise young judge, how do I honor thee!
Por.—I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
Shy.—Here 't is, most reverend doctor,—here it is.
Por.—Shylock, there 's thrice thy money offered thee.
Shy.—An oath! an oath! I have an oath in heaven!
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No; not for Venice.
Por.—Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart! Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
Shy.—When it is paid according to the tenor.
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.
Ant.—Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.
Por.—Why, then, thus it is.
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Shy.—Oh, noble judge! Oh, excellent young man!
Por.—For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy.—'T is very true. Oh, wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por.—Therefore, lay bare thy bosom.
Shy.—Ay, his breast;
So says the bond;—doth it not, noble judge?—
"Nearest his heart;" those are the very words.
Por.—It is so. Are there scales here to weigh the flesh?

Shy.—I have them ready.
Por.—Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
Shy.—Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por.—It is not so expressed; but what of that?
'T were good you do so much for charity.
Shy.—I cannot find it; 't is not in the bond.
Por.—Come, merchant, have you anything to say?
Ant.—But little. I am armed, and well prepared.
Por.—Shylock, a pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine.
The court awards it; and the law doth give it.

Shy.—Most rightful judge!
Por.—And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it; and the court awards it.
Shy.—Most learned judge! A sentence; come, prepare.
Por.—Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are "a pound of flesh."
Take, then, thy bond; take, thou, thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.
Gra.—Oh, upright judge!—Mark, Jew!—Oh, learned judge!
Shy.—Is that the law?
Por.—Thyself shalt see the act.
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.
Gra.—Oh, learned judge!—Mark, Jew!—a learned judge!
Shy.—I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.
Bass.—Here is the money.
Por.—Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice.—Soft!—no haste.
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra.—O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
Por.—Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh;
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh; if thou takest more,
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest; and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gra.—A second Daniel! a Daniel, Jew!

Por.—Why doth the Jew pause? Take thy forfeiture.
Shy.—Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bass.—I have it ready for thee; here it is.
Por.—He hath refused it in open court;
He shall have merely justice and his bond.
Gra.—A Daniel, still say I! a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy.—Shall I not have barely my principal?
Por.—Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy.—Why, then, I 'll—I 'll stay no longer questioning.
Por.—Tarry, Jew.
The law hath yet another hold on you;—
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien,
That by direct or indirect attempts,
He seeks the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou standest.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.
Duke.—That thou mayest see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou hast asked it.
Shy.—Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that.
You take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Por.—What mercy can you render him, Antonio?
Gra.—A halter gratis, and leave to hang himself.
Ant.—If it so please my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content; so he will let me have
The other half in use,—to render it,
Upon his death, unto his absent daughter.

Duke.—He shall do this; or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.
Por.—Art thou contented, Jew? What dost thou say?
Shy.—I am content.
Por.—Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
Shy.—I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well. Send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.
Duke.—Get thee gone; but do it.

Definitions.—Ob nŏx'ioŭs, *offensive.* Strāined, *forced.* Sēa'şonş, *tempers.* Pĕn'al ty, *punishment for crime or offence.* Suf fīçe', *satisfy.* Wrĕst, *pervert.* Ꞓûrb, *restrain.* Prĕç'e dent, *example.* Pẽr'ju ry, *false swearing.* Tĕn'or, *exact copy of the writing, (in this case the bond.)* Nŏm'i nā ted, *named.* Ꞓŏn'fis ꞓāte, *taken as a penalty to the public use.* Āl'ien, *foreigner.* Ꞓŏf'fer, *treasure or funds.* Pre dĭc'a ment, *condition.* Re ꞓănt', *recall.*

Note.—VENICE, (in Italy) formerly, for many centuries, one of the first maritime and commercial cities in the world. It is now a fortified city of Austrian Italy, and one of the two capitals of the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom.

CVI.—*GARFIELD'S WORDS.*

JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD, twentieth President of the United States, was born Nov. 19, 1831, in Orange, Ohio; and died by the hand of an assassin, after a lingering suffering of eleven weeks, Sept. 19, 1881, at Elberon, New Jersey. The early career of Garfield afforded a signal example of the triumph of energy, integrity, and intellect over poverty and obscurity. He was determined to have an education; and he achieved the object of his ambition to a degree rarely equaled in this country. While addicted to study and thorough intellectual training, he never neglected the physical man; but was an expert in all forms of active exercise. Graduating at Williams College, Mass., in 1856, Garfield soon became president of a college at Hiram, Ohio, and soon after devoted himself to the study of law, in which he subsequently achieved success. After two years' service in the Senate of Ohio, he joined the Union army in 1861, where he became brigadier-general the following year, and was promoted to the rank of major-general in 1863, rendering distinguished service. He was continuously elected to Congress from 1863 to 1879, when he was chosen by the Ohio legislature to the Senate of the United States. But a higher honor still was in store for him; and in November, 1880, he was elected President of the United States. Inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1881, he delivered a high-minded and statesman-like address, indicative of his policy and views of public affairs. In the fourth month of his Presidency, he was struck down by the bullet of an assassin. The wound was deep and necessarily fatal, although he struggled heroically and with unexampled patience and fortitude under the severe pain and prostration of an almost three months' illness, aided by the highest surgical skill and the most devoted care, to ward off the approach of death. On his final release from suffering, the testimonies of grief at the loss were world-wide. President Garfield was the author of very numerous public addresses, review articles, and speeches, his style being marked by great force and purity of diction.

1. A POUND of pluck is worth a ton of luck.

2. There is no American boy, however poor, however humble, orphan though he may be, that, if he have a clear head, a true heart, a strong arm, may not rise through all the grades of society, and become the crown, the glory, the pillar of the State.

3. In order to have any success in life, or any worthy success, you must resolve to carry into your work a fulness of knowledge,—not merely a sufficiency, but more than a sufficiency.

4. I must do something to keep my thoughts fresh and growing. I dread nothing so much as falling into a rut and feeling myself become a fossil.

5. If wrinkles must be written upon our brows, let them not be written upon the heart. The spirit should not grow old.

6. Next in importance to freedom and justice, is popular education, without which neither justice nor freedom can be permanently maintained.

7. The people of this country have shown by the highest proofs human nature can give, that wherever the path of duty and honor may lead, however steep and rugged it may be, they are ready to walk in it.

8. Let us seek liberty and peace under the law; and, following the pathway of our fathers, preserve the great legacy they have committed to our keeping.

9. Eternity alone will reveal to the human race its debt of gratitude to the peerless and immortal name of Washington.

10. The world's history is a divine poem, of which the history of every nation is a canto, and every man a word. Its strains

have been pealing along down the centuries; and though there have been mingled the discords of warring cannon and dying men, yet to the Christian philosopher and historian,—the humble listener,—there has been a divine melody running through the song, which speaks of hope and halcyon days to come.

11. Wherever a ship plows the sea, or a plow furrows the field; wherever a mine yields its treasure; wherever a ship or a railroad train carries freight to market; wherever the smoke of the furnace rises, or the clang of the loom resounds; even in the lonely garret where the seamstress plies her busy needle,—there is industry.

12. Young men talk of trusting to the spur of the occasion. That trust is vain. Occasions cannot make spurs. If you expect to wear spurs you must win them. If you wish to use them you must buckle them to your own heels before you go into the fight.

13. To appreciate the genius and achievements of Robert Burns, it is fitting to compare him with others who have been eminent in the same field. In the highest class of lyric poetry, their names stand eminent. Their field covers eighteen centuries of time, and the three names are Horace, Beranger, and Burns. It is an interesting and suggestive fact that each of these sprang from the humble walks of life. Each may be described as one—

"Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil,"

and each proved by his life and achievements that, however hard the lot of poverty,

"A man's a man for a' that."

A great writer has said that it took the age forty years to catch Burns, so far was he in advance of the thoughts of his times. But we ought not to be surprised at the power he exhibited. We are apt to be misled when we seek to find the cause of greatness in the schools and universities alone. There is no necessary conflict between nature and art. In the highest and best sense, art is as natural as nature. We do not wonder at the perfect beauty of the rose, although we may not understand the mysteries by which its delicate petals are fashioned and fed out of the grosser elements of earth. We do not wonder at the perfection of the rose, because God is the artist. When He fashioned the germ of the rose-tree, He made possible the beauty of its flower. The earth, and air, and sunshine conspired to unfold and adorn it,—to tint and crown it with peerless beauty. When the Divine Artist would produce a poem, He plants a germ of it in a human soul; and out of that soul the poem springs and grows as from the rose-tree the rose. Burns was a child of nature. He lived close to her beating heart, and all the rich and deep sympathies of life glowed and lived in his heart. The beauties of earth, air, and sky filled and transfigured him.

"He did but sing because he must,
And piped but as the linnets sing."

With the light of his genius he glorified "the banks and braes" of his native land; and speaking for the universal human heart, has set its sweetest thought to music,—

"Whose echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever."

Definitions.—6. Pĕr′ma nĕnt ly, *durably.* 8. Lĕg′a çy, *bequest.* 9. Pēer′less, *unequaled.* 10. Căn′to, *one of the chief divisions of a poem.* 10. Pēal′ing, *uttering loud and solemn sounds.* 10. Hăl′çy on, *peaceful.* 10. Lo͞om, *frame or machine of wood or other material, in which a weaver forms cloth out of thread.* 13. Pĕt′alş, *colored leaves of a flower.* 13. Con spīred′, *united.* 13. Trans fĭg′ūred, *transformed, changed to something very elevated and glorious.* 13. Brāeş, *rough broken grounds.*

Notes.—HORACE, an excellent and popular Latin poet, born at Venosa in Italy about 65 B.C., and died in November, 8 B. C. His Epistles are among the few poems which represent the most perfect and original form of Latin verse.

BERANGER, a celebrated French lyric poet, born in Paris, in August, 1780, and died in July, 1857. The great peculiarity of Beranger is the mixture of gayety and pathos, which he combines with the happiest effect.

284 [illegible] Readers.

CVII.—*EXTRACT FROM AN ORATION ON JAMES A. GARFIELD.*

✓ By James Gillespie Blaine, an American legislator and statesman, born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, Jan. 31, 1830. He graduated at Washington College, Washington, Pa., adopted the editorial profession, and removed to Maine, where he edited the "Portland Advertiser," and the "Kennebec Journal." He was a member of the Maine Legislature in 1859, '60, '61, and '62, serving the last two years as Speaker of the House. He was elected to the 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, and 43d Congresses, serving in the last three named as Speaker. He was elected to the United States Senate to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Lot M. Morrill, and was reelected for the ensuing term which will expire March 3, 1883. He was appointed Secretary of State by President Garfield March 4, 1881, and resigned his position in the Senate. He acted as Secretary of State until after the death of the president, when he resigned. He delivered an oration on James A. Garfield in the House of Representatives Feb. 27, 1882, from which the following extract is taken.

1. Surely, if happiness can ever come from the honors or triumphs of this world, on that quiet July morning James A. Garfield may well have been a happy man. No foreboding of evil haunted him; no slightest premonition of danger clouded his sky. His terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident in the years stretching peacefully out before him. The next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence, and the grave.

2. Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interest, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death;—and he did not quail.

3. Not alone for one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony, that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm courage, he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes, whose lips may tell?—what brilliant, broken plans, what baffled, high ambi-

tions, what sundering of strong, warm manhood's friendships, what bitter rending of sweet household ties!

4. Behind him a proud, expectant nation, a great host of sustaining friends, a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full, rich honors of her early toil and tears; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys, not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic; the fair, young daughter; the sturdy sons, just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day, and every day rewarding a father's love and care; and in his heart eager, rejoicing power to meet all demand. Before him, desolation and great darkness! And his soul was not shaken.

5. His countrymen were thrilled with instant, profound, and universal sympathy. Masterful in his mortal weakness, he became the center of a nation's love, enshrined in the prayers of a world. But all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the wine-press alone. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet, he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the Divine decree.

6. As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices.

7. With wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its far sails, whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars.

8. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning

which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world, he heard the great waves breaking on a further shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

Definitions.—1. Prē mo nĭ′tion, *previous warning.* 1. Tôrt′ūre, *extreme pain.* 2. Frĕn′zy, *madness.* 2. Quāil, *shrink.* 3. Dāzed, *confused.* 3. Re lĭn̲′quish ment, *a forsaking.* 3. Lăn̲′guor, *feebleness.* 3. Băf′fled, *checked, frustrated.* 4. E mẽrġed′, *risen.* 5. En shrīned′, *preserved with care and affection.* 5. Un fa̤l′ter ing, *unfailing.* 5. De mō′ni ac, *horrid.* 5. As săs′sin, *one who kills or attempts to kill by surprise or secret assault.* 6. Stī′fling, *choking.* 7. Wạn, *pale.* 7. Wĭst′fụl ly, *thoughtfully.* 8. Răpt, *transported.*

CVIII.—*AFTON WATER.*

By Robert Burns, a celebrated Scottish poet, born near the town of Ayr, Jan. 25, 1759, and died at Dumfries, July 21, 1796. His parents were peasants of the poorest class, but eager for the moral and intellectual improvement of their children. Robert, in the intervals of driving the plow and doing other farm work, soon acquired a knowledge of English. The chief books which he read were the Bible, Mason's "Collection of Prose and Verse," the "Life of Hannibal," and a history of Sir William Wallace. Later in life he eagerly read the "Spectator," Shakespeare, Pope, and particularly the poems of Allan Ramsay. In his 16th year he began to write poetry. These early productions were distributed among his friends and acquaintances, and thus came to the notice of persons who prevailed upon him to publish a volume. In 1783, he and his brother took a farm at Mossgiel, with a view of providing a home for their parents. But before they removed from Lochlea to Mossgiel, their father died, full of sorrows and apprehensions for his gifted son. During Robert's residence at Lochlea and Mossgiel, he, among other verses, wrote "Halloween," "The Dream," "To a Mouse," "To a Daisy," "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and "Man was made to Mourn." The first volume of his verses was published at Kilmarnock in June, 1786, and contained some of his most justly celebrated poems. "With these poems," says Robert Heron, "old and young, grave and gay, learned and ignorant, were alike transported." About this time Burns, on the invitation of his friend Dr. Blacklock, visited Edinburgh, where for more than a year, he was feasted, admired, and flattered by persons of all ranks. In 1787, a second edition of his poems came out, and the proceeds of their sale realized for the author £400. Burns, however, had acquired expensive and dissolute habits, which were destined to retard his progress as a poet, fill his future with sorrow, and bring him to an untimely grave. "Alas, his sun shone as through a tropical tornado; and the pale shadow of Death eclipsed it at noon!" Says

Carlyle, "He loved poetry warmly, and in his heart; could he but have loved it purely, and with his whole undivided heart, it had been well. For Poetry, as Burns could have followed it, is but another form of Wisdom and Religion."

1. FLOW gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I 'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary 's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

2. Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds through the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

3. How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear, winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

4. How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

5. Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.

6. Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary 's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Definitions.—2. Stŏck′-dōve, *wild pigeon of Europe.* 2. Glĕn, *secluded narrow valley.* 2. Lăp′wĭng, *wading bird of the plover family, found on the borders of rivers and lakes in England.* 4. Lēa, *meadow or sward land.* 4. Bĩrk, *birch-tree.* 5. Lāve, *bathe.* 6. Thēme, *subject or topic.*

CIX.—*WEBSTER AND CALHOUN IN THE SENATE.*

PART I.

On the Resolution to expunge from the Journal the Resolution of the Senate of March 28, 1834, in relation to President Jackson and the Removal of the Deposits.

By **John Caldwell Calhoun**, a distinguished American statesman, born in Abbeville district, South Carolina, March 18, 1782, and died at Washington, March 31, 1850. He graduated with distinction at Yale College in 1804, and studied law. In 1807 or 1808, he was elected to the legislature of his state, in which he served two years. He was chosen a member of Congress in 1810. In 1816, he supported a protective tariff and the United States Bank, for which he reported a bill in Congress. He was appointed Secretary of War by President Monroe in 1817. In 1824, he was elected Vice-President of the United States under J. Quincy Adams, and was re-elected in 1828, when General Jackson was chosen President. In 1832, he resigned the office of Vice-President, and was chosen a Senator of the United States. He supported Mr. Clay's compromise tariff of 1833, and acted with the opposition to General Jackson in relation to the removal of the deposits from the United States Bank. In March, 1843, he retired from the Senate, and in March, 1844, was appointed Secretary of State by President Tyler. In 1845, he was returned to the United States Senate. "As an orator, his style was forcible, clear, and condensed. Upon every subject he was acute, analytical, and original, dealing almost exclusively in argument."

1. No one, not blinded by party zeal, can possibly be insensible that the measure proposed is a violation of the constitution. The constitution requires the senate to keep a journal; this resolution goes to expunge the journal. If you may expunge a part, you may expunge the whole; and if it is expunged, how is it kept?

2. The constitution says the journal shall be kept; this resolution says it shall be destroyed. It does the very thing which the constitution declares shall not be done. That is the argument, the whole argument. There is none other. Talk of precedents? and precedents drawn from a foreign country? They do not apply. No, sir. This is to be done, not in consequence of argument, but in spite of argument.

3. I understand the case. I know perfectly well the gentlemen have no liberty to vote otherwise. They are coerced by an exterior power. They try, indeed, to comfort their consciences by saying that it is the will of the people and the

voice of the people. It is no such thing. We all know how these legislative returns have been obtained. It is by dictation from the White House.

4. The President himself, with that vast mass of patronage which he wields, and the thousand expectations which he is able to hold up, has obtained these votes of the State Legislatures; and this, forsooth, is said to be the voice of the people.

5. The voice of the people! Sir, can we forget the scene which was exhibited in this chamber when that expunging resolution was first introduced here? Have we forgotten the universal giving way of conscience so that the senator from Missouri was left alone? I see before me senators who could not support that resolution; and has its nature changed since then? Is it any more constitutional now than it was then?

6. Not at all. But executive power has interposed. Talk to me of the voice of the people! No, sir! It is the combination of patronage and power to coerce this body into a gross and palpable violation of the constitution. Some individuals, I perceive, think to escape through the particular form in which this act is to be perpetrated. They tell us that the resolution on your records is not to be expunged, but is only to be endorsed "Expunged."

7. Really, Sir, I do not know how to argue against such a contemptible sophistry. The occasion is too solemn for an argument of this sort. You are going to violate the constitution, and you get rid of the infamy by a falsehood. You yourselves say that the resolution is expunged by your order. Yet you say it is not expunged. You put your act in express words. You record it, and then turn round and deny it.

8. But why do I waste my breath? I know it is all utterly vain. The day is gone; night approaches, and night is suitable to the dark deed which we meditate. There is a sort of destiny in this thing. The act must be performed; and it is an act which will tell on the political history of this country forever.

9. Other preceding violations of the constitution (and they

have been many and great), filled my bosom with indignation; but this fills it only with grief. Others were done in the heat of party. Power was, as it were, compelled to support itself by seizing upon new instruments of influence and patronage; and there were ambitious and able men to direct the process.

10. Such was the removal of the deposits, which the President seized by a new and unprecedented act of arbitrary power; an act which gave him ample means of rewarding friends and punishing enemies. Something may, perhaps, be pardoned to him in this matter, on the apology of tyrants,—the plea of necessity.

11. But here there can be no such apology. Here no necessity can be so much as pretended. This act originates in pure, unmixed, personal idolatry. The former act was such a one as might have been perpetrated in the days of Pompey or Cæsar; but an act like this could never have been consummated by a Roman Senate until the days of Caligula and Nero.

Definitions.—1. Ex pŭnġe′, *blot out.* 3. Ȼo ẽrçed′, *forced.* 4. For sōōth′, *in truth.* 6. Păl′pa ble, *plain.* 6. Pẽr′pe trā ted, *committed.* 7. Ȼon tĕmpt′i ble, *mean.* 7. Sŏph′ist ry, *false reasoning.* 10. Un prĕç′e dent ed, *novel.* 10. Är′bi tra ry, *despotic.*

Notes.—POMPEY, a famous Roman general, born 106 B. C., was murdered while in the act of landing in Egypt in 48 B. C.

CÆSAR, the greatest Roman general and one of the greatest men that ever lived, born 100 B. C., and assassinated on the Ides (15) of March, 44 B. C.

CALIGULA, a Roman emperor and a monster of cruelty, born in 12 A. D., assassinated in 41 A. D.

NERO, the sixth of the Roman emperors, born in 37 A. D., destroyed himself in 68 A. D. He was a wicked and cruel ruler, and was accused of having kindled a fire, which nearly destroyed Rome in 64 A. D.

WEBSTER AND CALHOUN IN THE SENATE.

PART II.

By DANIEL WEBSTER, a celebrated American statesman, jurist, and orator, born at Salisbury, New Hampshire, Jan. 18, 1782, died at Marshfield, Mass., Oct. 24, 1852. He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1801, and began the study of law in the office of Thomas W. Thompson, of Salisbury, who was elected to the U. S. Senate in 1814. From January to September, 1802, he was principal of the Fryeburg Academy, Maine, at a salary of $350 a year. He afterward remained with Mr. Thompson till 1804, when he went to Boston and entered the office of Mr. Christopher Gore, afterward Governor of Mass. and U. S. Senator. Here he completed his legal studies. He practiced for a while at Boscawen, N. Y., and in 1807, removed to Portsmouth, where he rose at once to full practice at a bar composed of eminent counsel, and attended by others of distinction from Massachusetts. In 1812, he was elected to Congress, and took his seat in May, 1813. He opposed the war against Great Britain, took an active part in the debates which that war occasioned, and advocated an increase of the Navy. His speeches on these subjects placed him in the first rank as a debater. He was re-elected to the 14th Congress which met in December, 1815. Having resolved to retire from public life and devote himself to his profession, he removed from Portsmouth to Boston in 1816. Here he became the foremost lawyer in New England. In 1822, he was elected to Congress from Boston, and took his seat in December, 1823. He continued to serve in the House of Representatives until 1828, when he was transferred to the United States Senate. Here he retained his seat by re-election until 1841, when he was appointed Secretary of State by President Harrison. At the first session of the 29th Congress, (December, 1845) he again took his seat in the U. S. Senate as the successor of Mr. Choate. Here he remained until 1850, when, after the death of President Taylor, he was called to the department of state by President Fillmore. "He was," says *Fraser's Magazine for* 1870, "the greatest orator that has ever lived in the Western Hemisphere. Less vehement than Calhoun, less persuasive than Clay, he was yet more grand and powerful than either."

1. We have seen, with deep and sincere pain, the legislatures of respectable States, instructing the Senators of those States to vote for and support this violation of the Journal of the Senate; and this pain is infinitely increased by our full belief and entire conviction, that most, if not all these proceedings of States had their origin in promptings from Washington; that they have been urgently requested and insisted on, as being necessary to the accomplishment of the intended purpose; and that it is nothing else but the influence and power of the executive branch of this government which has brought the legislatures of so many of the free States of this Union to quit the sphere of their ordinary duties, for the purpose of co-operating to accomplish a measure, in our judgment, so unconstitutional, so derogatory to the character of the Senate, and marked with so broad an impression of compliance with power.

2. But this resolution is to pass. We expect it. That

cause, which has been powerful enough to influence so many State legislatures, will show itself powerful enough, especially with such aids, to secure the passage of the resolution here. We make up our minds to behold the spectacle which is to ensue. (We collect ourselves to look on in silence, while a scene is exhibited which, if we did not regard it as a ruthless violation of a sacred instrument, would appear to us to be little elevated above the character of a contemptible farce. This scene we shall behold; and hundreds of American citizens, as many as may crowd into these lŏbbies and galleries, will behold it also,—with what feelings I do not undertake to say.

Definitions.—1. Co-ŏp′er ā ting, *acting jointly.* 1. Un cŏn-sti tū′tion al, *contrary to the constitution.* 1. De rŏg′a to ry, *injurious.* 2. Spĕc′ta cle, *remarkable sight.* 2. Rṳth′less, *cruel.* 2. Färçe, *ridiculous or empty show.*

CX.—*THE OLD AND THE NEW.*

By Alfred Tennyson, a popular English poet, born at Somerby, in Lincolnshire, in 1809. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he obtained a prize for an English poem in blank verse on "Timbuctoo" in 1829. He was still an under-graduate of Trinity College when he published a volume, entitled, "Poems, chiefly Lyrical," in 1830. In 1833, there appeared another volume of "Poems by Alfred Tennyson," including, besides a number of pieces reprinted, "Mariana in the South," "The May Queen," "The Palace of Art," and "A Dream of Fair Women." "In Memoriam," a series of 129 brief poems, suggested by the death of his friend Arthur Henry Hallam, appeared in 1850. Among his other works are, "Maud," "The Idyls of the King," "Enoch Arden," "Locksley Hall," and "Lady Clara Vere de Vere." On Nov. 21, 1850, after the death of Wordsworth, he was appointed Poet Laureate. His "Charge of the Light Brigade" is descriptive of a celebrated cavalry charge of the British at the battle of Balaklava, October 25, 1854, in the Crimean war, between Russia on the one side and England and France on the other. He takes high rank among the first of living poets.

1. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light.
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

2. Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow.

The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

3. Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more.
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

4. Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

5. Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times.
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

6. Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

7. Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

8. Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

CXI.—*HOLD ON, NOW!*

BY J. W. DONOVAN.

1. In the summer of the year 1860, one hot night in July, a herdsman was moving his cattle to a new ranch farther

north, near Helena, Texas. As he passed down the banks of a stream, his herd became mixed with other cattle that were grazing in the valley, and some of them failed to be separated. The next day about noon a band of a dozen mounted Texan Rangers overtook the herdsman, and demanded their cattle, which they said were stolen.

2. It was before the introduction of laws and court-houses in Texas; and one had better kill five men than steal a mule worth five dollars,—and this herdsman knew it. He tried to explain, but they told him to cut his story short. He offered to turn over all the cattle not his own, but they laughed at his proposition, and hinted that they usually confiscated the whole herd in such cases, and that they usually left the thief hanging on a tree as a warning to others in like cases. The poor fellow was completely overcome.

3. They consulted apart a few moments, and then told him if he had any explanations to make or business to do, they would allow him ten minutes to do it and to defend himself.

4. He turned to the rough faces and commenced, "How many of you men have wives?" Two or three nodded. "How many of you men have children?" They nodded again. "Then I know to whom I am talking, and you will hear me," said the frightened herdsman, who continued, "I never stole your cattle; I have lived in these parts over three years; I came from New Hampshire; I failed there in the fall of '57, during the panic; I have been saving; I have lived on hard fare; I have slept out on the ground; I have no home here. My family remain East, while I go from place to place.

5. "These clothes I wear are rough, and I am a hard-looking customer, but this is a hard country. Days seem like months to me, and months like years; and, but for the letters from home, (here he pulled out a handful of well-worn envelopes and letters from his wife,) I should get discouraged. I have paid part of my debts. Here are the receipts, and he unfolded the letters of acknowledgment. I expected to sell out and go home in November. Here is the Testament my good old

mother gave me; here is my little girl's picture," and he kissed it tenderly. "Now, men, if you have decided to kill me for doing that of which I am innocent, send these home, and send as much as you can from the cattle, when I am dead. Can't you send half their value? My family will need it."

6. "Hold on, now; stop right there!" said a rough Ranger. "Now, I say, boys," he continued, "I say let him go; he is no thief. That kind of men does not steal. We will take our cattle and let him go. Give us your hand, old boy;—that picture and those letters did the business. You can go free; but you are lucky, mind you." "We 'll do more than that," said a man with a big heart, in Texan garb, and carrying the customary brace of pistols in his belt, "let us buy his herd, and let him go home now."

7. They did; and when the money was paid over, and the man about to start, he was too weak to stand. The long strain of hopes and fears, being away from home under such trying circumstances, and the sudden deliverance from death, had combined to render him as helpless as a child. An hour later, however, he left on horseback for the nearest stage-route; and, as they shook hands when bidding him good-by, they looked the happiest band of men I ever beheld. So says an eye-witness.

Definitions.—1. Rănch, *place for rearing cattle and horses.* 6. Gärb, *clothing.* 6. Brāçe, *pair.*

COMMIT TO MEMORY,

We hold reunions, not for the dead, for there is nothing in all the earth that you and I can do for the dead. They are past our help and past our praise. We can add to them no glory; we can give to them no immortality. They do not need us, but forever and forever more we need them.

James A. Garfield.

CXII.—*JOAN OF ARC.*

By **Thomas De Quincey**, an eminent English author, born at Greenhay, a suburb of Manchester, in 1785, and died in Edinburgh, in 1859. In his boyhood he attended the Grammar Schools at Bath and at Manchester, and distinguished himself by proficiency in Greek. At thirteen he wrote Greek with ease. In 1803, he went to Oxford University where he remained until 1808, when he finished his career at college. In 1812, he settled to the life of a student on the borders of Grasmere, where he was near Wordsworth, whom he greatly admired. Here also he enjoyed the society of Coleridge, Wilson, and Southey, as in London he had of Charles Lamb and his select circle. During nearly fifty years he lived mainly by his pen. His habits and tastes were simple and inexpensive; but he was careless in the use of money, and numerous debts annoyed him during the greater part of his life. He contributed many articles on biography, philosophy, and other subjects, to several periodicals including "Blackwood's" and "Tait's Magazine," and "Hogg's Instructor." His famous "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater" appeared in 1821, and attracted a remarkable degree of attention. The authors about whom he has written most are Milton, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Pope. The first three he greatly admired. His writings have been collected from the various periodicals where they first appeared, and are now published in sixteen volumes. No other literary man of his time, it has been remarked, achieved so high and universal a reputation from such merely fugitive efforts. He looked upon letters as a noble and responsible calling.

1. What is to be thought of *her?* What is to be thought of the poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that—like the Hebrew shepherd boy from the hills and forests of Judæa—rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings?

2. The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an *act*, by a victorious *act;* such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender; but so they did to the gentle girl.

3. Judged by the voices of all who saw them *from a station of good-will,* both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent fortunes. The boy rose to a splendor and a noon-day prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and be-

came a by-word amongst his posterity for a thousand years, until the sceptre was departing from Judah.

4. The poor, forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang together with the songs that rose in her native Domremy, as echoes to the departing steps of the invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No! for her voice was then silent; no! for her feet were dust.

5. Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in, as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for *thy* truth, that never once—no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honor from man. Coronets for thee! Oh no!

6. Honors, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domremy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, King of France, but she will not hear thee! Cite her by thy apparitors to come and receive a robe of honor, but she will not be found.

7. When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd girl that gave up all for her country, thy ear, young shepherd girl, will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life; that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself.

8. Life, thou saidst, is short; and the sleep which is in the grave is long! Let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long. This pure creature,—pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious,—never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was traveling to meet her.

9. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death;

she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aerial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end on every road pouring into Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there, until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints;—these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future. But the voice that called her to death, *that* she heard for ever.

10. Great was the throne of France even in those days, and great was he that sat upon it; but well Joanna knew that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it, was for *her;* but, on the contrary, that she was for *them;* not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust.

11. Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries had the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea, until, in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them; but well Joanna knew, early at Domremy she had read that bitter truth, that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for *her.* Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom, would ever bloom for *her.*

Definitions.—1. Pȧs′tor al, *rêlating to the life of a shepherd.* 1. Văn, *front.* 2. In a̤u′gu rā ted, *introduced.* 2. Pre tĕnd′er, *one who simulates or feigns.* 3. Sçĕp′tre, *royal power or authority.* 4. Fĕs′tal, *joyous.* 4. Re dĕmp′tion, *deliverance.* 5. Ȼŏr′o nets, *crowns.* 6. Ap păr′i torş, *officers who attended magistrates and judges to execute their orders.* 8. Trăn′si to ry, *fleeting.* 8. Vĭş′ion a ry, *fanciful.* 8. Re lăx′, *slacken.* 9. Ā ē′ri al, *lofty.* 9. Ȼŏr o nā′tion, *act or solemnity of crowning a sovereign.* 9. Vŏl′ley ing, *shooting.* 9. Im pĕr′ish a ble, *not subject to decay.*

Notes.—JOAN OF ARC, a heroine of history, born in the hamlet of Domremy, in the province of Lorraine, France, about 1411, and burned at the stake in Rouen, France, May 31, 1431. By her courage and patriotism, she was the immediate cause of that sudden revolution in the affairs of France, which terminated in the placing of Charles VII. on the throne of his ancestors, and the final expulsion of the English from that kingdom. On the 29th of April, 1429, she appeared before Orleans, which was besieged by the English, with 10,000 men; and on the 8th of May, she forced the English to raise the siege.

Hebrew shepherd boy from the hills and forests of Judæa refers to David, born at Bethlehem about 1090 B. C. He was a shepherd in his youth, and an excellent musician. The act referred to in the lesson was no doubt the killing of Goliath, a Philistine giant.

Judah, fourth son of Jacob, and one of the twelve Hebrew patriarchs, born in Mesopotamia, 1755 B. C.

CXIII.—*INDIAN NAMES.*

By **Lydia Huntley Sigourney**, an American author, born at Norwich, Conn., in 1791, and died at Hartford, in 1865. In 1814, she opened a private school in Hartford, and in 1815 published "Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse." In 1819, she married Charles Sigourney, a merchant of Hartford. In 1840, she visited Europe, and recorded her reminiscences in "Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands," published in 1842. She published nearly sixty volumes of poems, prose, and selections. Among her works are, "Letters to Young Ladies," "Pocahontas and other Poems," "Past Meridian," and "The Man of Uz and other Poems."

1. Ye say they all have passed away,
   That noble race and brave;
That their light canoes have vanished
   From off the crested wave;
That 'mid the forests where they roamed,
   There rings no hunter's shout;
But their name is on your waters,
   Ye may not wash it out.

2. 'T is where Ontario's billow
   Like ocean's surge is curled,
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
   The echo of the world.
Where red Missouri bringeth
   Rich tribute from the West,
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
   On green Virginia's breast.

3. Ye say their cone-like cabins,
   That clustered o'er the vale,
Have fled away like withered leaves
   Before the autumn gale;

But their memory liveth on your hills,
  Their baptism on your shore,
Your everlasting rivers speak
  Their dialect of yore.

4. Old Massachusetts wears it
  Upon her lordly crown,
And broad Ohio bears it
  Amid his young renown;
Connecticut hath wreathed it
  Where her quiet foliage waves;
And bold Kentucky breathed it hoarse
  Through all her ancient caves.

5. Wachusetts hides its lingering voice
  Within his rocky heart;
And Alleghany graves its tone
  Throughout his lofty chart;
Monadnock, on his forehead hoar,
  Doth seal the sacred trust;
Your mountains build their monument,
  Though ye destroy their dust.

6. Ye call these red-browed brethren
  The insects of an hour,
Crushed like the noteless worm amid
  The regions of their power;
Ye drive them from their fathers' lands,
  Ye break of faith the seal;
But can ye from the court of Heaven
  Exclude their last appeal?

7. Ye see their unresisting tribes,
  With toilsome step and slow,
On through the trackless desert pass,
  A caravan of woe;
Think ye the Eternal Ear is deaf?
  His sleepless vision dim?

Think ye the *soul's blood* may not cry
From that far land to him?

Definitions.—2. Sûrġe, *wave or billow.* 3. Dī'a lect, *language.* Locate the lakes, rivers, mountains, and states named in the poem, and tell what in them retains Indian traces.

CXIV.—*THE PURITANS.*

By **Thomas Babington Macaulay**, baron, an English historian, born at Rothley Temple, in the village of Rothley, Leicestershire, Oct. 25, 1800, and died in Kensington, London, Dec. 28, 1859. He graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he greatly distinguished himself, having twice won the chancellor's medal for English verse. He studied law at Lincoln's Inn, and was admitted to the bar in 1826. "The Battle of Ivry," one of the most universally admired of his shorter poems, was published in "Knight's Quarterly Magazine" in 1824. In 1825, he contributed to the "Edinburgh Review" an article on Milton, which at once placed him in the foremost rank of the most distinguished essayists of the age. He entered Parliament in 1830 as a representative of the borough of Calne, and his speeches on the Reform bill (in 1830-'32) established his fame as an able and eloquent speaker. In 1834 he resigned his seat in Parliament, and was made a member of the Supreme Council of India; he was placed at the head of the law commission to prepare a new code for the government of that country. In 1838, he returned from India, and, in 1839, was elected to Parliament from Edinburgh, was appointed Secretary at War in the Melbourne ministry, with a seat in the cabinet. In 1849, he was chosen lord rector of the University of Glasgow, and soon after took formal leave of political life. As the fruit of his residence in India, he wrote his articles on "Clive" and "Warren Hastings" for the "Edinburgh Review" in 1840 and 1841. His "Lays of Ancient Rome" appeared in 1842. It was his original purpose to bring his History of England from the accession of James II. down to a time within the memory of persons still living: but in his last volume, he had only reached the peace of Ryswick in 1697. It is as a writer of history that his name is destined to take its most distinguished place and descend to the remotest posterity. He was raised to the peerage, with the title of Baron Macaulay of Rothley, in 1857.

1. We would speak of the Puritans, the most remarkable body of men, perhaps, which the world has ever produced. The odious and ridiculous parts of their character lie on the surface. He that runs may read them; nor have there been wanting attentive and malicious observers to point them out.

2. For many years after the Restoration, they were the theme of unmeasured invective and derision. They were ex-

posed to the utmost licentiousness of the press and of the stage, at the time when the press and the stage were most licentious. They were not men of letters; they were as a body, unpopular; they could not defend themselves; and the public would not take them under its protection. They were therefore abandoned, without reserve, to the tender mercies of the satirists and dramatists.

3. The ostentatious simplicity of their dress, their sour aspect, their nasal twang, their stiff posture, their long graces, their Hebrew names, the Scriptural phrases which they introduced on every occasion, their contempt of human learning, their detestation of polite amusements, were indeed fair game for the laughers. But it is not from the laughers alone that the philosophy of history is to be learned. And he who approaches this subject should carefully guard against the influence of that potent ridicule which has already misled so many excellent writers.

4. Those who roused the people to resistance, who directed their measures through a long series of eventful years, who formed, out of the most unpromising materials, the finest army that Europe had ever seen, who trampled down King, Church, and Aristocracy, who, in the short intervals of domestic sedition and rebellion, made the name of England terrible to every nation on the face of the earth, were no vulgar fanatics. Most of their absurdities were mere external badges, like the signs of freemasonry or the dresses of friars.

5. We regret that these badges were not more attractive. We regret that a body to whose courage and talents mankind has owed inestimable obligations had not the lofty elegance which distinguished some of the adherents of Charles the First, or the easy good-breeding for which the court of Charles the Second was celebrated. But, if we must make our choice, we shall, like Bassanio in the play, turn from the specious caskets which contain only the Death's head and the Fool's head, and fix on the plain leaden chest which conceals the treasure.

6. The Puritan was made up of two different men, the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion; the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker; but he set his foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement, he prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. He was half-maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels or the tempting whispers of fiends.

7. But when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate or in the field of battle.

8. These fanatics brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment and an immutability of purpose, which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were in fact the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors; and pleasure, its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world.

9. Enthusiasm had made them Stoics, had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means. They went through the world, like Sir Artegal's iron man Talus with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part nor lot in human infirmities, insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain, not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier.

10. Such we believe to have been the character of the

Puritans. We perceive the absurdity of their manners. We dislike the sullen gloom of their domestic habits. We acknowledge that the tone of their minds was often injured by straining after things too high for mortal reach. Yet, when all circumstances are taken into consideration, we do not hesitate to pronounce them a brave, a wise, an honest, and a useful body.

Definitions.—1. Ma lĭ′cioŭs, *evil-minded.* 2. In vĕc′tĭve, *severe or violent utterance of censure or reproach.* 2. Lī çĕn′tioŭs ness, *excess of freedom or liberty.* 2. Săt′ir ĭsts, *keen or severe writers.* 2. Drăm′a tĭsts, *writers of plays.* 3. Ŏs ten tā′tioŭs, *boastful.* 3. Twăng, *harsh sound.* 4. Frī′arş, *members of a religious order.* 5. In ĕs′ti ma ble, *invaluable.* 6. In flĕx′i ble, *unyielding.* 6. Il lū′şionş, *delusions.* 8. Im mūt a bĭl′i ty, *unchangeableness.* 9. Stō′ics, *persons not easily excited.*

Notes.—PURITANS, persons who opposed traditional and formal usages in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and advocated a simpler form of faith and worship than that which was established by law.

CHARLES I., King of England, son of James I., was born in 1600, and succeeded to the throne, on the death of his father in 1625. In the first years of his reign he became involved in a contest with Parliament which finally resulted in civil war. The King's forces were defeated at the battle of Marston Moor in 1644, and again at the decisive battle of Naseby in 1645, where Charles commanded in person. In 1646 he gave himself up to the Scottish army, which delivered him to the English Parliament in 1647. He was tried, condemned, and beheaded in 1649.

CHARLES II., son of Charles I., was born in 1630, and died in 1685. After the battle of Naseby this young prince left England, and in 1646 joined his mother in Paris. In 1660, two years after the death of Cromwell, his restoration to the throne of England was voted by Parliament, and he was proclaimed king on the 8th of May in London. This date is known in history as the Restoration.

BASSANIO, a character in Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice." The father of Portia—a rich heiress in above named play—had deposited her picture in one of three locked caskets of gold, silver, and lead, respectively,—with the testamentary proviso that her hand and fortune were to be bestowed upon that suitor only who should guess which of the caskets contained her likeness. Foreign princes who come to try their luck select the golden and silver chests which contain nothing but a Death's head and a Fool's head; but Bassanio chooses the leaden chest and wins the hand of Portia.

SIR ARTEGAL, a character in Spenser's "Faëry Queen," representative of Justice.

TALUS, an iron man, represented by Spenser, in the "Faëry Queen," as an attendant upon Artegal, and as running continually round the island of Crete, administering warning and correction to offenders, by beating them with an iron flail.

CXV.—*THE LIVING TEMPLE.*

By Oliver Wendell Holmes, an American author, born in Cambridge, Mass., Aug. 29, 1809. He graduated at Harvard College in 1829, and entered upon the study of law, which he soon abandoned for medicine. In 1832 he went to Europe to pursue his studies, passing several years in attendance on hospitals of Paris and other large cities. In 1838, he was chosen professor of anatomy and physiology in Dartmouth College, and in 1847 was elected to fill the same chair in the medical college of Harvard University. He had distinguished himself as a poet even before he left college. In 1836, he read before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at Cambridge, "Poetry, a Metrical Essay," which was soon after published in a small volume, with a number of his other poems. In 1857-'8, he contributed to the "Atlantic Monthly" a series of papers entitled, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," which was followed in 1859 by another series called "The Professor at the Breakfast-Table." He has more recently given to the world two prose works of fiction which have proved a decided success,—"Elsie Venner," in 1861, and "The Guardian Angel" in 1868. Both of these works were first published in the "Atlantic Monthly." He has also written ably on various subjects connected with the medical profession.

1. Not in the world of light alone,
Where God has built his blazing throne,
Nor yet alone in earth below,
With belted seas that come and go,
And endless isles of sunlit green,
Is all thy Maker's glory seen;
Look in upon thy wondrous frame,—
Eternal wisdom still the same!

2. The smooth, soft air with pulse-like waves
Flows murmuring through its hidden caves,
Whose streams of brightening purple rush,
Fired with a new and livelier blush,
While all their burden of decay,
The ebbing current steals away,
And red with Nature's flame they start
From the warm fountains of the heart.

3. No rest that throbbing slave may ask,
Forever quivering o'er his task,

While far and wide a crimson jet
Leaps forth to fill the woven net,
Which in unnumbered crossing tides
The flood of burning life divides;
Then, kindling each decaying part,
Creeps back to find the throbbing heart.

4. But warmed with that unchanging flame,
Behold the outward moving frame;
Its living marbles jointed strong
With glistening band and silvery thong,
And linked to reason's guiding reins
By myriad rings in countless chains,
Each graven with the threaded zone
Which claims it as the master's own.

5. See how yon beam of seeming white
Is braided out of seven-hued light;
Yet in those lucid globes no ray
By any chance shall break astray.
Hark, how the rolling surge of sound,
Arches and spirals circling round,
Wakes the hushed spirit through thine ear
With music it is heaven to hear!

6. Then mark the cloven sphere that holds
All thought in its mysterious folds,
That feels sensation's faintest thrill,
And flashes forth the sovereign will;
Think on the stormy world that dwells
Locked in its dim and clustering cells!
The lightning gleams of power it sheds
Along its hollow glassy threads!

7. O Father! grant thy love divine
To make these mystic temples thine!
When wasting age and wearying strife
Have sapped the leaning walls of life,

When darkness gathers over all,
And the last tottering pillars fall,
Take the poor dust thy mercy warms,
And mould it into heavenly forms!

CXVI.—*LOVE OF OUR COUNTRY.*

By **Joseph Holt**, an American statesman, born in Breckenridge Co., Kentucky, in 1807. He was educated at St. Joseph's College, Bardstown, and at Centre College, Danville, and in 1828, began to practice law at Elizabethtown, Ky. In 1859, he was appointed Postmaster-General by President Buchanan. In 1860, he took temporary charge of the department of war, and in 1862 became judge-advocate-general of the army.

1. Next to the worship of the Father of us all, the deepest and grandest of human emotions is the love of the land that gave us birth. It is an enlargement and exaltation of all the tenderest and strongest sympathies of kindred and of home. In all centuries and climes it has lived, and defied chains and dungeons and racks to crush it. It has strewed the earth with its monuments, and has shed undying luster on a thousand fields on which it has battled.

2. Through the night of ages, Thermopylæ glows like some mountain peak on which the morning sun has risen, because twenty-three hundred years ago, this hallowing passion touched its mural precipices and its crowning crags. It is easy, however, to be patriotic in piping times of peace, and in the sunny hour of prosperity. It is national sorrow,—it is war, with its attendant perils and horrors,—that tests this passion, and winnows from the masses those who, with all their love of life, still love their country more.

3. We honor commerce with its busy marts, and the workshop with its patient toil and exhaustless ingenuity; but still we would be unfaithful to the truth of history, did we not confess that the most heroic champions of human freedom, and the most illustrious apostles of its principles have come from the broad fields of agriculture. There seems to be something in the scenes of nature, in her wild and beautiful landscapes,

in her cascades, and cataracts, and waving woodlands, and in the pure and exhilarating airs of her hills and mountains, that embraces the fetters which man would rivet upon the spirit of his fellow-man.

4. It was at the handles of the plow, and amid the breathing odors of its newly-opened furrows, that the character of Cincinnatus was formed, expanded, and matured. It was not in the city full, but in the deep gorges and upon the snow-clad summits of the Alps—amid the eagles and the thunders—that William Tell laid the foundations of those altars to human liberty, against which the surging tides of European despotism have beaten for centuries, but, thank God, have beaten in vain.

5. It was amid the primeval forests and mountains, the lakes and leaping streams of our own land; amid fields of waving grain; amid the songs of the reaper and the tinkling of the shepherd's bell, that were nurtured those rare virtues which clustered, star-like, in the character of Washington, and lifted him, in moral stature, a head and shoulders above even the demi-gods of ancient story.

Definitions.—2. Mū′ral, *steep.* 2. Ꞓrăgş, *rough, broken rocks.* 2. Wĭn′nōwş, *separates.* 3. Märts, *markets.* 3. Ăg′ri ꞓŭlt ūre, *husbandry.* 3. Ex̩ hĭl′a rā ting, *cheering.* 5. Prī mē′val, *primitive.* 5. Dĕm′i-gŏdş, *fabled or fabulous heroes.*

Notes.—THERMOPYLÆ, a famous pass in Greece, where Leonidas and his 300 Spartans died in defending Greece against the invasion of Xerxes 480 B. C.

CINCINNATUS, a celebrated Roman patriot, born about 520 B. C. Having reduced himself to poverty by paying a fine for his son, he was cultivating, with his own hands, a small farm, when he was chosen Consul in 457 B. C. He gained a decisive victory, and then resigned the dictatorship, which he had held only fifteen days.

WILLIAM TELL, a celebrated Swiss hero, born in the latter part of the 13th century. In 1307, he entered into a league to resist the tyranny of the Austrian governor, Gessler. This officer having required the Swiss to make obeisance to his hat, which was hung up in public, Tell refused to comply, upon which Gessler commanded him to shoot an apple from the head of his son; and, if he failed to hit the mark, his life should be the penalty. Tell struck the apple, but on being asked what he intended to do with a second arrow which he carried, replied that in case he had killed his son, it was destined for Gessler.

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CXVII.—*GIBRALTAR.*

By **Samuel Langhorne Clemens** (Mark Twain), an American humorist, born at Florida, Monroe Co., Mo., Nov. 30, 1835. He attended a common school until 13 years of age, when he became an apprentice in the printing office of the "Courier" at Hannibal, Mo.; he afterward worked at his trade in St. Louis, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and New York. He was for some time a pilot on the Mississippi River, between St. Louis and New Orleans. In 1861, his brother was appointed secretary of the territory of Nevada, and he went with him as private secretary. He worked in the mines for about a year, and says in his "Roughing It" that he was really worth a million dollars for just 10 days, and lost it through his own heedlessness. In 1862, he became city editor of the Virginia City "Enterprise," which position he held for three years. Part of this time he reported legislative proceedings from Carson, summing up results in weekly letters to the "Enterprise," which he signed "Mark Twain." This name was a reminiscence of his steamboat days on the Mississippi River, where it is the leadsman's term to signify a depth of two fathoms of water. He served for a time as reporter of a newspaper in San Francisco, worked for a while in the surface gold diggings of Calaveras County, and in 1866, went to the Hawaiian Islands where he remained six months. On his return, he lectured in San Francisco and through California and Nevada. In 1867, he embarked in the steamer Quaker City on a pleasure trip through the Mediterranean to Egypt and the Holy Land. His "Innocents Abroad," from which the following extract is taken, gives a humorous account of this excursion. This work and his "Roughing It" have met with an extensive sale in this country, and have been republished in London. His present residence is in Hartford, Conn.

1. Everybody was sent scampering to the deck at seven o'clock this lovely morning of the 30th of June with the glad news that land was in sight! It was a rare thing and a joyful, to see all the ship's family abroad once more, albeit the happiness that sat upon every countenance could only partly conceal the ravages which that long siege of storms had wrought there.

2. But dull eyes soon sparkled with pleasure, pallid cheeks flushed again, and frames weakened by sickness gathered new life from the quickening influences of the bright, fresh morning. Yea, and from a still more potent influence; the worn castaways were to see the blessed land again!—and to see it was to bring back that motherland that was in all their thoughts.

3. Within the hour we were fairly within the Straits of Gibraltar; the tall yellow-splotched hills of Africa on our right, with their bases veiled in a blue haze and their summits

swathed in clouds—the same being according to Scripture, which says that "clouds and darkness are over the land." The words were spoken of this particular portion of Africa, I believe. On our left were the granite-ribbed domes of old Spain. The Strait is thirteen miles wide in its narrowest part.

4. The picture on the other hand was very beautiful to eyes weary of the changeless sea, and by and by the ship's company grew wonderfully cheerful. But while we stood admiring the cloud-capped peaks and the lowlands robed in misty gloom, a finer picture burst upon us and chained every eye like a magnet,—a stately ship, with canvas piled on canvas till she was one towering mass of sail! She came speeding over the sea like a great bird. Africa and Spain were forgotten. All homage was for the beautiful stranger.

5. While everybody gazed she swept superbly by, and flung the Stars and Stripes to the breeze! Quicker than thought, hats and handkerchiefs flashed in the air, and a cheer went up! She was beautiful before;—she was radiant now. Many a one on our decks knew then for the first time how tame a sight his country's flag is at home, compared to what it is in a foreign land. To see it is to see a vision of home itself and all its idols, and to feel a thrill that would stir a very river of sluggish blood!

6. We were approaching the famed Pillars of Hercules, and already the African one, "Ape's Hill," a grand old mountain with summit streaked with granite ledges, was in sight. The other, the great Rock of Gibraltar, was yet to come. The ancients considered the Pillars of Hercules the head of navigation and the end of the world. The information the ancients did not have was very voluminous.

7. In a few moments, a lonely and enormous mass of rock, standing seemingly in the center of the wide strait and apparently washed on all sides by the sea, swung magnificently into view, and we needed no tedious traveled parrot to tell us it was Gibraltar. There could not be two rocks like that in one kingdom.

8. The Rock of Gibraltar is about a mile and a half long, I should say, by one thousand four hundred to one thousand five hundred feet high, and a quarter of a mile wide at its base. One side and one end of it come about as straight up out of the sea as the side of a house; the other end is irregular, and the other side is a steep slant which an army would find it very difficult to climb. At the foot of this slant is the walled town of Gibraltar,—or rather the town occupies part of the slant.

9. Everywhere,—on hillside, in the precipice, by the sea, on the heights,—everywhere you choose to look, Gibraltar is clad with masonry and bristling with guns. It makes a striking and lively picture, from whatsoever point you contemplate it. It is pushed out into the sea on the end of a flat, narrow strip of land. A few hundred yards of this flat ground at its base belongs to the English, and then, extending across the strip from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean, a distance of a quarter of a mile, comes the "Neutral Ground," a space two or three hundred yards wide, which is free to both parties.

10. "Are you going through Spain to Paris?" That question was bandied about the ship day and night from Fayal to Gibraltar; and I thought I never could get so tired of hearing any one combination of words again, or more tired of answering, "I don't know." At the last moment six or seven had sufficient decision of character to make up their minds to go, and did go, and I felt a sense of relief at once;—it was forever too late, now, and I could make up my mind at my leisure, not to go. I must have a prodigious quantity of mind; it takes me as much as a week, sometimes, to make it up.

11. But behold how annoyances repeat themselves. We had no sooner gotten rid of the Spain distress than the Gibraltar guides started another,—a tiresome repetition of a legend that had nothing very astonishing about it even in the first place: "That high hill yonder is called the Queen's Chair; it is because one of the Queens of Spain placed her chair there when the French and Spanish troops were besieging Gibraltar,

and said she would never move from the spot till the English flag was lowered from the fortresses. If the English had not been gallant enough to lower the flag for a few hours one day, she 'd have had to break her oath or die up there."

12. We rode on mules up the steep, narrow streets, and entered the subterranean galleries the English have blasted out in the rock. These galleries are like spacious railway tunnels, and, at short intervals in them, great guns frown out upon sea and town through port-holes five or six hundred feet above the ocean. Those lofty port-holes afford superb views of the sea, though, at one place, where a jutting crag was hollowed out into a great chamber, whose furniture was huge cannon, and whose windows were port-holes, a glimpse was caught of a hill not far away, and a soldier said:

13. "That high hill yonder is called the Queen's Chair; it is because a queen of Spain placed her chair there once, when the French and Spanish troops were besieging Gibraltar, and said she would never move from the spot till the English flag was lowered from the fortresses. If the English had not been gallant enough to lower the flag for a few hours one day, she 'd have had to break her oath or die up there."

14. On the topmost pinnacle of Gibraltar we halted a good while, and no doubt the mules were tired. They had a right to be. The military road was good, but rather steep, and there was a good deal of it. The view from the narrow ledge was magnificent; from it, vessels, seeming like the tiniest little toy-boats, were turned into noble ships by the telescopes; and other vessels that were fifty miles away, and even sixty, they said, and invisible to the naked eye, could be clearly distinguished through those same telescopes. Below, on one side, we looked down upon an endless mass of batteries, and on the other straight down to the sea.

15. While I was resting ever so comfortably on a rampart, and cooling my baking head in the delicious breeze, an officious guide belonging to another party came up and said: "Senor, that high hill yonder is called the Queen's Chair"—

16. "Sir, I am a helpless orphan in a foreign land. Have pity on me. Don't,—now, *don't* inflict that most miserable old legend on me any more to-day!"

17. There,—I had used strong language, after promising I would never do so again; but the provocation was more than human nature could bear. If you had been bored so, when you had the noble panorama of Spain, and Africa, and the blue Mediterranean, spread abroad at your feet, and wanted to gaze, and enjoy, and surfeit yourself with its beauty in silence, you might have even burst into stronger language than I did.

Definitions.—3. Swāthed, *wrapped.* 4. Rōbed, *dressed.* 4. Măg′net, *species of iron ore, which has the property of attracting iron and some of its ores, and which, when freely suspended, points to the poles.* 5. Su pẽrb′ly, *magnificently.* 10. Băn′died, *exchanged.* 10. Pro dĭġ′ioŭs, *very great.* 12. Sŭb ter rā′ne aṇ, *under-ground.* 12. Pōrt′-hōleş, *openings through which cannon are pointed and discharged.* 14. Pĭn′na ȼle, *high, spiring point.* 15. Senor (sēn′yor), *Spanish word, equivalent to Mr. in our language.* 17. Prŏv o ȼā′tion, *cause of resentment.* 17. Păn o rä′mȧ, *complete or entire view in every direction.*

Notes.—PILLARS OF HERCULES, a name given by the old Greeks and Romans to two mountains on the opposite sides of the strait connecting the Mediterranean Sea with the Atlantic Ocean, and now known, respectively, as the Rock of Gibraltar and Apes' Hill. The classical name "Pillars of Hercules" was given them in consequence of a fiction that Hercules, a hero of antiquity, in his travels to find the oxen of Geryon, a monster of classic mythology, raised these two mountains as monuments of his journey, and placed on them the inscription "Ne plus ultra," importing that they marked the utmost limits of the habitable world in that direction.

GIBRALTAR came into possession of the English, from Spain, by conquest, in 1704; it has been since that time repeatedly besieged, but always without success. The last and most formidable attack made on it, occurred in September, 1782, when the Spaniards, aided by a powerful fleet and army from France, assailed the fortress with floating batteries; but they were defeated with great loss by the garrison, commanded by Sir Gilbert Eliott. On this occasion an incessant discharge of red-hot shot was maintained on the attacking boats, with the most destructive effect.

CXVIII.—*THE FOUNTAIN.*

By **James Russell Lowell**, an American poet and essayist, born at Cambridge, Mass., in 1819. He graduated at Harvard College in 1838, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1840. He soon abandoned the profession, however, and devoted himself entirely to literature. In 1841, he published a volume of poems, entitled "A Year's Life." A second volume of his poems appeared in 1844; and, in 1845, a volume of poems, entitled "Conversations on some of the Old Poets." On the resignation of Mr. Longfellow in 1855, he was appointed professor of Belles-Lettres in Harvard College. In 1851, he visited Europe, traveling in England, France, and Switzerland, and residing for a considerable period in Italy. He returned home in 1852; and, in 1855, before assuming the duties of his position in Harvard College, he again visited Europe, spending a year in study, chiefly at Dresden. From 1857 to 1862 he edited the "Atlantic Monthly," in which many of his writings first appeared. In 1863 he assumed the editorship of the "North American Review," and retained charge of it till 1872. He is justly esteemed as one of our most graceful and scholarly writers, and many of his essays are hardly surpassed in English literature. He was appointed Minister to England by President Hayes in 1880.

1. INTO the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night.

2. Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow!

3. Into the starlight
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day!

4. Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never aweary;—

5. Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
Motion thy rest;—

6. Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same;—

7. Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element;—

8. Glorious fountain!
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward like thee!

CXIX.—*SELF-CULTURE.*

By William Ellery Channing, D.D., born at Newport, R. I., in 1780, died in 1842. He graduated with distinction at Harvard College, studied theology, and was installed in the Federal street church in Boston in 1803. He soon acquired a great reputation by the beauty and eloquence of his sermons. In 1822 he visited Europe, where he made the acquaintance of Wordsworth and Coleridge. The latter said of him: "He has the love of wisdom, and the wisdom of love." In 1828 he published in the "Christian Examiner," "Remarks on the Life and Character of Napoleon Bonaparte." Probably none of his writings has contributed so much as this to the spread of his fame to every part of the civilized world. His lectures on "Self-Culture," and on the "Elevation of the Laboring Classes," had an extensive circulation, and were republished in England. His collected works were published in six volumes in 1846, and republished in London in 1855. As a writer his merits are of a very high order.

1. Self-culture is practical, or it proposes as one of its chief ends to fit us for action, to make us efficient in whatever we undertake, to train us to firmness of purpose and to fruitfulness of resource in common life, and especially in emergencies, in times of difficulty, danger, and trial. But passing over this and other topics for which I have no time, I shall confine myself to two branches of self-culture which have been almost wholly overlooked in the education of the people, and which ought not to be so slighted.

2. In looking at our nature, we discover, among its admirable endowments, the sense or perception of beauty. We see the germ of this in every human being, and there is no power which admits greater cultivation; and why should it not be cherished in all? It deserves remark, that the provision for this principle is infinite in the universe. There is but a very minute portion of the creation which we can turn into food and clothes, or gratification for the body; but the whole creation may be used to minister to the sense of beauty.

3. Beauty is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds in the numberless flowers of the spring. It waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass. It haunts the depths of the earth and sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens,

the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple, and those men who are alive to it cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side.

4. Now this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noble feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it as if, instead of this fair earth and glorious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment.

5. Suppose that I were to visit a cottage, and to see its walls lined with the choicest pictures of Raphael, and every spare nook filled with statues of the most exquisite workmanship, and I were to learn that neither man, woman, nor child ever cast an eye at these miracles of art, how should I feel their privation; how should I want to open their eyes, and to help them to comprehend and feel the loveliness and grandeur which in vain courted their notice! But every husbandman is living in sight of the works of a diviner artist; and how much would his existence be elevated, could he see the glory which shines forth in their forms, hues, proportions, and moral expression!

6. I have spoken only of the beauty of nature, but how much of this mysterious charm is found in the elegant arts, and especially in literature? The best books have most beauty. The greatest truths are wronged if not linked with beauty, and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul when arrayed in this their natural and fit attire. Now no man receives the true culture of a man, in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished; and I know of no condition of life from which it should be excluded.

7. Of all luxuries this is the cheapest and most at hand; and it seems to me to be most important to those conditions where coarse labor tends to give a grossness to the mind. From the

diffusion of the sense of beauty in ancient Greece, and of the taste for music in modern Germany, we learn that the people at large may partake of refined gratifications, which have hitherto been thought to be necessarily restricted to a few.

8. There is another power, which each man should cultivate according to his ability, but which is very much neglected in the mass of the people, and that is the power of utterance. A man was not made to shut up his mind in itself, but to give it voice, and to exchange it for other minds. Speech is one of our grand distinctions from the brute. Our power over others lies not so much in the amount of thought within us, as in the power of bringing it out. A man of more than ordinary intellectual vigor may, for want of expression, be a cipher, without significance, in society.

9. And not only does a man influence others, but he greatly aids his own intellect, by giving distinct and forcible utterance to his thoughts. We understand ourselves better, our conceptions grow clearer, by the very effort to make them clearer to another. Our social rank too depends a good deal on our power of utterance. The principal distinction between what are called gentlemen and the vulgar lies in this, that the latter are awkward in manners, and are essentially wanting in propriety, clearness, grace, and force of utterance.

10. A man who cannot open his lips without breaking a rule of grammar, without showing in his dialect, or brogue, or uncouth tones his want of cultivation, or without darkening his meaning by a confused, unskillful mode of communication, cannot take the place to which perhaps his native good sense entitles him To have intercourse with respectable people, we must speak their language. On this account, I am glad that grammar and a correct pronunciation are taught in the common schools of this city. These are not trifles; nor are they superfluous to any class of people. They give a man access to social advantages, on which his improvement very much depends. The power of utterance should be included by all in their plans of self-culture.

Definitions.—1. Ꞓŭlt′ūre, *refinement.* 1. E mẽr′ġen çieş, *sudden occasions.* 2. Ū′ni vẽrse, *all created things.* 3. En ꞓòm′passed, *encircled.* 4. Ꞓon ġē′ni al, *sympathetic.* 6. At tīre′, *dress.* 7. Re strĭꞓt′ed, *confined.* 10. Brōgue, *corrupt dialect or manner of pronunciation.* 10. Su pẽr′flu oŭs, *useless.*

Note.—RAPHAEL, an illustrious Italian painter, born in Urbino, in 1483, died in Rome in 1520.

CXX.—*MOVING ONWARD.*

By HARRIET MARTINEAU, an English authoress, born at Norwich, in 1802, died in 1876. She received a liberal education, and at an early age devoted herself to literature as a means of support. In 1820 she published "Devotional Exercises for the use of Young People," which was succeeded by a number of popular tales, among which we may name, "Christmas Day," "The Rioters," and "Mary Campbell." Her "Traditions of Palestine" appeared in 1831, and were soon followed by a series of tales illustrating political economy, which were received with great favor. In 1834-'6 she traveled extensively in the United States. In 1850 she published the "History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace, 1816-1846," begun by Charles Knight. She was a frequent contributor to periodicals and to the editorial columns of the "London Daily News." She was a profuse writer, and many of her works have been very popular. There can be no doubt that in all her writings, she had an ardent desire for the well-being of the human race. She had the reward of those who live for duty,—something far higher than the victories of talent,—the peace of the soul.

1. ON it rolls—not only the great globe itself, but the life which stirs and hums on its surface, enveloping it like an atmosphere;—on it rolls; and the vastest tumult that may take place among its inhabitants can no more make itself seen or heard above the general stir and hum of life, than Chimborazo or the loftiest Himalaya can lift its peak into space above the atmosphere. On, on it rolls; and the strong arm of the united race could not turn from its course one planetary mote of the myriads that swim in space; no shriek of passion, nor shrill song of joy, sent up from a group of nations or a continent, could attain the ear of the eternal silence, as she sits throned among the stars.

2. Death is less dreary than life in this view—a view which at times, perhaps, presents itself to every mind, but which speedily vanishes before the faith of those who, with the heart,

believe that they are not the accidents of fate, but the children of a Father. In the house of every wise parent may then be seen an epitome of life—a sight whose consolation is needed at times, perhaps, by all. Which of the little children of a virtuous household can conceive of entering into his parent's pursuits, or interfering with them? How sacred are the study and the office, the apparatus of a knowledge and power which he can only venerate!

3. Which of these little ones dreams of disturbing the course of his parent's thought or achievement? Which of them conceives of the daily routine of the household,—its going forth and coming in, its rising and its rest,—having been different before his birth, or that it would be altered by his absence. It is even a matter of surprise to him, when it now and then occurs to him, that there is anything set apart for him—that he has clothes and couch, and that his mother thinks and cares for him. If he lags behind in a walk, or finds himself alone among the trees, he does not dream of being missed; but home rises up before him as he has always seen it—his father thoughtful, his mother occupied, and the rest gay, with the one difference of his not being there. This he believes, and has no other trust than in his shriek of terror, for being ever remembered more.

4. Yet, all the while, from day to day, from year to year, without one moment's intermission, is the providence of his parent around him, brooding over the workings of his infant spirit, chastening its passions, nourishing its affections—now troubling it with salutary pain, now animating it with even more wholesome delight. All the while is the order of the household affairs regulated for the comfort and profit of these lowly little ones, though they regard it reverently, because they cannot comprehend it. They may not know of all this—how their guardian bends over their pillow nightly, and lets no word of their careless talk drop unheeded, and records every sob of infant grief, hails every brightening gleam of reason and every chirp of childish glee—they may not know this, because they could not understand it aright, and each

little heart would be inflated with pride, each little mind would lose the grace and purity of its unconsciousness; but the guardianship is not the less real, constant, and tender, for its being unrecognized by its objects.

5. As the spirit expands, and perceives that it is one of an innumerable family, it would be in danger of sinking into the despair of loneliness if it were not capable of

"Belief
In mercy carried infinite degrees
Beyond the tenderness of human hearts,"

while the very circumstance of multitude obviates the danger of undue elation. But, though it is good to be lowly, it behooves every one to be sensible of the guardianship of which so many evidences are around all who breathe. While the world and life roll on and on, the feeble reason of the child of Providence may be at times overpowered by the vastness of the system amidst which he lives; but his faith will smile upon his fear, rebuke him for averting his eyes, and inspire him with the thought, "Nothing can crush me, for I am made for eternity. I will do, suffer, and enjoy, as my Father wills; and let the world and life roll on."

6. Such is the faith which supports, which alone can support, the many who, having been whirled in the eddying stream of social affairs, are withdrawn by one cause or another, to abide, in some still little creek, the passage of the mighty tide. The broken-down statesman, who knows himself to be spoken of as politically dead, and sees his successors at work, building on his foundations, without more than a passing thought on him who had labored before them, has need of this faith. The aged, who find affairs proceeding at the will of the young and hardy, whatever the gray-haired may think and say, have need of this faith. So have the sick, when they find none but themselves disposed to look on life in the light which comes from beyond the grave.

7. So have the persecuted, when, with or without cause, they see themselves pointed at in the street; and the despised, who find themselves neglected whichever way they turn. So have

the prosperous, during those moments which must occur to all, when sympathy fails, and means to much desired ends are wanting, or when satiety makes the spirit roam abroad in search of something better than it has found. This universal, eternal, filial relation is the only universal and eternal refuge. It is the solace of royalty weeping in the inner chambers of its palaces, and of poverty drooping beside its cold hearth. It is the glad tidings preached to the poor, and in which all must be poor in spirit to have part. If they be poor in spirit, it matters little what is their external state, or whether the world, which rolls on beside or over them, be the world of a solar system, or of a conquering empire, or of a small-souled village.

Definitions.—1. En věl′op ing, *surrounding.* 1. Mōte, *speck.* 2. E pĭt′o me, *brief summary.* 3. A chiēve′ment, *performance.* 3. Ro̤u tïne′, *round of business.* 4. Chās′ten ing, *correcting.* 4. Săl′ū ta ry, *wholesome.* 5. A vẽrt′ing, *turning aside.* 7. Pẽr′se cū ted, *pursued in a manner to injure or afflict.* 7. Sa-tī′e ty, *fullness of gratification.* 7. Sŏl′açe, *comfort in grief.*

Note.—CHIMBORAZO, the highest point of the Columbian Andes of South America.

CXXI.—*NOW AND THEN.*

By GERALD MASSEY, an English poet, born near Tring, Hertfordshire, in 1828. The child of indigent parents, he was obliged at an early age to work in a factory, and received no other instruction than that of a penny school. He published, in 1847, "Poems and Chansons," which were followed, in 1853, by "The Ballad of Babe Christabel, with other Lyrical Poems." He visited the United States in 1873.

1. HIGH hopes that burned like stars sublime
   Go down the heavens of Freedom,
And true hearts perish in the time
   We bitterliest need them!
But never sit we down, and say
   There's nothing left but sorrow;
We walk the wilderness to-day,
   The promised land to-morrow.

2. Our birds of song are silent now,
   There are no flowers blooming;
Yet life beats in the frozen bough,
   And Freedom's spring is coming!
And Freedom's tide comes up alway,
   Though we may stand in sorrow;
And our good bark, aground to-day,
   Shall float again to-morrow.

3. Through all the long, dark nights of years,
   The people's cry ascendeth,
And earth is wet with blood and tears;
   But our meek sufferance endeth!
The few shall not forever sway,
   The many toil in sorrow;
The powers of earth are strong to-day,
   But Heaven shall rule to-morrow.

4. Though hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes
   With smiling features glisten!
For, lo! our day bursts up the skies,
   Glean out your souls and listen!
The world rolls Freedom's radiant way
   And ripens with her sorrow;
Keep heart! who bear the cross to-day
   Shall wear the crown to-morrow.

5. O Youth! flame earnest, still aspire,
   With energies immortal!
To many a heaven of desire
   Our yearning opes a portal:
And though age wearies by the way,
   And hearts break in the furrow,
We'll sow the golden grain to-day,
   And harvest comes to-morrow.

6. Build up heroic lives, and all
   Be like a sheathen sabre,

Ready to flash out at God's call,
O chivalry of labor!
Triumph and toil are twins; and aye,
Joy suns the cloud of sorrow;
And 't is the martyrdom to-day
Brings victory to-morrow.

Definitions.—5. Pōrt′al, *passage-way.* 6. Mär′tyr dŏm, *suffering of death on account of adherence to the Christian faith, or any cause.*

CXXII.—*SHAKESPEARE.*

By F. Max Müller, an eminent German author, born at Dessau in 1823. He studied the Sanskrit language at Leipsic, Berlin, and Paris, and subsequently visited England. He is the author of the following works: "Buddhism and Buddhist Pilgrims," a "History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature," "Lectures on the Science of Language," and "Chips from a German Workshop." He was chosen a Fellow of All Soul's College, Oxford, in 1858.

1. The city of Frankfort, the birthplace of Goethe, sends her greeting to the city of Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace of Shakespeare. The old free town of Frankfort, which, since the days of Frederick Barbarossa, has seen the Emperors of Germany crowned within her walls, might well at all times speak in the name of Germany. But to-day she sends her greeting, not as the proud mother of German Emperors, but as the prouder mother of the greatest among the poets of Germany; and it is from the very house in which Goethe lived, and which has since become the seat of "The Free German Institute for Science and Art," that this message of the German admirers and lovers of Shakespeare has been sent, which I am asked to present to you, the Mayor and Council of Stratford-on-Avon.

2. When honor was to be done to the memory of Shakespeare, Germany could not be absent, for next to Goethe and Schiller there is no poet so truly loved by us, so thoroughly our own, as your Shakespeare. He is no stranger with us, no mere classic, like Homer, or Virgil, or Dante, whom we

admire as we admire a marble statue. He has become one of ourselves, holding his own place in the history of our literature, applauded in our theatres, read in our cottages, studied, known, loved, "as far as sounds the German tongue."

3. There is many a student in Germany who has learned English solely in order to read Shakespeare in the original, and yet we possess a translation of Shakespeare with which few translations of any work can vie in any language. What we in Germany owe to Shakespeare must be read in the history of our literature. Goethe was proud to call himself a pupil of Shakespeare. I shall at this moment allude to one debt of gratitude only which Germany owes to the poet of Stratford-on-Avon.

4. I do not speak of the poet only, and of his art, so perfect because so artless; I think of the man with his large, warm heart, with his sympathy for all that is genuine, unselfish, beautiful, and good; with his contempt for all that is petty, mean, vulgar, and false. It is from his plays that our young men in Germany form their first ideas of England and the English nation, and in admiring and loving him we have learned to admire and love you who may proudly call him your own. And it is right that this should be so.

5. As the height of the Alps is measured by Mont Blanc, let the greatness of England be measured by the greatness of Shakespeare. Great nations make great poets, great poets make great nations. Happy the nation that possesses a poet like Shakespeare. Happy the youth of England whose first ideas of this world in which they are to live are taken from his pages. The silent influence of Shakespeare's poetry on millions of young hearts in England, in Germany, in all the world, shows the almost superhuman power of human genius.

6. If we look at that small house, in a small street of a small town of a small island, and think of the world-embracing, world-quickening, world-ennobling spirit that burst forth from that small garret, we have learned a lesson and carried off a blessing for which no pilgrimage would have been too long.

Though the great festivals which, in former days, brought together people from all parts of Europe to worship at the shrine of Canterbury exist no more, let us hope, for the sake of England, more even than for the sake of Shakespeare, this will not be the last Shakespeare festival in the annals of Stratford-on-Avon.

7. In this cold and critical age of ours the power of worshiping, the art of admiring, the passion of loving what is great and good are fast dying out. May England never be ashamed to show to the world that she can love, that she can admire, that she can worship the greatness of her poets! May Shakespeare live on in the love of each generation that grows up in England! May the youth of England long continue to be nursed, to be fed, to be reproved and judged by his spirit! With that nation,—that truly English, because truly Shakespearian nation,—the German nation will always be united by the strongest sympathies; for, superadded to their common blood, their common religion, their common battles and victories, they will always have in Shakespeare a common teacher, a common benefactor, and a common friend.

Notes.—FREDERICK, surnamed BARBAROSSA, Emperor of Germany, born in 1121, drowned in a river in Asia Minor in 1190. He joined the third crusade with an army of about 150,000 men in 1189 and, having marched by land as far as Asia Minor, defeated the Turks near Iconium.

SCHILLER, the great national poet of Germany, born at Marbach, in 1759, died in 1805. His last words, uttered just before he died, were, "Many things are growing plain and clear to me."

GOETHE, the most illustrious name in German literature, and one of the greatest poets of any age or country, born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, in 1749, died at Weimar in 1832.

HOMER, a poet of ancient Greece, supposed to have lived about one thousand years before the Christian Era.

VIRGIL, the most illustrious of Latin poets, born in 70 B. C., died in 19 B. C.

DANTE, a great Italian poet, born at Florence, in 1265, died in 1321.

CANTERBURY, a city 53 miles S.E. of London, Eng. It is noted as being the seat of a great cathedral which was founded at an early date. The ancient celebrity of this cathedral is partly attributed to its being associated with the first establishment of Christianity in England, but more especially to the murder of its famous archbishop Thomas A'Becket, at the foot of one of its altars, in 1170. This place subsequently became an object of pilgrimage, and the shrine of the sainted martyr was visited for centuries by devotees from every part of Europe.

CXXIII.—*HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE!*

By William Collins, an English poet, born at Chichester, England, in 1720, died in 1756. Having graduated at Oxford, he went to London about 1744, with little resources except his poetical genius. His excellent odes on "The Passions," "To Mercy," "To Evening," etc., appeared in 1747, but were treated with unmerited neglect. In 1749, he received a legacy of £2000 from his uncle, Colonel Martin. The latter part of his short life was darkened by melancholy, and he was for some time an inmate of a lunatic asylum.

1. How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

2. By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

CXXIV.—*DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.*

By James Shirley, an English dramatist, born in London, about 1594, died in 1666. After teaching a few years in the grammar school of St. Albans, he settled about 1625 in London as a writer for the stage. He had produced thirty-three plays when Parliament in 1642 prohibited theatrical performances. He fought in the civil wars under the Earl of Newcastle, and afterward resumed teaching. The great fire in London drove him and his wife into the suburbs, where, from exposure, they died on the same day and were buried in the same grave.

1. The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate,—
Death lays his icy hands on Kings;
Scepter and crown
Must tumble down,

And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

2. Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,—
They tame but one another still;
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

3. The garlands wither on your brow,—
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar, now,
See where the victor victim bleeds!
All heads must come
To the cold tomb,—
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

CXXV.—*JERUSALEM.*

By **George William Curtis**, an American author, born at Providence, R. I., in 1824. He received his early education at a private school at Jamaica Plain, Mass. In 1846, he went to Europe, and, after a prolonged stay in Italy and Berlin, traveled in Egypt and Syria. On his return to the United States in 1850, he published his first book, "Nile Notes of a Howadji." He soon after became connected with the "New York Tribune," and, in the summer of 1851, wrote a number of letters to that journal from various watering-places, which were afterward published in book-form, under the title, "Lotus Eating." In 1853, he published "The Potiphar Papers;" and in 1856, "Prue and I." As a lecturer, he has met with great success, and holds a high rank as a popular orator. He has for a number of years been the principal editor of "Harper's Weekly." Since 1864 he has been one of the regents of the University of the state of New York.

1. Jerusalem stands upon the point of the long reach of table-land over which we had approached it, as upon a promontory. The ravines between the city and the adjacent hills are the valleys of Jehoshaphat and Hinnom. The Mount of

Olives is the highest of these adjacent hills, and commands Jerusalem. It is crowned by a convent, deserted now, and at its foot toward the city, on the shore of the brook Kedron, is the garden of Gethsemane, a small white-walled inclosure of old olives.

2. There are no roads about the city. It is not accessible for carriages, nor would its narrow streets permit them to pass. This profound silence characterizes all the Eastern cities, in which wheels do not roar, nor steam shriek, and it invests them, by contrast, with a wonderful charm. The ways that lead to the gates of Jerusalem, are horse-paths, like dry watercourses.

3. No dwellings cluster about the city, except the village of Siloam,—a group of gray stone houses on the steep side of the deepest part of the valley of Jehoshaphat. In that valley also is the tomb of Absalom,—a clumsy structure, but one of the most conspicuous objects outside of the walls,—and the graves of the Jews covered with flat slabs, the great number of which crowded together, seems to pave parts of the valley. Pools and fountains are there also, sacred in all Christian memories.

4. Toward the south-east from the city, the mountain lines are depressed, and the eye escapes to the dim vastness of the Moab Mountains, brooding over the Dead Sea. From the Mount of Olives you see the Dead Sea, dark and misty, and solemn, like Swiss lakes seen from mountains among mountains. The hill-sides around the city are desolate.

5. But in the valley bottoms, on the soil that has washed from the hills, are olive groves, and in the largest and fairest stands a ruin of no great antiquity, but picturesque and graceful among the trees. This ruin and the mossy greenness and fresh foliage around the pool where "the waters of Siloam go softly" are the only objects which are romantic rather than grave in the melancholy landscape.

6. These are the features of that bright and arid, but still melancholy, landscape. It lies hushed in awe and desolation;

and sad as itself are the feelings with which you regard it. One only figure is in your mind; but, remembering him and all his personal and traditional relations with the city, the single pure romance which flashes across the gravity of its history, returns to you as you gaze. Looking wistfully from the walls, you hear again, as under the olive-trees in the mountains, the barbaric clang of the Crusader's army. Listen, and listen long. The finest strain you hear is not the clash of arms or the peal of trumpets.

7. The hush of this modern noon is filled with the murmurous sound of chanted Psalms; and along the olive valleys, toward Mount Olivet, you see the slow procession of the Christian host, not with banners, but with crosses, to-day, pouring on in sacred pomp, singing hymns; and the hearts of the Saracens within the walls are chilled by that strange battle-cry.

8. Night and silence follow. Under the Syrian stars, this motley host, driven by fierce religious fury from the whole civilized world, kneels in its camp around Jerusalem, singing and praising God. The holy sound dies while we listen, and the clash of arms arises, with the sun, upon the air.

9. Jerusalem bleeds rivers of blood, that flow down the steep mountain sides, and a roar more terrible than the raging sea curdles the hot silence of noon. The clash of arms dies, with the sun, upon the air. No muezzin at twilight calls to prayer. But in the court of the Temple, ten thousand of his faith lie slain, and the advancing Crusaders ride to their horses' bellies in blood. It is the 15th of July, 1099; and that evening Jerusalem is, for the first time, properly a Christian city.

10. But once more, while we yet stand lost in these memories of the city, an odor, as of rose-water, sweetens the air. The Christian bells have ceased ringing suddenly. A long procession files from the gates, and the muezzin again vibrates through the city. It is Saladin, Sultan of the Saracens, who is purifying the mosque of Omar, who is melting the Christian bells, and dragging the Christian cross through the mire; but

who, receiving the Christian prisoners with gracious courtesy, repays their sanguinary madness with oriental generosity, sending them away loaded with presents, and retaining in the city the military friars of St. John to nurse the sick.

11. Thus bold and defined like its landscape, are your first emotions in Jerusalem. But while you stand and see the last pomp of its history pitching its phantom-camp around the city, the sun is setting. The bare landscape fades away; around you are domes and roofs, and beyond the walls you see the convent of the Mount of Olives.

12. Thoughts more solemn than these romantic dreams throw their long shadows across your mind, even as the shadows of the minarets fall upon the silent city. Again, you see the waving of palm-boughs, and a faint cry of hosanna trembles in the twilight. Again, that figure rides slowly in at the golden gate, and you hear the voice,—"Daughter of Zion, behold thy King cometh."

Definitions.—3. Ȼon spĭȼ'ū oŭs, *prominent.* 5. Pĭȼt ūr ĕsque', *fitted to form a good or pleasing picture.* 6. Ăr'id, *dry.* 6. Bär băr'iȼ, *barbarous.* 9. Mu ĕz'zin, *Mohammedan crier of the hour of prayer.* 10. Mŏsque, *Mohammedan church or place of ṛeligious worship.* 10. Săn̲'gui na ry, *bloody.* 10. Frī'arş, *members of a religious order.* 12. Mĭn'a rets, *slender, lofty turrets on the mosques of Mohammedan countries.*

Notes.—Saladin, Sultan of Egypt and Syria, born in 1137, died in Damascus in 1193. He defeated the Christians of Palestine in the great battle of Tiberias in 1187. Jerusalem surrendered to him the same year. His victorious progress was arrested by the armies of the third crusade, led by Richard Cœur de Lion of England and Philip Augustus of France. The crusaders commenced, in 1189, the memorable siege of Acre, which was defended by Saladin with great valor, but was taken in 1191. In 1192, Saladin and Richard suspended hostilities by a truce of three years. The former remained master of Jerusalem. He treated with humanity the Christian prisoners who fell into his power.

Absalom, the third son of David, was born in Hebron after his father ascended the throne. Possessed of winning manners and an exceedingly handsome person, he became very popular throughout the land of Israel, and at length sought openly to dethrone his father. In the battle which was subsequently fought, Absalom was slain by Joab, although King David had expressly commanded that the life of his son should be spared. The rebellion of Absalom is supposed to have occurred in 1036 B. C. (See II. Samuel XIII.—XVIII.)

Omar I., the second caliph, or successor of Mohammed the Prophet, was born about 581, and was assassinated by a Persian slave, in his capital, Medina, in 644. On the site of Solomon's temple he built the magnificent mosque which bears his name. Omar's only food was barley bread and dates; his only drink, water; and his garment an old coat torn in twelve places.

CXXVI.—*ALABAMA.*

By **Charles Timothy Brooks**, an American author, born at Salem, Mass., in 1813. He graduated at Harvard College in 1832, and soon after entered the ministry. He had for a number of years charge of a congregation in Newport, R. I. He is an accomplished scholar, and especially devoted to German Literature. He has published translations of Goethe's "Faust," Schiller's "William Tell," and Richter's "Titan" and "Hesperus." He has also made some excellent translations from the German writers, Schefer, Kortum, and Busch, and has written a number of original poems.

1. Bruised and bleeding, pale and weary,
Onward to the South and West,
Through dark woods and deserts dreary,
By relentless foemen pressed,—
Came a tribe where evening, darkling,
Flushed a mighty river's breast;
And they cried, their faint eyes sparkling,
"Alabama! Here we rest!"

2. By the stern steam demon hurried,
Far from home and scenes so blessed;
By the gloomy care-dogs worried,
Sleepless, houseless, and distressed,—
Days and nights beheld me hieing
Like a bird without a nest,
Till I hailed thy waters, crying,
"Alabama! Here I rest!"

3. Oh! when life's last sun is blinking
In the pale and darksome West,
And my weary frame is sinking,
With its cares and woes oppressed,—

May I, as I drop the burden
From my sick and fainting breast,
Cry beside the swelling Jordan,
"Alabama! Here I rest!"

Note.—The above poem is no doubt founded on a tradition that a tribe of Indians, defeated and fleeing from a pursuing foe, reached a river, where their chief set up a staff, and exclaimed, "Alabama!" a word meaning, "Here we rest!" which from that time became the river's name.

CXXVII.—*LET US CONQUER OUR PREJUDICES.*

By **Alexander Hamilton Stephens**, an American statesman, born at Crawfordsville, Ga., in 1812. He graduated at Franklin College, Ga., in 1832, was admitted to the bar in 1834, and began the practice of law at Crawfordsville. He was, at the age of twenty-four years, elected to the Georgia Legislature, where he continued to serve for five years, and in 1841 declined a re-election. A year later he was elected to the State Senate; and in 1843 he was elected to Congress. Here he continued to serve for sixteen successive years, and declining a re-election, he retired voluntarily, March 4th, 1859. "I foresaw the troubles coming," he said, "and therefore retired. Secession, as I anticipated at that time, did come, and the result is too well known to require comment here." Mr. Stephens, in 1860, opposed secession; but notwithstanding this opposition he was elected Vice-President of the Confederacy in 1861. In 1873, he was elected to Congress, from the district which he had formerly represented for so many years, and he still retains his seat. He announces, however, his intention to retire from public life at the expiration of his present term in 1882. Mr. Stephens has been a close student of all matters pertaining to government and the science of government, and his writings and speeches relating thereto have always commanded respectful attention. He published in 1870, "A Constitutional View of the War between the States," and he expects to publish in 1882-3, a general history of the United States. Though unable to walk, he is perhaps the most industrious man of his age now living.

1. Man by nature is very prone to scan closely the errors and defects of his fellow-man—ever ready to rail at the mote in his brother's eye, without considering the beam that is in his own. This should not be. We all have our motes or beams; we are all frail; perfection is the attribute of none. Prejudice, or prejudgment, should be indulged toward none. Prejudice! What wrongs, what injuries, what mischiefs, have resulted at all times from nothing but this perversity of the intellect! Of all the obstacles to the advancement of truth and human progress, in every department, in science, in art, in government, and in religion, in all ages and climes, not one

on the list is more formidable, more difficult to overcome and subdue, than this horrible distortion of the moral as well as the intellectual faculties.

2. It is a host of evils within itself. I could enjoin no greater duty upon my countrymen now,—North and South,—than the exercise of that degree of forbearance which would enable them to conquer their prejudices. One of the highest exhibitions of the moral sublime the world ever witnessed was that of Daniel Webster, when, in an open barouche in the streets of Boston, he proclaimed in substance, to a vast assemblage of his constituents—unwilling hearers—that, "They had conquered an uncongenial clime; they had conquered a sterile soil; they had conquered the winds and currents of the ocean; they had conquered most of the elements of nature; but they must yet learn to conquer their prejudices!"

3. I know of no more fitting incident or scene in the life of that wonderful man, "Most illustrious and brave man," for perpetuating the memory of the true greatness of his character, on canvas or in marble, than the representation of him as he then and there stood and spoke! It was an exhibition of moral grandeur surpassing that of Aristides when he said: "O Athenians, what Themistocles recommended would be greatly to your interest, but it would be unjust."

Notes.—ARISTIDES, surnamed THE JUST, an Athenian statesman and general, of whose early life little is known. He was one of the ten leaders of the Athenians at the time of the Persian invasion of Greece. Soon after the battle of Marathon he was, through the influence of Themistocles, driven into exile. He was recalled from exile on the invasion of Greece by Xerxes in 480 B. C., and commanded the Athenian force of eight thousand at the battle of Platæa, 479 B. C. The success of the Greeks in this battle was chiefly owing to his courage and watchfulness. He died about 468 B. C.

THEMISTOCLES, an Athenian statesman, orator, and commander, born about 514 B. C., died, (or poisoned himself,) in Persia about 449 B. C. He regarded the battle of Marathon as the beginning of a great conflict, and advised the Athenians to increase their navy. When Xerxes invaded Greece, Themistocles was made commander-in-chief of the Greeks. The victory of the Greeks at the great naval battle of Salamis, 480 B. C., was owing chiefly to his sagacity and conduct. When Simonides offered to teach him the art of memory, he said he would rather learn the art of forgetting. He was banished in 471 B. C., and retired to Argos. Having been accused of treason, he sought refuge at the court of Persia in 465 B. C. "He was," says Grote, "alike vast in his abilities and unscrupulous in his morality."

CXXVIII.—*WINTER-LIFE IN ST. PETERSBURG.* ✓

BAYARD TAYLOR.

1. Darkness rather than cold is the characteristic of the St. Petersburg winter. The temperature, which, at Montreal or St. Paul, would not be thought remarkably low, seems to be more severely felt here, owing to the absence of pure daylight.

2. Although both Lake Ladoga and the Gulf of Finland are frozen, the air always retains a damp, raw, penetrating quality, and the snow is more frequently sticky and clammy than dry and crystalline. Few, indeed, are the days which are not cheerless and depressing.

3. In December, when the sky is overcast for weeks together, the sun, rising after nine o'clock, and sliding along just above the horizon, enables you to dispense with lamp-light somewhere between ten and eleven; but by two in the afternoon you must call for lights again. Even when a clear day comes, the yellow, level sunshine is a combination of sunrise and sunset, and neither tempers the air nor mitigates the general expression of gloom, almost of despair, on the face of Nature.

4. The preparations for the season have been made long before. In most houses the double windows are allowed to remain through the summer, but they must be carefully examined, the layer of cotton between them, at the bottom, replenished, a small vessel of salt added to absorb the moisture and prevent it from freezing on the panes, and strips of paper pasted over every possible crack.

* * *

5. One winter picture remains clearly outlined upon my memory. In the beginning of December we happened once to drive across the Admiralty Square in early evening twilight,—three o'clock in the afternoon. The temperature was about 10° below zero, the sky a low roof of moveless clouds, which seemed to be frozen in their places.

6. The pillars of St. Isaac's Cathedral,—splendid monoliths

of granite, sixty feet high,—had precipitated the moisture of the air, and stood silvered with rime from base to capital. The Column of Alexander, the bronze statue of Peter, with his horse poised in air on the edge of the rock, and the trees on the long esplanade in front of the Admiralty, were all similarly coated, every twig rising as rigid as iron in the dark air.

7. A few people, swaddled from head to foot, passed rapidly to and fro, or a drosky, drawn by a frosted horse, sped away. Even these appeared rather like wintry phantoms than creatures filled with warm blood and breathing the breath of life.

8. The vast spaces of the capital, the magnitude of its principal edifices, and the display of gold and colors, strengthened the general aspect of unreality, by introducing so many inharmonious elements into the picture. A bleak moor, with the light of a single cottage window shining across it, would have been less cold, dead, and desolate.

9. The temperature, I may here mention, was never very severe. There were three days when the mercury fluctuated between 15° and 20° below zero, five days when it reached 10° below, and perhaps twenty when it fell to zero or a degree or two on either side. The mean of the five winter months was certainly not lower than 12° below zero.

10. Quite as much rain fell as snow. After two or three days of sharp cold, there was almost invariably a day of rain or fog, and for many days walking was so difficult that we were obliged to give up all out-door exercises except skating or sliding. The streets were either coated with glassy ice, or they were a foot deep in slush. * * *

11. As soon as snow had fallen and freezing weather set in, the rough, broken ice of the Neva was flooded in various places for skating-ponds, and the work of erecting ice-hills commenced. There were speedily a number of the latter in full play, in the various suburbs,—a space of level ground, at least a furlong in length, being necessary.

12. The construction of these ice-hills is very simple. They

are rude towers of timber, twenty to thirty feet in height, the summit of which is reached by a staircase at the back, while in front descends a steep concave of planking, upon which water is poured, until it is covered with a six-inch coating of solid ice.

13. Raised planks at the side keep the sled in its place until it reaches the foot, where it enters upon an icy plain from two to four hundred yards in length (in proportion to the height of the hill); at the extremity of which rises a similar hill, facing towards the first, but a little on one side, so that the sleds from opposite ends may pass without collision.

14. The first experience of this diversion is fearful to a person of delicate nerves. The pitch of the descent is so sheer, the height so great (apparently), the motion of the sled so swift, and its course so easily changed,—even the lifting of a hand is sufficient,—that the novice is almost sure to make immediate shipwreck.

15. The sleds are small and low, with smooth iron runners, and a plush cushion, upon which the navigator sits bolt upright, with his legs close together, projecting over the front. The runners must be exactly parallel to the lines of the course at starting, and the least tendency to sway to either side must be instantly corrected by the slightest motion of the hand.

16. I engaged an attendant to pilot me on my first voyage. The man had taken his position well forward on the little sled. I knelt upon the rear end, where there was barely space enough for my knees, placed my hands upon his shoulders, and awaited the result.

17. He shoved the sled with his hands, very gently and carefully, to the brink of the icy steep; then there was a moment's adjustment; then a poise; then—sinking of the heart, cessation of breath, giddy roaring and whistling of the air, and I found myself scudding along the level with the speed of an express train. I never happened to fall out of a fourth-story window, but I immediately understood the sensations of the unfortunate persons who do.

18. It was so frightful that I shuddered when we reached the end of the course, and the man coolly began ascending the steps of the opposite hill, with the sled under his arm. But my companions were waiting to see me return, so I mounted after him, knelt again, and held my breath.

19. This time, knowing what was coming, I caught a glimpse of our descent, and found that only the first plunge from the brink was threatening. The lower part of the curve is more gradual, and the seeming headlong fall does not last more than the one-tenth part of a second. The sensation, nevertheless, is very powerful, having all the attraction without the reality of danger.

20. Before Christmas, the Lapps came down from the North with their reindeer, and pitched their tents on the river, in front of the Winter Palace. Instead of the canoe-shaped pulkha drawn by a single deer, they hitched four abreast to an ordinary sled, and took half a dozen passengers at a time, on a course of a mile, for a small fee. I tried it once for a child's sake, but the romance of reindeer travel was lost without the pulkha.

21. The Russian sleighs are very similar to our own for driving about the city; in very cold weather, or for trips into the country, a heavy closed carriage on runners is used. To my eye, the most dashing team in the world is the three span; the thill-horse being trained to trot rapidly, while the other two, very lightly and loosely harnessed, canter on either side of him.

22. From the ends of the thills springs a wooden arch, called the *duga*, rising eighteen inches above the horse's shoulder, and usually emblazoned with gilding and brilliant colors. The Russians being the best coachmen in the world, these teams dash past each other at a furious rate of speed, often escaping collision by the breadth of a hair, but never coming in violent contact.

Definitions.—3. Mĭt′i gātes, *softens, or makes mild.* 4. Replĕn′ished, *refilled.* 6. Mŏn′o lĭths, *single stones which form a* *pillar or column.* 6. Pre çĭp′i tā ted, *taken from solution and reduced to a solid.* 6. Rīme, *white frost.* 6. Ĕs pla nāde′, *any open space used as a public walk.* 7. Drŏs′ky, *a peculiar kind of four-wheeled carriage used in Russia.* 9. Flŭct′ū ā ted, *moved now in one direction and now in another.* 14. Dĭ vẽr′sion, *amusement, sport.* 14. Shēer, *perpendicular.* 14. Ap pâr′ent ly, *seemingly.* 14. Nŏv′içe, *a beginner.* 15. Năv′i gā tor, *one who directs,—usually applied to one who sails a ship.* 20. Pụlk′hȧ, *a Laplander's traveling sled.*

Notes.—ADMIRALTY SQUARE, the open space in front of the magnificent public building on the south side of the Neva river, known as the Admiralty.

COLUMN OF ALEXANDER, a monument erected in honor of Alexander I., Emperor of Russia. He was born in 1777, and died in 1825. When it was proposed to erect a monument to commemorate his exploits, he declined the honor, adding, "May a monument be erected to me in your hearts, as it is to you in mine."

STATUE OF PETER, a figure erected to perpetuate the memory of Peter I., usually called the Great. In 1700, he formed an alliance with the Kings of Poland and Denmark against Charles XII. of Sweden, who defeated the Russians at Narva in the same year. Charles, however, was defeated by Peter at the decisive battle of Pultowa, in 1709.

CXXIX.—*FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.*

By GEORGE GORDON BYRON, Lord Byron, an English poet, born in London, in 1788, died in Greece, in 1824. He received the rudiments of his education at a school in Aberdeen, Scotland, to which place his mother had retired in 1790. Byron had a deformed foot at birth, and was always lame. His great-uncle, Lord William Byron, died in 1798, without direct heirs, and the lame boy succeeded to his titles and estates at ten years of age. The estates were large, but much encumbered, the net income from them for some years amounting to not more than £1500. At Trinity College, Cambridge, which Byron entered in 1805, he was a careless student, but a great reader, especially of history and fiction. In 1806, he printed for private circulation a small volume of poems, most of which, with many others, appeared in the "Hours of Idleness," published in 1807. This volume was severely criticised in the "Edinburgh Review," and Byron, by way of retaliation, wrote a caustic and scathing satire, entitled "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," which at the time caused a great sensation. In 1809, he set out on his travels through Europe, visiting Portugal, Spain, Turkey, and Greece. On his return, after an absence of two years, he published the first two cantos of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," the success of which was so sudden and extraordinary that, as he tells us, "he awoke one morning and found himself famous." He married in 1815, but one year thereafter, his wife returned to her father's house, after which a formal separation soon took place. In 1816, he left England, with a determination of never again returning to his native land. Having passed through Belgium and visited the field of Waterloo, he proceeded to Switzerland, and resided for some time near Geneva, where he wrote the third canto of "Childe Harold." He afterwards went to Italy and took up his abode in Venice, where he remained three years. About this time Greece had risen against the Turks, and Byron resolved to join the Greek cause. He arrived at Missolonghi, a town in Greece, in 1824, and at once applied himself to business with great energy. The exposure which he incurred while making preparations for the siege of Lepanto, then in possession of the Turks, laid the foundation of the illness of which he died. As a man, Byron certainly had great faults. As a poet, "Never had any writer," says Macaulay, "so vast a command of the whole eloquence of scorn, misanthropy, and despair. From maniac laughter to piercing lamentation, there is not a single note of human anguish of which he was not master."

1. "Adieu, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The Night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon Sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight.
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native Land—Good-Night!

2. "A few short hours, and he will rise
To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
My dog howls at the gate.

3. "Come hither, hither, my little page,
Why dost thou weep and wail?
Or dost thou dread the billow's rage,
Or tremble at the gale?
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;
Our ship is swift and strong;
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
More merrily along."

4. "Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
I fear not wave nor wind:
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
Am sorrowful in mind;
For I have from my father gone,
A mother whom I love,
And have no friend, save these alone,
But thee—and One above.

5. "My father bless'd me fervently,
Yet did not much complain;
But sorely will my mother sigh
Till I come back again."—
"Enough, enough, my little lad!
Such tears become thine eye;
If I thy guileless bosom had,
Mine own would not be dry.

6. "Come hither, hither, my stanch yeoman,
Why dost thou look so pale?
Or dost thou dread a French foeman?
Or shiver at the gale?"—
"Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?
Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;
But thinking on an absent wife
Will blanch a faithful cheek.

7. "My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
Along the bordering lake,
And when they on their father call,
What answer shall she make?"—
"Enough, enough, my yeoman good,
Thy grief let none gainsay;
But I, who am of lighter mood,
Will laugh to flee away.
For pleasures past I do not grieve,
Nor perils gathering near;

My greatest grief is that I leave
No thing that claims a tear.

8. "And now I'm in the world alone,
Upon the wide, wide sea:
But why should I for others groan,
When none will sigh for me?
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
Till fed by stranger hands;
But long ere I come back again
He'd tear me where he stands.

9. "With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
So not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves!
And when you fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts and ye caves!
My native land—Good-Night!"

Definitions.—1. Sēa′-mew, *a sea-fowl, a gull.* 2. Māin, *the open sea, ocean.* 4. Mär′vel, *wonder.* 5. Guīle′less, *free from deceit, innocent.* 6. Stȧnch, *strong.* 6. Yeō′man, *a man free-born.* 7. Spouşe, *a married person, husband or wife.* 7. Gāin-sāy′, *deny, contradict.* 9. A thwa̤rt′, *across.*

Note.—CHILDE HAROLD is the hero of Lord Byron's poem, "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." He is represented as a man of gentle birth, lofty bearing, and peerless intellect, who, having exhausted the pleasures of youth and manhood, becomes disgusted with them all. To banish his disgust and melancholy, he determines to travel; but, though he visits some of the fairest portions of the earth, the feelings of bitterness and desolation still prey upon him, without for one moment lightening the weight upon his heart. The foregoing selection is the farewell of Childe Harold (or Sir Childe as he is called in the poem), to his native shore. It is thought by some that "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" is really a history of Lord Byron's wanderings. Sir Walter Scott says: "Childe Harold may not be, nor do we believe he is, Lord Byron's very self; but he is Lord Byron's picture, sketched by Lord Byron himself, arranged in a fancy dress, and disguised perhaps by some extrinsic attributes, but still bearing a sufficient resemblance to the original to warrant the conclusion we have drawn."

CXXX.—*LIFE ON A CANAL-BOAT.*

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

1. As night came on, and we drew in sight of the first range of hills, which are the outposts of the Allegheny Mountains, the scenery which had been uninteresting hitherto, became more bold and striking. The wet ground reeked and smoked, after the heavy fall of rain; and the croaking of the frogs (whose noise in these parts is almost incredible) sounded as though a million of fairy teams with bells, were traveling through the air, and keeping pace with us.

2. The night was cloudy yet, but moonlight too; and when we crossed the Susquehanna River—over which there is an extraordinary wooden bridge with two galleries, one above the other, so that even there two boat teams meeting may pass without confusion—it was wild and grand.

3. I have mentioned my having been in some uncertainty and doubt, at first, relative to the sleeping arrangements on board this boat. I remained in this same vague state of mind until ten o'clock, or thereabouts, when going below, I found suspended on either side of the cabin, three long tiers of hanging book-shelves, designed apparently for volumes of the small octavo size.

4. Looking with greater attention at these contrivances (wondering to find such literary preparations in such a place), I descried on each shelf a sort of microscopic sheet and blanket; then I began dimly to comprehend that the passengers were the library, and that they were to be arranged, edgewise, on these shelves till morning.

5. The politeness of the person in authority had secured to me a shelf in a nook near a red curtain in some degree removed from the great body of sleepers: to which place I retired, with many acknowledgments to him for his attention.

6. Between five and six o'clock in the morning we got up, and some of us went on deck, to give them an opportunity of taking the shelves down; while others, the morning being very

cold, crowded round the rusty stove, cherishing the newly kindled fire.

7. At eight o'clock, the shelves being taken down and put away, and tables joined together, everybody sat down to the tea, coffee, bread, butter, salmon, shad, liver, steak, potatoes, pickles, ham, chops, black puddings, and sausages, all over again. Some were fond of compounding this variety, and having it all on their plates at once.

8. When everybody had done with everything, the fragments were cleared away; and one of the waiters appearing anew in the character of a barber, shaved each of the company who desired to be shaved; while the remainder looked on, or yawned over their newspapers. Dinner was breakfast again, without the tea and coffee; and supper and breakfast were identical.

9. There was a man on board this boat, with a light fresh-colored face, and a pepper-and-salt suit of clothes, who was the most inquisitive fellow that can possibly be imagined. He never spoke otherwise than interrogatively. He was an embodied inquiry.

10. Sitting down or standing up, still or moving, walking the deck or taking his meals, there he was, with a great note of interrogation in each eye, two in his ears, two more in his turned-up nose and chin, at least half a dozen more about the corners of his mouth, and the largest one of all in his hair, which was brushed partly off his forehead in a flaxen clump.

11. Every button in his clothes said, "Eh? What 's that? Did you speak? Say that again, will you?" He was always wide awake, like the enchanted bride who drove her husband frantic; always restless; always thirsting for answers; perpetually seeking, and never finding. There never was such a curious man.

12. I wore a fur great-coat at that time, and before we were well clear of the wharf, he questioned me concerning it, and its price, and where I bought it, and when, and what fur it was, and what it weighed, and what it cost. Then he took

notice of my watch, and asked what *that* cost, and whether it was a French watch, and where I got it, and how I got it, and whether I bought it or had it given to me, and how it went, and where the keyhole was, and when I wound it, every night or every morning, and whether I ever forgot to wind it at all, and if I did, what then?

13. Where had I been to last, and where was I going next, and where was I going after that, and had I seen the President, and what did he say, and what did I say, and what did he say when I had said that? Finding that nothing would satisfy him, I evaded his questions after the first score or two, and in particular pleaded ignorance respecting the name of the fur whereof the coat was made.

14. And yet despite these oddities—and even they had, for me at least, a humor of their own—there was much in this mode of traveling which I heartily enjoyed at the time, and look back upon with great pleasure. Even the running up, bare-necked, at five o'clock in the morning, from the tainted cabin to the dirty deck; scooping up the icy water, plunging one's head into it, and drawing it out, all fresh and glowing with the cold, was a good thing.

15. The fast, brisk walk upon the towing-path between that time and breakfast, when every vein and artery seemed to tingle with health; the exquisite beauty of the opening day, when light came gleaming off from everything; the lazy motion of the boat, when one lay idly on deck, looking through, rather than at the deep blue sky; the gliding on at night, so noiselessly, past frowning hills, sullen with dark trees, and sometimes angry in one red burning spot high up, where unseen men lay crouching round a fire; the shining out of the bright stars, undisturbed by noise of wheels or steam, or any other sound than the liquid rippling of the water, as the boat went on: all these were pure delights.

16. Then, there were new settlements and detached log-cabins and frame-houses, full of interest for strangers from an old country. It was quite sad and oppressive to come upon

great tracts where settlers had been burning down the trees, and where their wounded bodies lay about, like those of murdered creatures, while here and there some charred and blackened giant reared aloft its withered arms, and seemed to call down curses on his foes.

17. Sometimes, at night, the way wound through some lonely gorge, like a mountain-pass in Scotland, shining and coldly glittering in the light of the moon, and so closed in by high steep hills all around, that there seemed to be no egress save through the narrower path by which we had come, until one rugged hill-side seemed to open, and, shutting out the moonlight as we passed into its gloomy throat, wrapped our new course in shade and darkness.

Note.—The foregoing lesson is taken from the description given by Charles Dickens, of his trip by canal-boat from Harrisburg to Pittsburgh, during his visit to the United States in 1841. At that time there was no railroad communication between these two points, and the principal means of travel was by canal-boat. Travelers coming west left the canal-boat at Hollidaysburg, near the foot of the Allegheny Mountains, were taken over the mountains by stage-coach or by an incline-railroad, and at western foot of the mountains continued their journey by boat to Pittsburgh.

CXXXI.—*THE LONG-AGO.*

By RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, Baron Houghton, an English statesman and miscellaneous writer, born in Yorkshire, in 1809. He graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1831, and in 1837 was first elected a member of Parliament for Pontefract, which he continued to represent until 1863, when he was raised to the peerage, as Baron Houghton. He has published "Memorials of a Tour in Greece," "Poetry for the People, and other Poems," "Memorials of Many Scenes," "Palm Leaves," "Poems of Many Years," and among other works, numerous political pamphlets and speeches. He has also edited the literary remains of John Keats, and the poems of the unfortunate David Gray. He visited the United States in 1875.

1. EYES which can but ill define
   Shapes that rise about and near,
Through the far horizon's line
   Stretch a vision free and clear;
Memories feeble to retrace
   Yesterday's immediate flow,

Find a dear familiar face
  In each hour of Long-Ago.

2. Follow yon majestic train
  Down the slopes of old renown;
Knightly forms without disdain,
  Sainted heads without a frown,
Emperors of thought and hand,
  Congregate, a glorious show,
Met from every age and land,
  In the plains of Long-Ago.

3. As the heart of childhood brings
  Something of eternal joy
From its own unsounded springs,
  Such as life can scarce destroy,
So, remindful of the prime,
  Spirits wandering to and fro
Rest upon the resting-time
  In the peace of Long-Ago.

4. Youthful Hope's religious fire,
  When it burns no longer, leaves
Ashes of impure desire
  On the altars it bereaves;
But the light that fills the past
  Sheds a still diviner glow,
Ever farther it is cast
  O'er the scenes of Long-Ago.

5. Many a growth of pain and care,
  Cumbering all the present hour,
Yields, when once transplanted there,
  Healthy fruit or pleasant flower.
Thoughts that hardly flourish here,
  Feelings long have ceased to blow,
Breathe a native atmosphere
  In the world of Long-Ago.

6. On that deep-retiring shore
Frequent pearls of beauty lie,
Where the passion waves of yore
Fiercely beat and mounted high;
Sorrows that are sorrows still,
Lose the bitter taste of woe;
Nothing 's altogether ill
In the griefs of Long-Ago.

7. Tombs where lonely love repines,
Ghastly tenements of tears,
Wear the look of happy shrines
Through the golden mist of years;
Death, to those who trust in good,
Vindicates his hardest blow;
O, we would not, if we could,
Wake the sleep of Long-Ago!

8. Though the doom of swift decay
Shocks the soul where life is strong;
Though for frailer hearts the day
Lingers sad and over-long;
Still the weight will find a leaven,
Still the spoiler's hand is slow,
While the future has its Heaven,
And the past its Long-Ago.

CXXXII.—*A BEE-HUNT.* ✓

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

1. The beautiful forest in which we were encamped abounded in bee-trees; that is to say, trees in the decayed trunks of which wild bees had established their hives. It is surprising in what countless swarms the bees have overspread the Far West within but a moderate number of years.

2. The Indians consider them the harbinger of the white man, as the buffalo is of the red man; and say that in proportion as the bee advances, the Indian and buffalo retire. We are always accustomed to associate the hum of the beehive with the farm-house and the flower-garden, and to consider those busy little animals as connected with the busy haunts of man, and I am told that the wild bee is seldom to be met with at any great distance from the frontier.

3. We had not been long in the camp when a party set out in quest of a bee-tree; and, being curious to witness the sport, I gladly accepted an invitation to accompany them. After proceeding some distance, we came to an open glade on the skirts of the forest.

4. Here our leader halted, and then advanced quietly to a low bush, on the top of which I perceived a piece of honeycomb. This I found was the bait or lure for the wild bees. Several were humming about it, and diving into its cells. When they had laden themselves with honey, they would rise into the air, and dart off in a straight line, almost with the velocity of a bullet.

5. The hunters watched attentively the course which they took, and then set off in the same direction, stumbling along over twisted roots and fallen trees, with their eyes turned up to the sky. In this way they traced the honey-laden bees to their hive in the hollow trunk of a blasted oak, where, after buzzing about for a moment, they entered a hole about sixty feet from the ground.

6. Two of the bee-hunters now plied their axes vigorously at the foot of the tree, to level it with the ground. At length down came the tree with a tremendous crash, bursting open from end to end, and displaying all the hoarded treasures of the commonwealth.

7. One of the hunters immediately ran up with a wisp of lighted hay as a defense against the bees. The latter, however, made no attack, and sought no revenge; they seemed stupefied by the catastrophe, and unsuspicious of its cause, and

remained crawling and buzzing about the ruins without offering us any molestation.

8. Every one of the party now fell to, with spoon and hunting-knife, to scoop out the flakes of honey-comb with which the hollow trunk was stored. Some of them were of old date, and a deep brown color; others were beautifully white, and the honey in their cells was almost limpid.

9. Such of the combs as were entire were placed in camp-kettles to be conveyed to the encampment; those which had been shivered in the fall were devoured upon the spot. Every bee-hunter was to be seen with a rich morsel in his hand, dripping about his fingers, and disappearing as rapidly as a cream tart before the holiday appetite of a school-boy.

10. Nor was it the bee-hunters alone that profited by the downfall of this industrious community; as if the bees would carry through the similitude of their habits with those of laborious and gainful man, I beheld numbers from rival hives, arriving on eager wing, to enrich themselves with the ruins of their neighbors.

11. These busied themselves as eagerly and cheerfully as so many wreckers on an Indiaman that has been driven on shore; plunging into the cells of the broken honey-combs, banqueting greedily on the spoil, and then winging their way full freighted to their homes.

12. As to the poor proprietors of the ruin, they seemed to have no heart to do anything, not even to taste the nectar that flowed around them; but crawled backwards and forwards, in vacant desolation, as I have seen a poor fellow, with his hands in his pockets, whistling vacantly and despondingly about the ruins of his house that had been burnt.

Definitions.—2. Här′bin ġer, *forerunner.* 3. Quĕst, *search.* 7. Ȼa tăs′tro phe, *final disaster or calamity.* 7. Mŏl es tā′tion, *disturbance, annoyance.* 8. Lĭm′pid, *clear.* 10. Sĭ mĭl′i tūde, *likeness, resemblance.* 11. Ĭn′dia man, *large ship employed in the India trade.* 12. Nĕȼ′tar, *delicious beverage.*

CXXXIII.—*THE CLOSING SCENE.*

By THOMAS BUCHANAN READ, a distinguished American poet and artist, born in Chester County, Pa., in 1822, died in New York, in 1872. He visited Italy in 1850, and subsequently spent some time in England, where he published a collection of poems, which were very favorably received. He afterwards returned to Italy, and, with occasional visits to the United States, resided at Florence until the spring of 1872, when he returned to America, but died soon after his arrival. His most popular pictures are portraits. Among his literary works are, "Lays and Ballads," "The New Pastoral," "The House by the Sea," "The Wagoner of the Alleghanies," and "A Summer Story and other Poems." His group of "Longfellow's Children" is esteemed one of his best pictures.

1. WITHIN his sober realm of leafless trees
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air;
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

2. The gray barns looking from their hazy hills
O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

3. All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed farther, and the streams sang low;
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

4. The embattled forests, erewhile armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood, like some sad beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

5. On slumb'rous wings the vulture held his flight;
The dove scarce heard its sighing mate's complaint;
And, like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.

6. The sentinel-cock upon the hillside crew,
Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before,—
Silent till some replying warder blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

7. Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest,
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young,
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censer swung;—

8. Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,
The busy swallows circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest, and a plenteous year;—

9. Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast,
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reaper of the rosy east,—
All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.

10. Alone from out the stubble piped the quail,
And croaked the crow through all the dreamy gloom;
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

11. There was no bud, no bloom, upon the bowers;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by, passed noiseless out of sight.

12. Amid all this, in this most cheerless air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the Year stood there
Firing the floor with his inverted torch;

13. Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
The white-haired matron with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien,
Sat, like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

14. She had known Sorrow,—he had walked with her,
Oft supped and broke the bitter ashen crust;
And in the dead leaves still he heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

15. While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned, and she gave her all;
And twice War bowed to her his sable plume,—
Regave the swords to rust upon her wall.

16. Regave the swords,—but not the hand that drew
And struck for Liberty its dying blow,
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

17. Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

18. At last the thread was snapped; her head was bowed;
Life dropt the distaff through his hands serene;
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
While death and winter closed the autumn scene.

CXXXIV.—*THE DREAM OF THE TWO ROADS.*

By **Jean Paul Friedrich Richter**, commonly called Jean Paul, a popular, quaint, and original German author, born in 1763, died in 1825. His early education was defective. He had, however, made good progress in Latin and Greek when he entered the University of Leipsic, in 1780. He was destined for theology, but a strong inclination for poetry and philosophy caused him to neglect, and finally to abandon, his appointed profession. During the time that he was at the university, he was reduced to extreme poverty. He left Leipsic in 1785, and resided with his mother at Hof, until her death in 1797, when he returned to Leipsic. Among his works are, "Greenland Lawsuits," "The Invisible Lodge," "Hesperus," "Titan," and "Wild Oats." "Titan," which he considered his master-piece, has been translated into English. He also wrote two other works of a high order, entitled "Introduction to Æsthetics," and "Levana," a profound philosophical essay on education. "His thoughts, his feelings, the creations of his spirit," says Carlyle, "walk before us embodied under wondrous shapes, in motley and ever-fluctuating groups; but his essential character, however he disguised it, is that of a philosopher and moral poet, whose delight and best endeavor are with all that is beautiful, and tender, and sublime in the fate or history of man." As a humorist he is much admired by the Germans.

1. It was New-Year's night; and Von Arden, having fallen into an unquiet slumber, dreamed that he was an aged man

standing at a window. He raised his mournful eyes toward the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating, like white lilies, on the surface of a clear, calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where a few more hopeless beings than himself now moved toward their certain goal—the tomb.

2. Already, as it seemed to him, he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind vacant, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort.

3. The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads—*one* leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft, sweet songs; the *other* leading the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

4. He looked toward the sky, and cried out in his agony: "O days of my youth, return! O my father, place me once more at the entrance to life, that I may choose the better way!" But the days of his youth and his father had both passed away.

5. He saw wandering lights floating away over dark marshes, and then disappear. *These* were the days of his wasted life. He saw a star fall from heaven, and vanish in darkness. This was an emblem of himself; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck home to his heart. Then he remembered his early companions, who entered on life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and of labor, were now honored and happy on this New-Year's night.

6. The clock, in the high church tower, struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled his parents' early love for him, their erring son; the lessons they had taught him; the prayers they had offered up on his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look toward that heaven where his

father dwelt; his darkened eyes dropped tears, and with one despairing effort he cried aloud, "Come back, my early days! come back!"

7. And his youth *did* return; for all this was but a dream which visited his slumbers on New-Year's night. He was still young; his faults alone were real. He thanked God fervently that time was still his own; that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land, where sunny harvests wave.

8. Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that, when years are passed, and your feet stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain: "O youth, return! Oh, give me back my early days!"

CXXXV.—*THE USE OF BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.*

By **Edward Everett**, a distinguished American orator, scholar, and statesman, born in Dorchester, Mass., in 1794, died in 1865. He entered Harvard College in 1807, and graduated, with the highest honors of his class, in 1811. He at once commenced the study of divinity, under John Thornton Kirkland at that time president of Harvard College, and in 1814 was ordained as minister of Brattle Street Church, Boston. In 1815, he was chosen professor of Greek in Harvard College; but, in order to more fully qualify himself for the position, he visited Germany, and passed through a course of study at the University of Göttingen, after which he made a tour of Europe. Returning, after an absence of four years, to his native country, he entered upon the duties of his professorship, and delivered to the students a series of lectures upon Greek literature and ancient art, which were afterward repeated before large audiences in Boston. In 1824, he was elected to Congress, and he served in the House of Representatives for a period of ten years. In 1835, he was elected governor of Massachusetts, and was afterward re-elected three times, thus holding the office four years. In 1839, he was defeated for the same office by a majority of one vote. In 1840, he was selected by President Harrison as minister to England, and he discharged the important duties of the position in a manner that reflected the highest credit upon himself and distinguished honor upon the administration with which he was connected. On his return to the United States, in 1845, he was elected president of Harvard University, and entered upon the duties of the position at once; but, on account of ill-health, he was compelled to resign in 1849. In 1852, he was called by President Fillmore to the office of secretary of state, left vacant by the death of Daniel Webster; he held this position, however, only four months, or until the inauguration of Franklin Pierce, March 4, 1853. Before retiring from the department of state, he was elected by the Legislature of Massachusetts to the Senate of the United States. He resigned his seat in 1854, on account of failing health, and withdrew to private life. As soon as his health was somewhat restored, he commenced his labors in behalf of the Mount Vernon Fund, the object of which was to purchase the home and burial-place of the immortal Washington (then in possession of his nephew, Bushrod Washington), in order that it might for all future time belong to the American people as a place of public resort and pilgrimage. In 1860 he was a candidate for Vice-Presidency of the United States, John Bell, of Tennessee, being on the ticket with him as a nominee for President. "Mr. Everett's public speeches and addresses are perhaps not surpassed in value by those of any other American orator, if, in addition to the grace and elegance of the style, we take into consideration the correct and valuable information which they contain."

1. But I am met with the great objection, *What good will the monument do?* I beg leave, sir, to exercise my birthright as a Yankee, and answer this question by asking two or three more, to which I believe it will be quite as difficult to furnish a satisfactory reply. I am asked, what good will the monument do? And I ask, what good does anything do? What is good? Does anything do any good?

2. The persons who suggest this objection of course think that there are some projects and undertakings that do good; and I should therefore like to have the idea of *good* explained, and analyzed, and run out to its elements. When this is done, if I do not demonstrate, in about two minutes, that the monument does the same kind of good that anything else does, I will consent that the huge blocks of granite, already laid, should be reduced to gravel, and carted off to fill up the mill-pond; for that, I suppose, is one of the good things.

3. Does a railroad or a canal do good? Answer, yes. And how? It facilitates intercourse, opens markets, and increases the wealth of the country. But what is this good for? Why, individuals prosper and get rich. And what good does that do? Is mere wealth, as an ultimate end,—gold and silver, without an inquiry as to their use,—are these a good?

4. Certainly not. I should insult this audience by attempting to prove that a rich man, as such, is neither better nor happier than a poor one. But as men grow rich, they live better. Is there any good in this, stopping here? Is mere

animal life—feeding, working, and sleeping like an ox—entitled to be called good? Certainly not.

5. But these improvements increase the population. And what good does that do? Where is the good in counting twelve millions, instead of six, of mere feeding, working, sleeping animals? There is, then, no good in the mere animal life, except that it is the physical basis of that higher moral existence, which resides in the soul, the heart, the mind, the conscience; in good principles, good feelings, and the good actions (and the more disinterested, the more entitled to be called good) which flow from them.

6. Now, sir, I say that generous and patriotic sentiments, sentiments which prepare us to serve our country, to live for our country, to die for our country,—feelings like those which carried Prescott, and Warren, and Putnam to the battle-field, are good,—good, humanely speaking, of the highest order. It is good to have them, good to honor them, good to commemorate them; and whatever tends to animate and strengthen such feelings does as much right down practical good as filling up low grounds and building railroads.

7. This is my demonstration. I wish, sir, not to be misunderstood. I admit the connection between enterprises which promote the physical prosperity of the country and its intellectual and moral improvement; but I maintain that it is only *this connection* that gives these enterprises all their value; and that the same connection gives a like value to everything else which, through the channel of the senses, the taste, or the imagination, warms and elevates the heart.

Note.—The Bunker Hill Monument was erected to commemorate the battle, known in history as the Battle of Bunker Hill, fought there between the British and American forces June 17, 1775. It is a square shaft, built of granite, 221 feet high, 31 feet square at the base, and 15 feet square at the top. Inside of the shaft is a round hollow cone, 7 feet in diameter at the bottom, and a little over 4 feet at the top. This cone is encircled by a winding staircase of 294 stone steps, which leads to a chamber immediately under the apex 11 feet in diameter. This chamber has four windows, from which a wide view can be had of the surrounding country. It contains two cannon, which were used in many engagements during the Revolutionary War. The monument was dedicated June 17, 1843.

Samuel C. [illegible].

Quotation from Shakespear

"Brevity is the soul of wit.

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